Jan. 22, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

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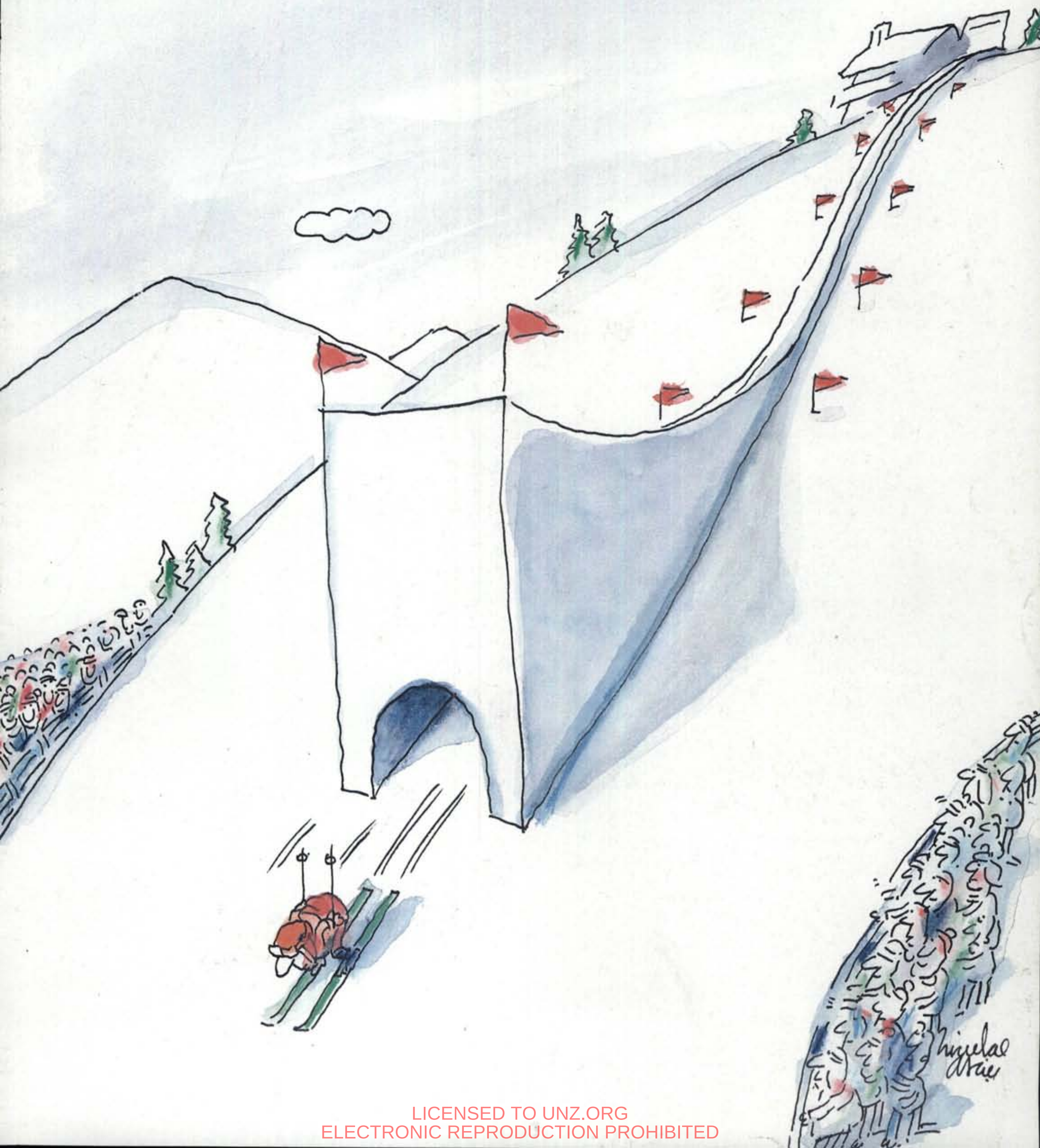

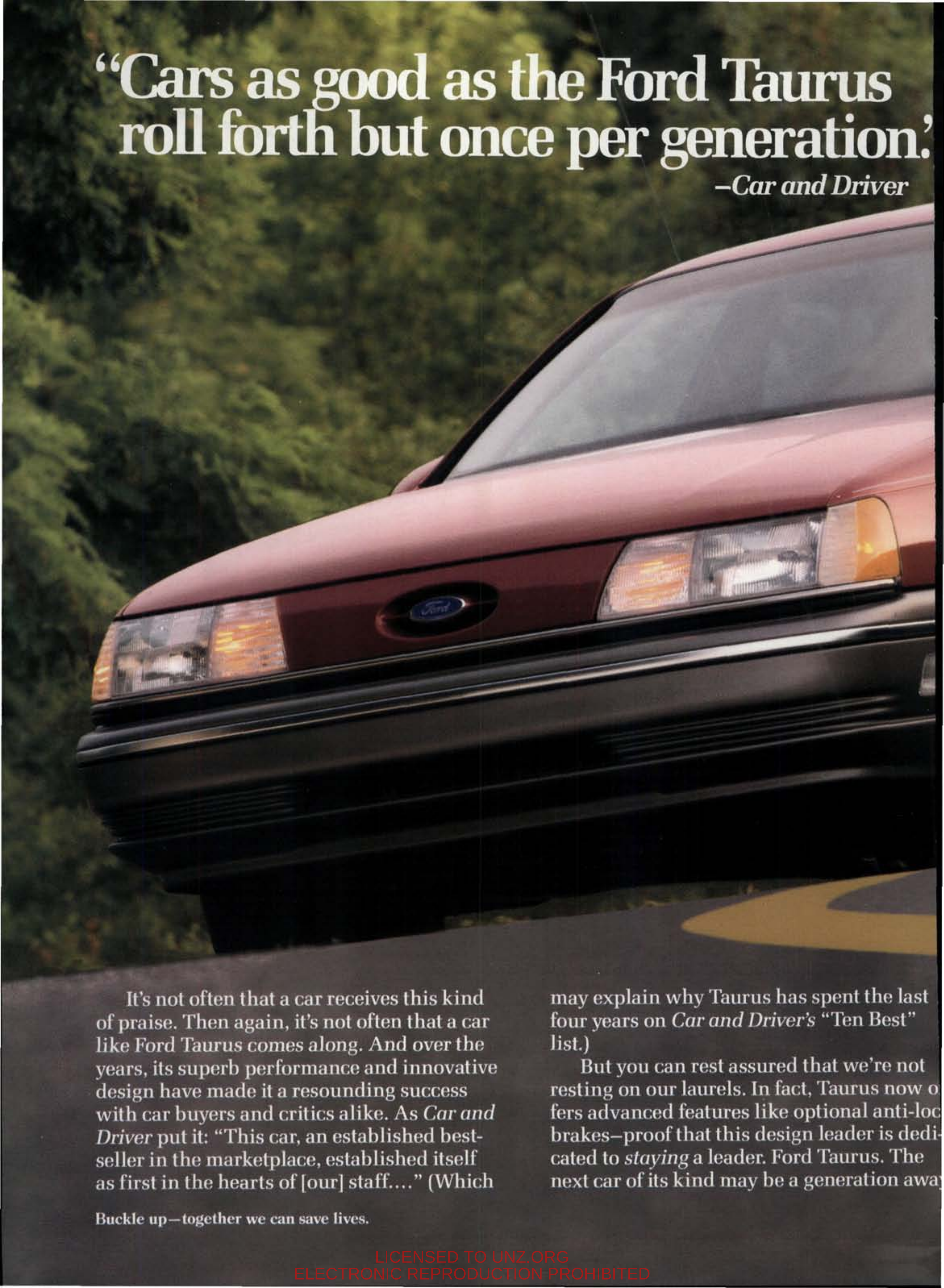

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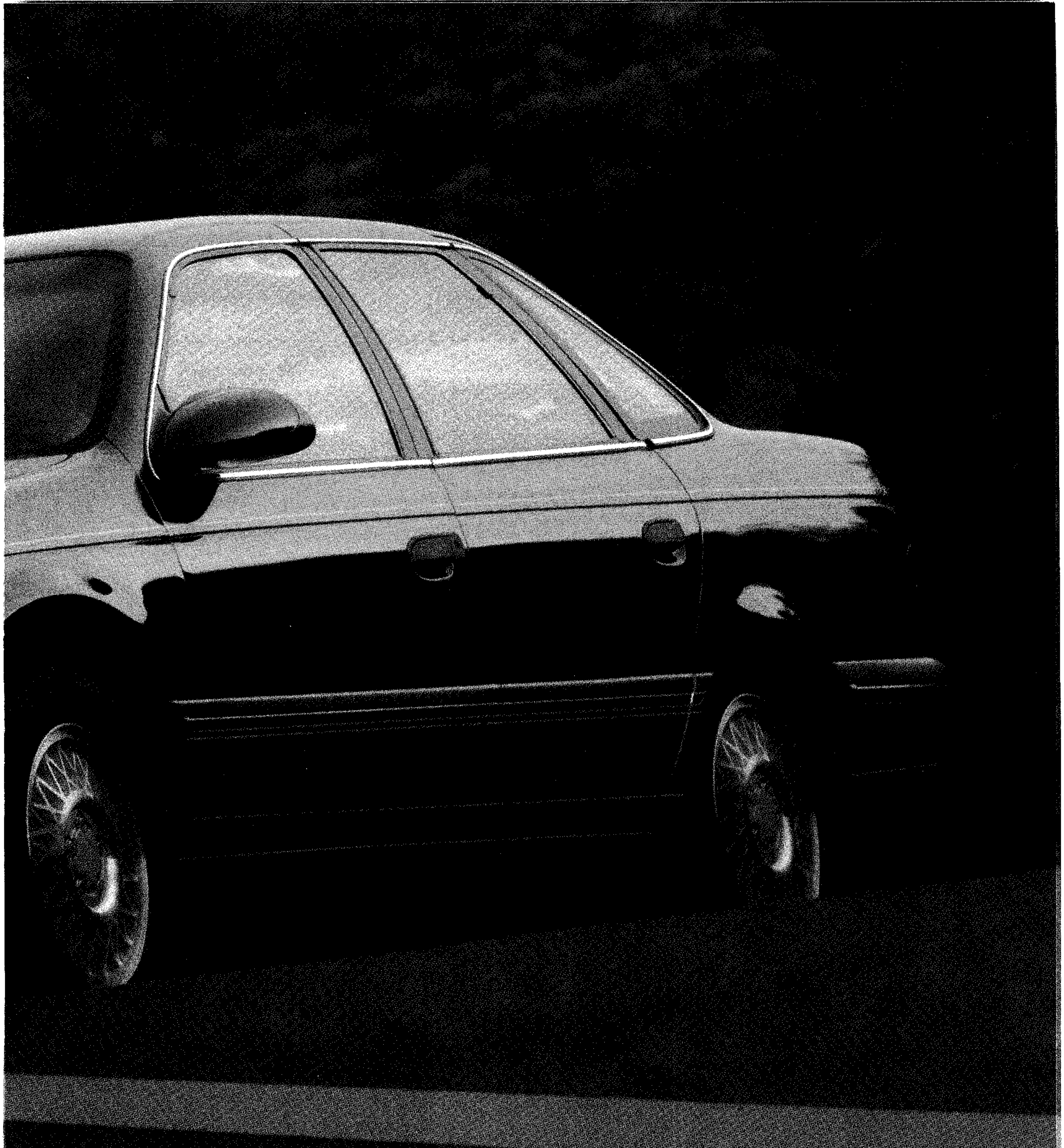

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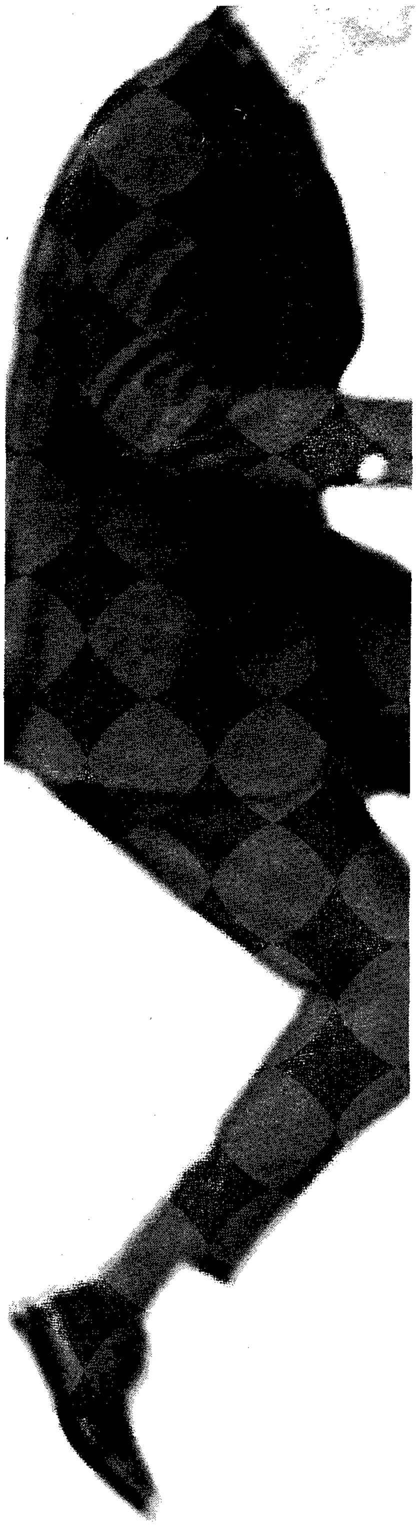

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THE NEW YORKER

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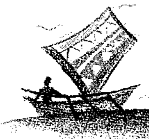
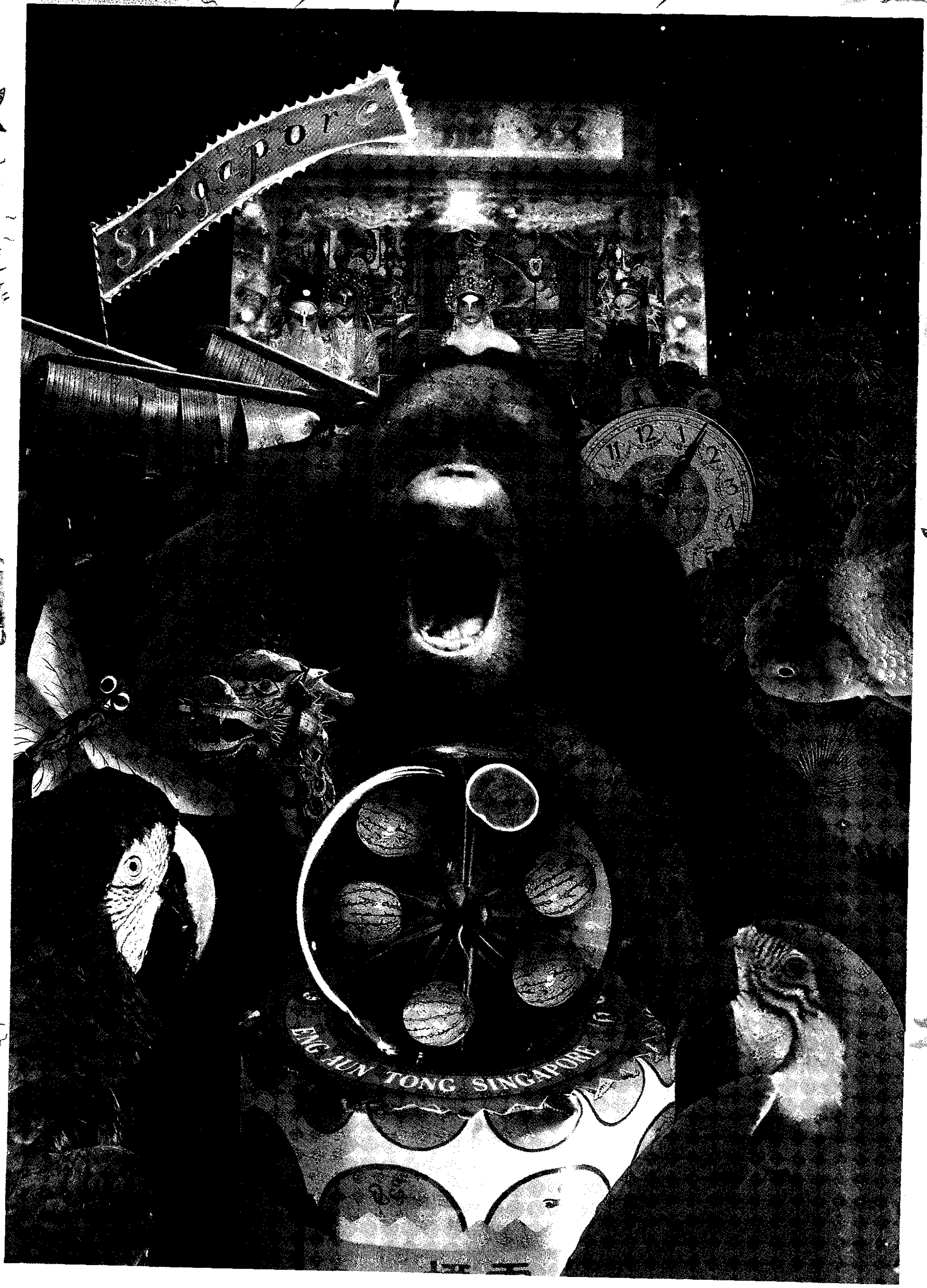
Singapore 1990




Singapore
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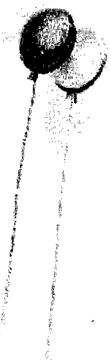
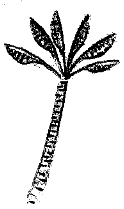
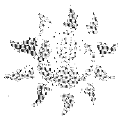


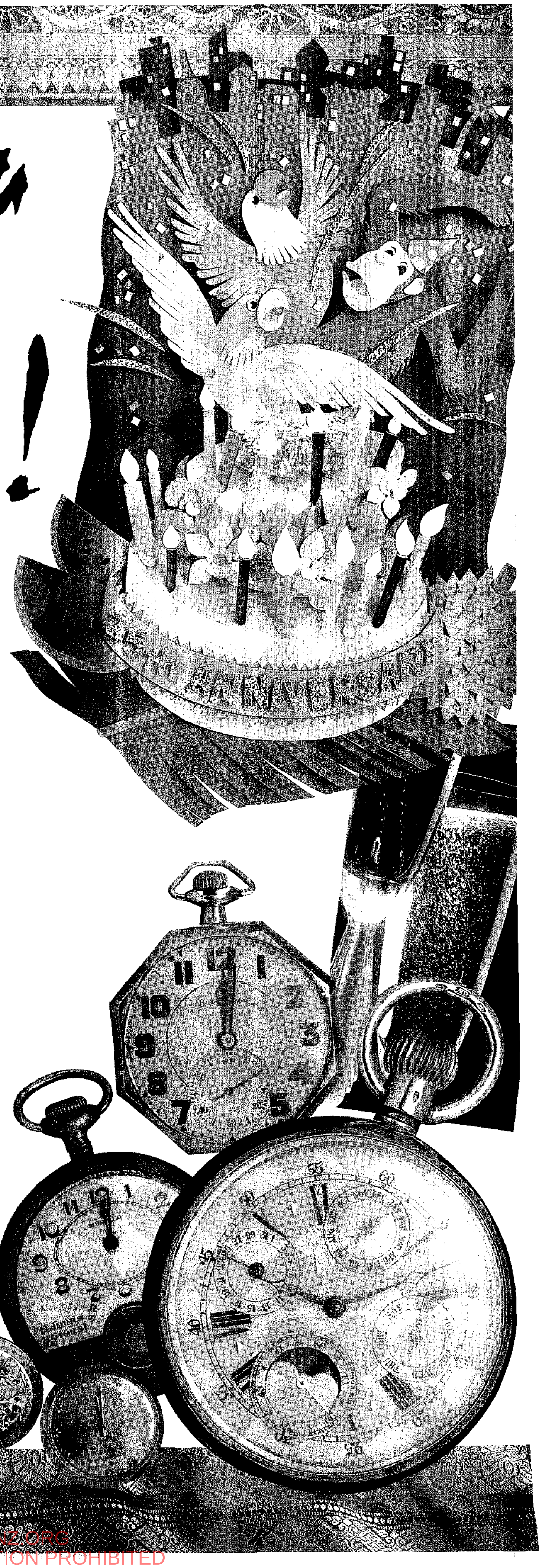




25 YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

A year of surprises

It'll be a great year!



In a normal year, Singapore celebrates four different New Year's Days and at least 25 major cultural events.

That's in a normal year.

Over the next few pages we will demonstrate why 1990 will be anything but a normal twelve months.

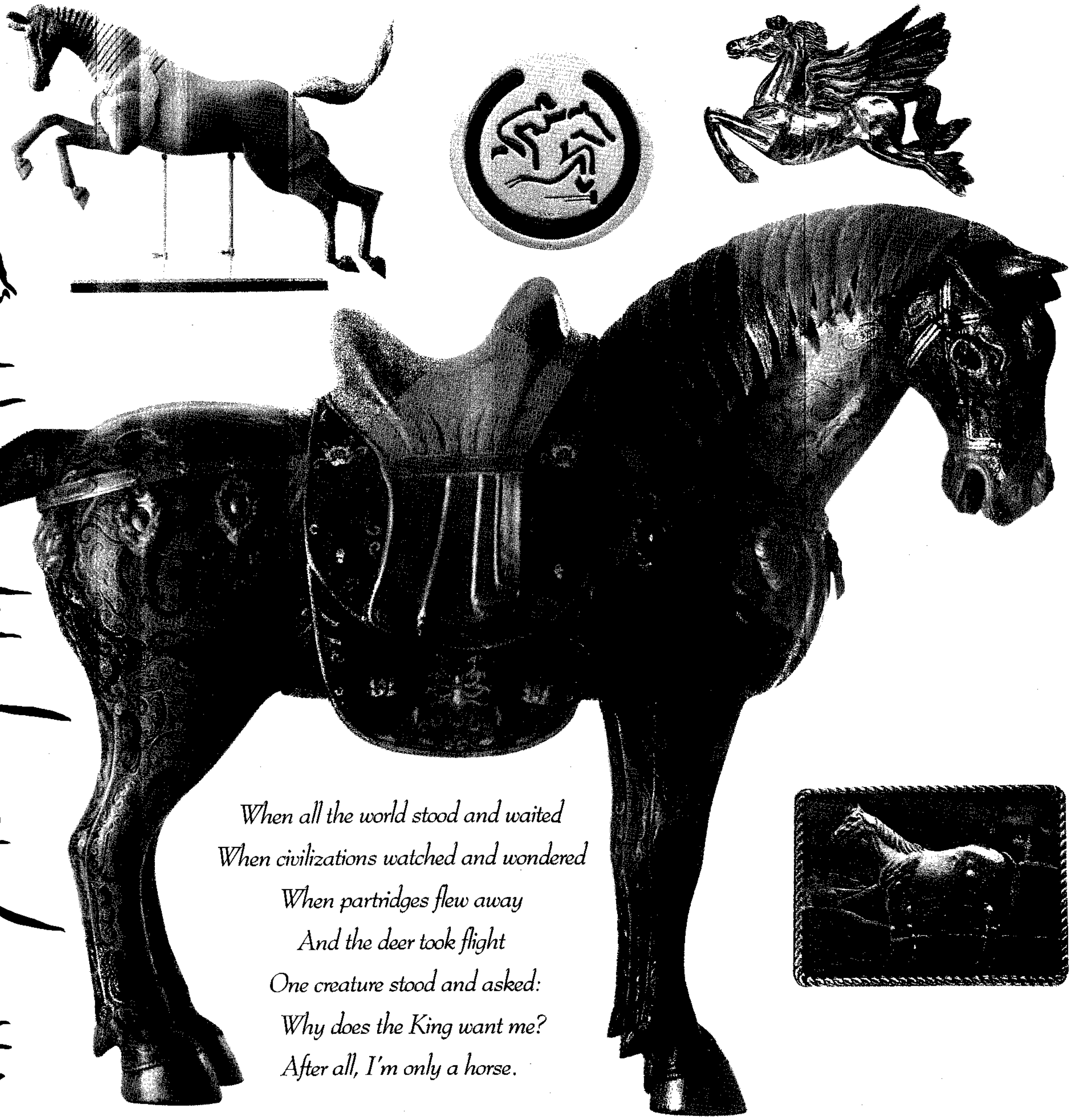
The reason is it's our anniversary. Our 25th to be precise.

And to celebrate 25 years of independence, we're planning the party of the century.

It will begin at 11pm on December 31, 1989 and will run non-stop until exactly one second before midnight on December 31, 1990.

A party all year. And you're invited.

The Year of the Horse



When all the world stood and waited
When civilizations watched and wondered
When partridges flew away
And the deer took flight
One creature stood and asked:
Why does the King want me?
After all, I'm only a horse.

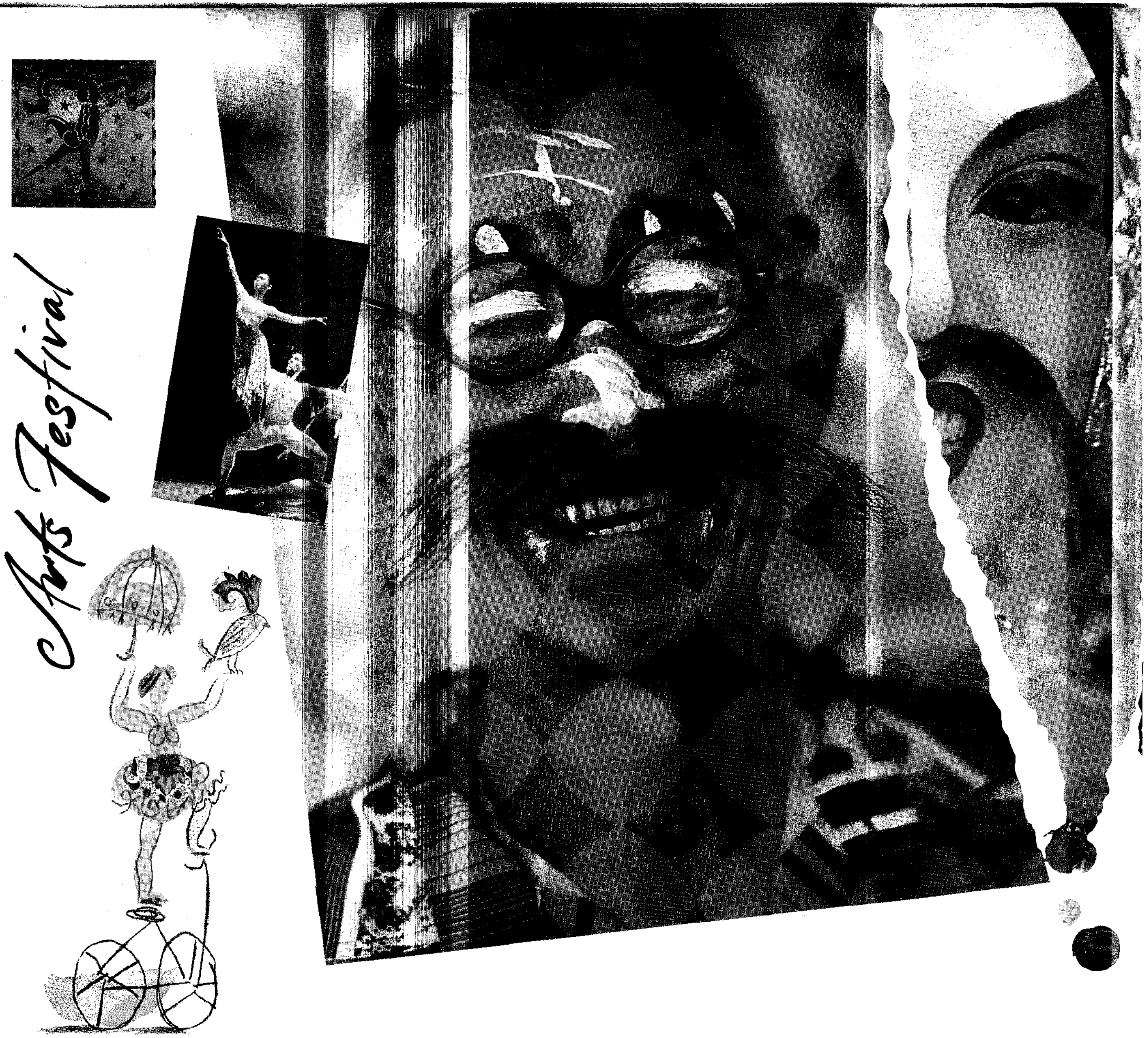
Not only is 1990 our 25th Anniversary, it's also The Year of the Horse, one of the twelve animals of the Chinese zodiac. The Year of the Horse begins on January 27 with fourteen days of continuous celebrations.

Seers believe that the horse represents a year that will be romantic and carefree. It is also sometimes said that this particular year can put a strain on physical and mental reserves and lead to exhaustion.

A prospect that leaves us with just one reaction.

Perfect.

Arts Festival



The horsing around begins with horses from the Russian steppes tangoing with American dancers.

The former belong to the fabulous Moscow Circus, the latter to the world-renowned Alvin Ailey Dance Company.

These are just two of dozens of attractions that will form the Arts Festival that lasts the whole month of June.

Also present will be the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, Japanese Kabuki actors, the Central Ensemble of National Music from Beijing, dancers from Sri Lanka, drummers from Kelantan and Kathakali Theatre from India.

There'll also be international sporting events throughout this most extraordinary of years as well as Merlion Week beginning on May 25, the 25th Anniversary Carnival in June, a Youth Festival beginning on July 7 and dozens of street parties and other opportunities to toot whistles, clash cymbals and sing at the top of your voice.

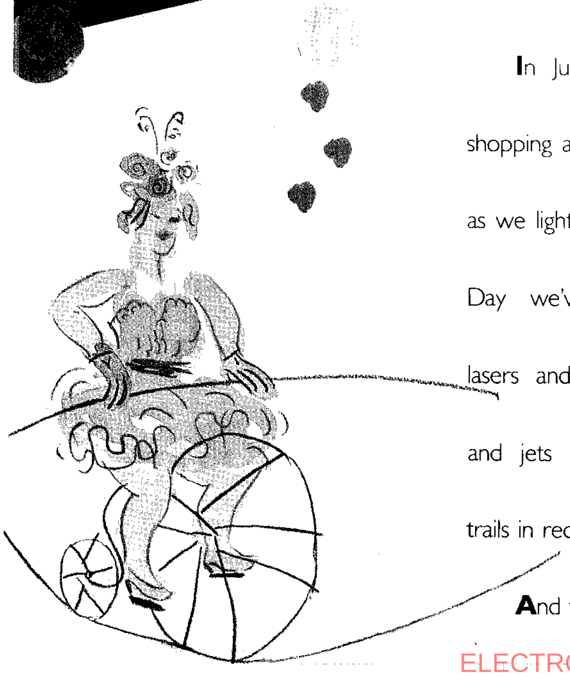
National Day

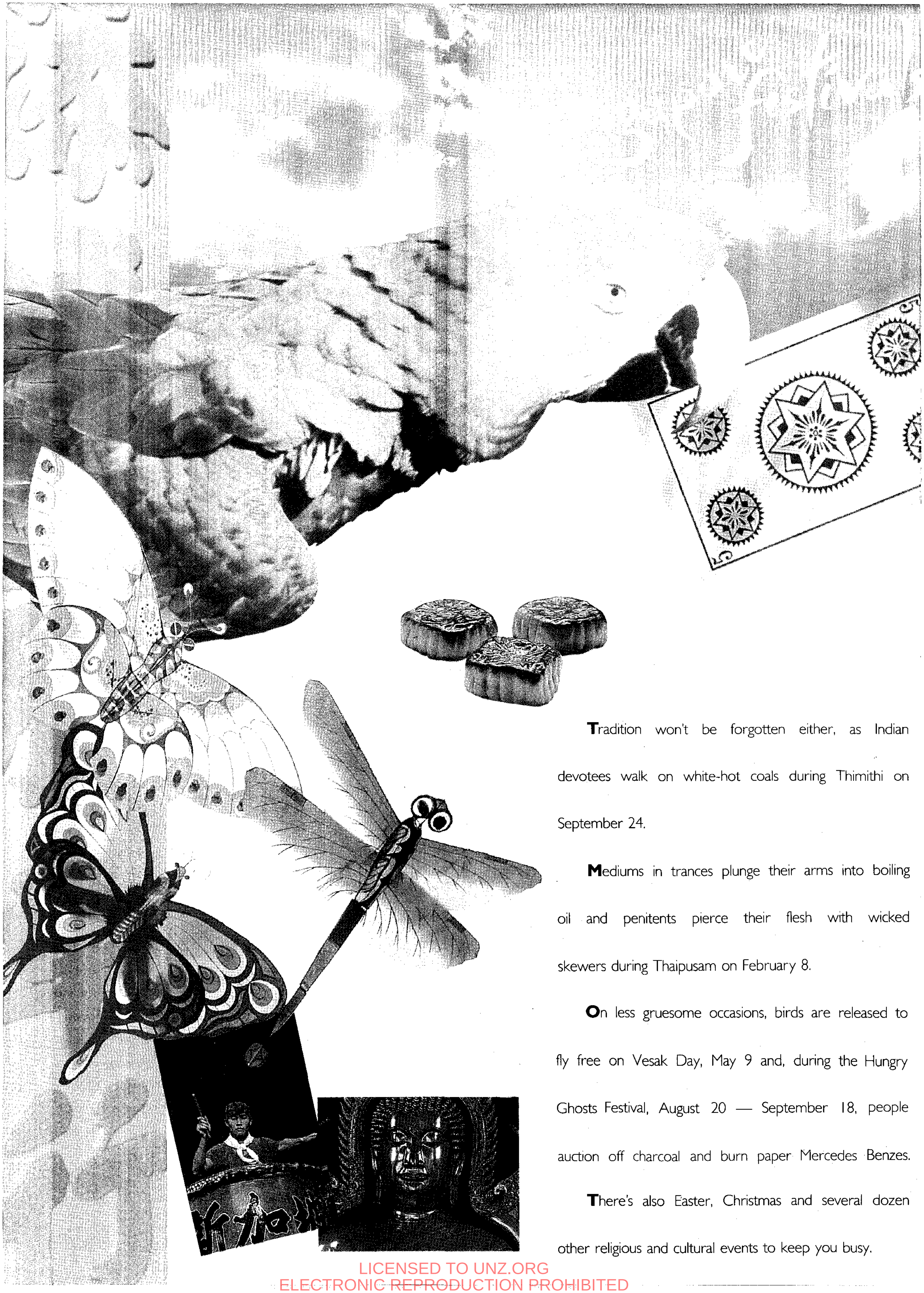
And that's not all.

In July, Orchard Road, the heart of Singapore's shopping and hotel belt, will be ablaze with illuminations as we light up in preparation for the most lavish National Day we've ever staged, complete with fireworks, lasers and other special effects, with military parades and jets screeching through the skies leaving vapour trails in red and white — our national colours.

And that's still not all!

Just in case anyone misses National Day itself (August 9) we'll have it again in the form of the National Day Anniversary Show on August 25 with lights, music, colour and action, not to mention a cast of thousands and even the odd hungry ghost





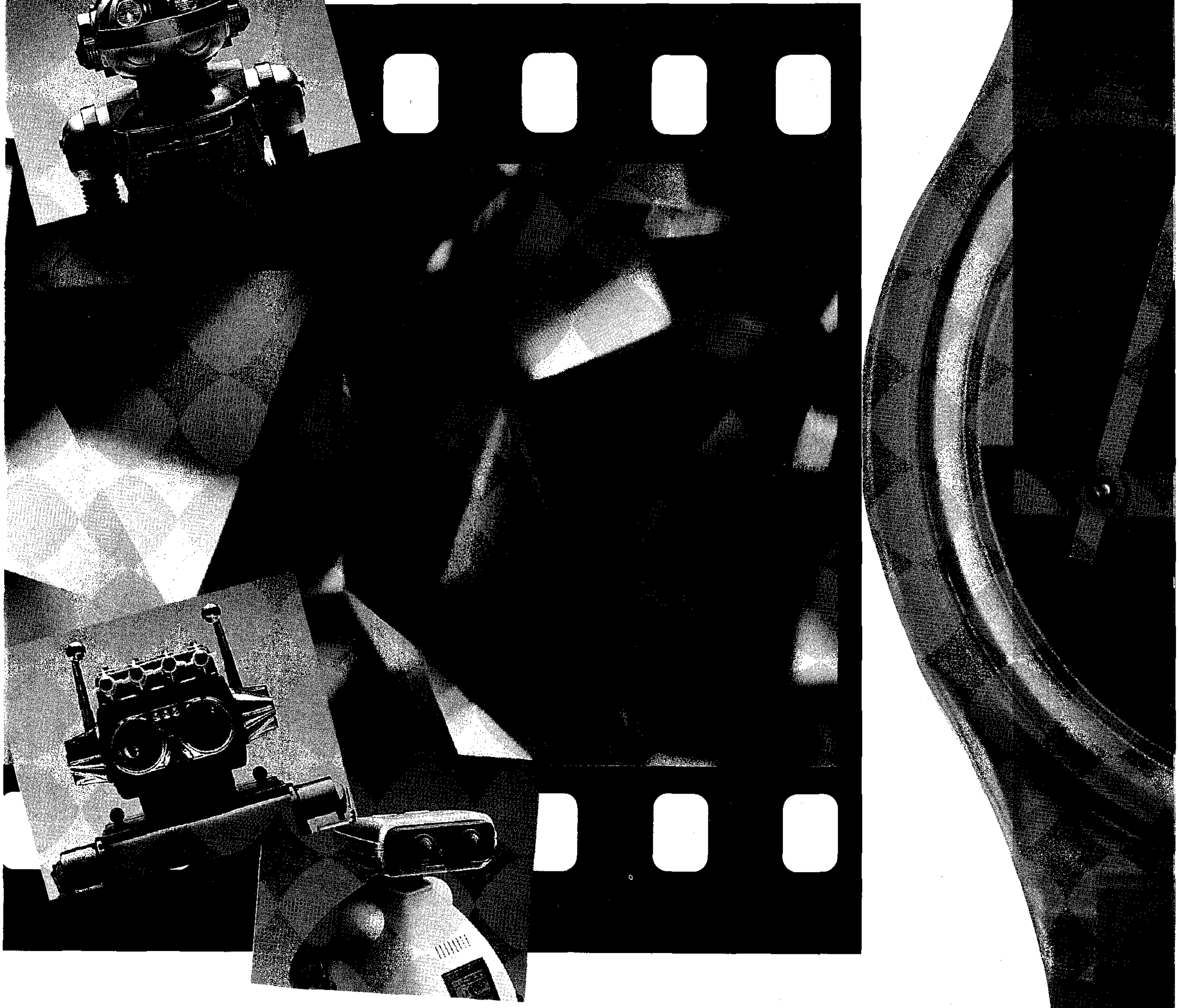
Tradition won't be forgotten either, as Indian devotees walk on white-hot coals during Thimithi on September 24.

Mediums in trances plunge their arms into boiling oil and penitents pierce their flesh with wicked skewers during Thaipusam on February 8.

On less gruesome occasions, birds are released to fly free on Vesak Day, May 9 and, during the Hungry Ghosts Festival, August 20 — September 18, people auction off charcoal and burn paper Mercedes Benzes.

There's also Easter, Christmas and several dozen other religious and cultural events to keep you busy.

OMNIMAX

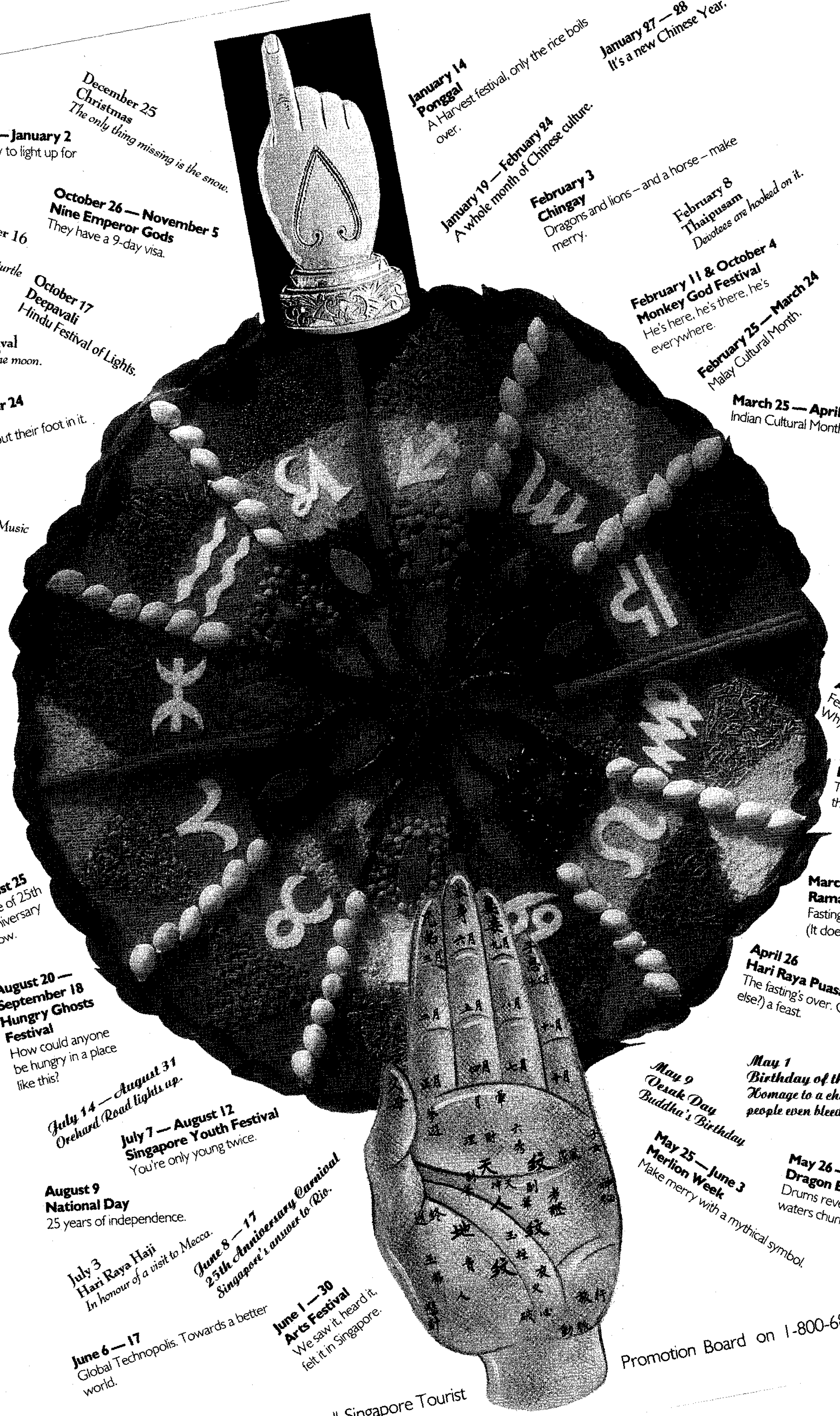


Look into the future as you reflect back on the past in this unusual land of skyscrapers, airconditioning, luxury hotels and glittering boutiques, all side by side with ancient temples and traditional rural kampongs.

Come and watch "Homeland", a specially commissioned Omnimax film about Singapore's history, shown in one of the world's greatest science centres.

Visit Global Technopolis '90, held concurrently with a Global Strategies Conference, to plot the future.

In the meantime, we suggest you make plans now to visit Singapore for our 25th Anniversary. Otherwise you'll be living in the past.



January 14
Ponggal
A Harvest festival, only the rice boils over.

January 27 — 28
It's a new Chinese Year.

January 19 — February 24
A whole month of Chinese culture.

February 3
Chingay
Dragons and lions – and a horse – make merry.

February 8
Thaipusam
Devotees are hooked on it.

February 11 & October 4
Monkey God Festival
He's here, he's there, he's everywhere.

February 25 — March 24
Malay Cultural Month.

March 25 — April 21
Indian Cultural Month.

April 23 — May 6
Festival of Tennis.
Why not?

April 13
Easter
The Easter bunny hits the tropics.

March 28 & April 25
Ramadan
Fasting – in Singapore.
(It doesn't happen often.)

April 26
Hari Raya Puasa
The fasting's over. Celebrate with (what else?) a feast.

May 1
Birthday of the Third Prince
Homage to a child deity. Some people even bleed for him.

May 9
Vesak Day
Buddha's Birthday

May 26 — 27
Dragon Boat Festival
Drums reverberate; paddles flash; waters churn.

May 25 — June 3
Merlion Week
Make merry with a mythical symbol.

June 1 — 30
Arts Festival
We saw it, heard it, felt it in Singapore.

June 8 — 17
25th Anniversary Carnival
Singapore's answer to Rio.

June 6 — 17
Global Technopolis. Towards a better world.

July 3
Hari Raya Haji
In honour of a visit to Mecca.

August 9
National Day
25 years of independence.

July 7 — August 12
Singapore Youth Festival
You're only young twice.

July 14 — August 31
Orchard Road lights up.

August 20 — September 18
Hungry Ghosts Festival
How could anyone be hungry in a place like this?

August 25
Finale of 25th Anniversary show.

September 8
Navarathri
Classical Indian Music and Dance.

September 24
Thimithi
Penitents put their foot in it.

October 3
Mooncake Festival
Savour a piece of the moon.

October 17
Deepavali
Hindu Festival of Lights.

October 18 — November 16
Kusu Month
A multiracial pilgrimage to a turtle turned island.

October 26 — November 5
Nine Emperor Gods
They have a 9-day visa.

November 17 — January 2
It's never too early to light up for Christmas.

December 25
Christmas
The only thing missing is the snow.

For information call Singapore Tourist Promotion Board on 1-800-688-4446

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE Soviet rock musical "Junon and Avos" seems amenable enough to summary: in 1806, a Russian count surmounts his difficulties with officialdom and is permitted to set sail for California, where he falls in love with a local beauty and attempts to marry her, with tragic results. Or at least that is as much of a story as we could piece together from what we saw at City Center, where this lavishly appointed vehicle is docked through February 4. Our detachment from the material—and that response, not pleasure or disappointment, is what the evening overwhelmingly evokes—doesn't stem from the fact that the show is sung in Russian; after all, spotty but clearly spoken English narration is provided, and the program features the lengthiest synopsis we've run across since the one offered by the Royal Ballet in 1983 for its touring production of another tale of doomed love, "Mayerling." And our disengagement has nothing to do with lack of interest in either the show's message of freedom or the resonances that have accrued around that theme since "Junon and Avos" was first produced, at Moscow's Lenin Komsomol Theatre, late in the Brezhnev years. No, the reason we remained unmoved was the music.

The score was composed by Alexis Ribnikov, whose influences are vast: a little Khachaturian (with whom Mr. Ribnikov studied) here, a lot of Orthodox chanting there. And, wafting about the show's black-and-magenta settings, are strains of Andrew Lloyd Webber. (At last: a rock musical in which the Englishman is more borrowed from than borrowing.) Mostly, however, the idiom is rock, of the seventies variety. For example, the number "Avos"—Russian for "hope" and also, like Junon, the name of one of the count's ships—sounds like Deep Purple, while the second-act opening music is echt early Queen. What moderate originality the songs possess is not heightened by the rapid, declamatory style in which they are often rendered, which is perhaps more apposite to a reading by the poet Andrey Voznesensky, who wrote the show's book and lyrics, than to the performance of a rock musical. Nevertheless, the performers deserve only praise, if for no other reason than the deftness with which they truck about the unremittingly dark, and treacherously raked and quartered, stage.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ARIANO—A play by Richard Irizarry, presented by the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre. Four performances a week are in Spanish; three are in English. In previews. (304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA—Charles Keating stars in a revival of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Larry Carpenter. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

LEAR—In this Mabou Mines adaptation of Shakespeare's "King Lear," the title character has become a nineteen-fifties Southern woman (played by Ruth Maleczech) with three sons. In previews. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

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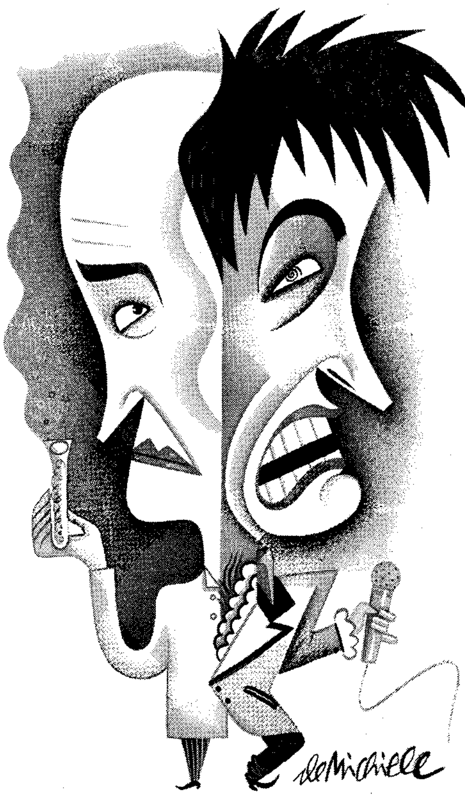


Everett Quinton in "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde"

MACBETH—Raul Julia has the title role in the twelfth production of the Shakespeare Marathon. Directed by Richard Jordan. Opens Jan. 16 at 6:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

MEDEA—Joanne Camp stars in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of Euripides' drama. Also in the cast are Sylvia Davis, Michael John McGuinness, and Frank Geraci. Opens Jan. 20 at 5, and runs through Feb. 17. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

MOVING TARGETS—The umbrella title for several one-acters by Joe Pintauro. With Anita Gillette. Previews begin Jan. 18. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874.)

NEW THIS SEASON

THE ART OF SUCCESS—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 comedy by Nick Dear. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

AWAY ALONE—Recent illegal Irish immigrants are the subject of a play by Janet Noble. With Bronagh Murphy and Michael Healy. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

THE CIRCLE—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

CITY OF ANGELS—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE—Another example of the current vogue for recasting the strange case, this time by Georg Osterman. The production has the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's usual vices (excessive length, scattershot antics) and virtues (clever sets, animated performances by, among others, Everett Quinton and Eureka). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

GYPSY—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

JUAN DARIÉN—A revival of a 1988 Music-Theatre Group production, performed by an eighteen-member company of actors, dancers, musicians, and puppeteers. Conceived by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal (who also wrote the music), and based on a short story by Horacio Quiroga. Directed by Ms. Taymor. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200. Closes Feb. 3.)

JUNON AND AVOS—A rock musical, presented by Moscow's Lenin Komsomol Theatre. In Russian, with English narration. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Feb. 4.)

KISS ME WHEN IT'S OVER—A musical conceived and directed by and starring André De Shields. With Freida Williams and Gina Taylor. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Jan. 27.)

THE LISBON TRAVIATA—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Closes Jan. 28.)

LOVE LETTERS—A. R. Gurney's two-character play winds up its Broadway run with Elaine Stritch and Cliff Robertson Jan. 16-21. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

The Merchant of Venice—This production, directed by Peter Hall, tries a little too hard to avoid anti-Semitism (by making Christians look awful) and seems more interested in the quality of male bonding than that of mercy. As Shylock, Dustin Hoffman is dignified but ultimately ineffective. Fortunately, the production is about great ensemble Shakespeare rather than about Hoffman's Shylock, and would be worth seeing if only for Michael Siberry (Gratiano) and Geraldine James (Portia). (1/1/90) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Negro Ensemble Company—**JONQUIL** is the most recent work in Charles Fuller's cycle of plays about freed slaves. Directed by Douglas Turner Ward. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545.)

Othello—Michael Rogers has the title role in this production by Theatre for a New Audience. William Gaskill is the director. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 279-4200.)

Progress—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. With Anne Bobby, Edmund Lewis, Ray Virta, and John Curless. Directed by Geoffrey Sherman. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

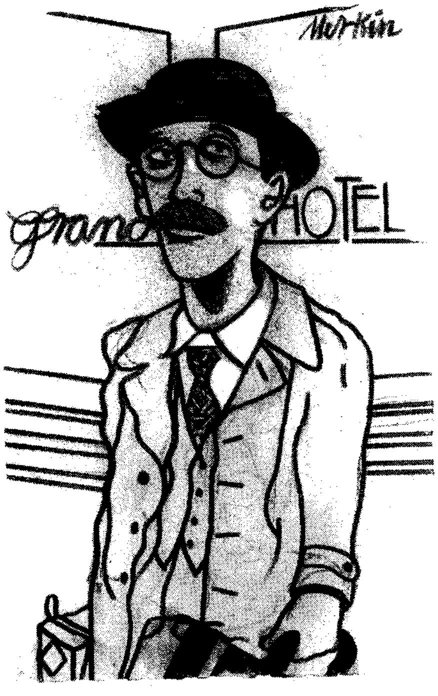
Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Twenty Fingers, Twenty Toes—Ann Brown and Maura Hanlon play the Hilton Sisters, Siamese twins on the vaudeville circuit, in this musical by Michael Dansicker and Bob Nigro. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting Marsha Norman's **TRAVELER IN THE DARK**. With Dennis Parlato and Lynn Ritchie. Directed by D. Lynn Meyers. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Jan. 28.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choregraphed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Kevin Conway and Mercedes Ruehl. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress (Suzy Hunt), her assistant (Dorrie Joiner), and four steady customers (Anna Minot, Rita Gardner, Jennifer Parsons, and Rica Martens). (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)



Michael Jeter in "Grand Hotel"

DANCE

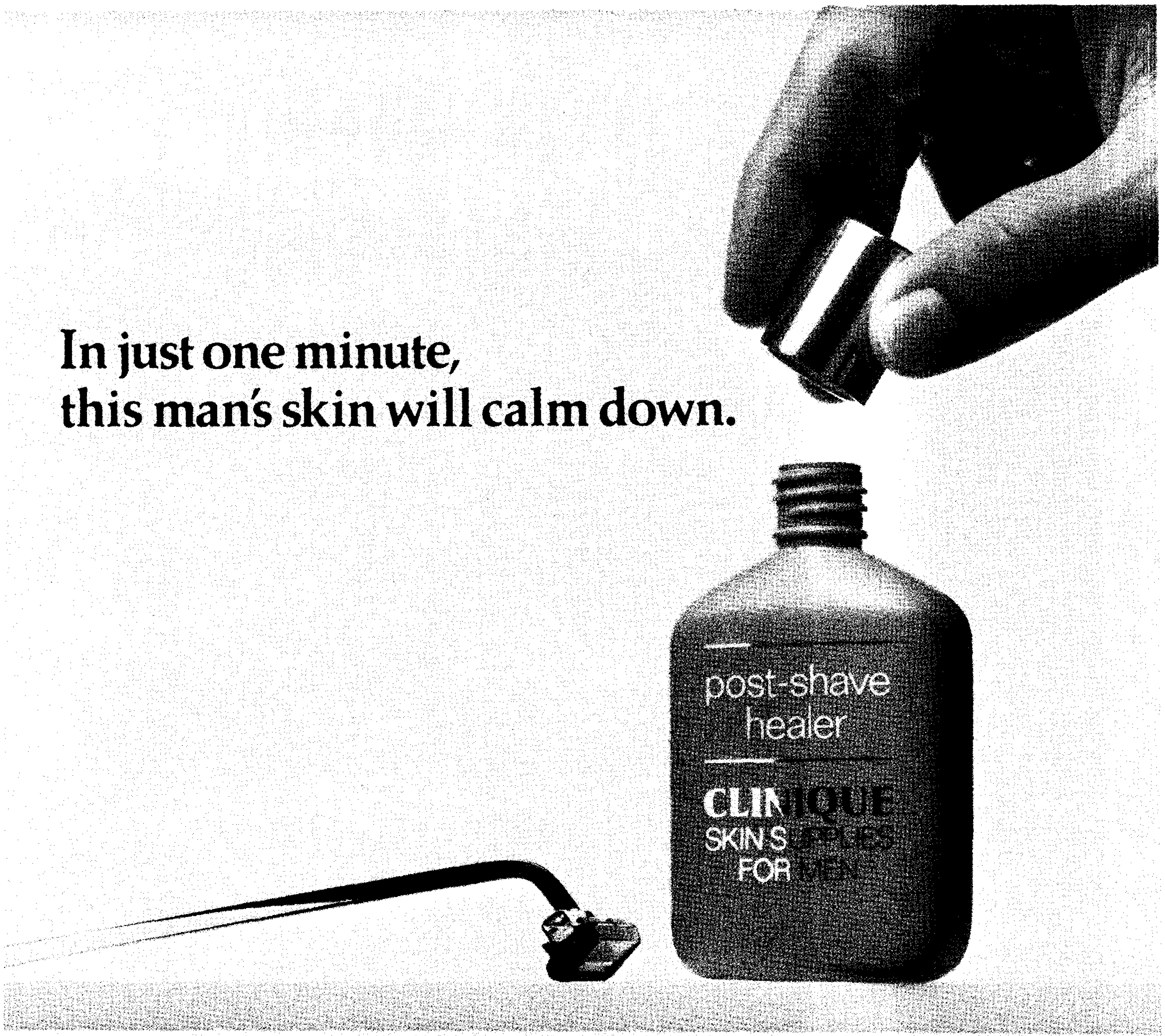
IF it matters to you how a skater *looks* when he's travelling over the ice—if you enjoy the dance aspect of figure skating as well as the jumping—you may want to drop by the rink at Rockefeller Center on January 24, at 1, when the Ice Theatre of New York will give the first in a series of free half-hour programs, this time featuring Gary Beacom, among other skaters. Founded in 1984, the Ice Theatre is a nonprofit company of skating artists, which is modelled along the lines of a dance company. Among its members are John Curry, Jo Jo Starbuck, Ken Shelley, Judy Blumberg, Michael Seibert, and Katherine Healy—all-stars who skate with the company on occasion—as well as a core group of lesser-known skaters, also dedicated to the company's ideals.

Ice Theatre has two missions: to develop a repertory for performance and to educate skaters in technique and artistry. Although the group does not perform much, it has tenaciously pursued its educational goals at rinks within and without New York State. The centerpiece of its teaching is something called the Plié Power Workshop, based on the ideas of John Curry and developed by Ice Theatre's artistic director, Rob McBrien, who served as the ensemble director for the company that Mr. Curry brought to the Met. The workshop stresses such elements as the ease of exchanging weight while going from one action to another; the carriage of the body in transit; the lengthening of the spine during turning and twisting maneuvers; the use of the eyes to orient the skater in space; and the smoothness with which a knee is released during a plié, that bending of the legs from which skating as well as dancing unfurls. At the heart of the teaching is a concern with making the skater sensitive to the edges of the skate blades as instruments for the projection of expression. Many award-winning skaters could benefit from this kind of analysis.

New York City Ballet—Jan. 16 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8: "Mozart Serenade," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Other Dances," and "Prodigal Son." . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Les Gentilhommes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8: "La Source," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2: "Les Gentilhommes," "In Memory of . . . ," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Danses Concertantes." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 1: "Kammermusik No. 2," "In Memory of . . . ," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 7: "Mozart Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 8: "Square Dance," "In Memory of . . . ," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 7:30: "Coppélia" (a benefit). (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"ManMade"—A festival of dance companies led by men. Jan. 16 at 8: Randy Warshaw Dance Company and Dendy Dance. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 8 and Jan. 20 at 2 and 8: Gallman's Newark Dance Theatre and Déjà Vu Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8 and Jan. 21 at 2 and 7:30: Peter Pucci Plus Dancers and Second Hand Dance Company. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8: Stephen Petronio Company and Bill Young & Dancers. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

In just one minute, this man's skin will calm down.



The redness, the razor burn, the after-shave discomforts that usually bother him will simply go away.

Because his skin has found a friend: Clinique Post-Shave Healer.

Post-Shave Healer is the gentle balm for razor-recovering skin. Rich in aloe, it's the cool, comforting touch that calms shaving irritations.

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Ohad Naharin Dance Company—Presenting the premières of "Sinking of the Titanic" and "King of Wara." The latter is a solo work for Mr. Naharin. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 18-20 at 8, and Jan. 21 at 3.)

Deborah Zall—Presenting solo works by Ruth St. Denis and Jane Dudley, among others. With guest artist Bertram Ross. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Jan. 19-20 at 8. For information about tickets, call 877-3399.)

Don Cossacks—A company of eighty dancers, singers, and musicians from the Soviet Union in the opening performances of a two-week engagement, which will run through Feb. 4. (Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Jan. 23 at 6:30 and Jan. 24 at 8.)

Jamison Project—Judith Jamison's thirteen-member troupe in a one-week engagement. Jan. 23 at 7:30: "Divining," "Forgotten Time" (première), "Tease," and "Matthews." . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: "Time Out," "Forgotten Time," "Tease," and "Matthews." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 28.)

Lainie Kazan at Rainbow & Stars

NIGHT LIFE

WHEN top-shelf bands play at small clubs, it's usually to unwind after the big show somewhere else. But when the Psychedelic Furs come to town this month, as part of a tour to promote their new album, "Book of Days," the big show is in fact at the pint-size CBGB (January 16-20). Richard Butler, the group's lead singer, told us that this choice of venues has a lot to do with the album itself. "We made a noncommercial record, and we wanted to promote it in a noncommercial, almost underground way," he said.

"Book of Days" is something of a reverse pendulum swing. The Furs' career began with a self-titled 1979 album whose mantras were the words "stupid" and "useless" and whose sound was a lush onslaught of cranked-up guitars, wailing saxophones, and dissonant counterpoint. With each successive album, the band evolved into a more refined, more accessible pop group—their last album (not including a greatest-hits release), 1986's "Midnight to Midnight," was a polished studio effort that seemed a deliberate pitch for mainstream acceptance. "Book of Days," while devoid of the sneering, nihilistic posturing of ten years ago, reclaims the early roughness and spontaneity. "We wanted to just walk into a studio and make an album as quickly as possible," Mr. Butler said. "In that way, I think it sounds more like the band originally did."

He went on to say that, having made this record, "it would seem really strange to go and do an incredibly high-profile tour." And he cited another reason for the CBGB dates. "What tends to happen is that you come to New York and you play a big theatre, and then you're gone again. We wanted to create something where there was more of a buzz about."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **DAUGHERTY & FIELD,** who are currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. At nine-fifteen, the music-and-comedy duo present a new revue entitled "Two Guys and a Piano," and at eleven-fifteen they reach back into their repertory with "From Bach to Rock." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Astro's Turf, Second Ave. at 94th St. (289-0415)—A goofy, futuristic theme bar apparently designed by George Jetson. On the ceiling and floor, one finds astronaut dolls playing golf on amoeba-shaped greens; over the bar, a giant green octopus (a sextopus, actually, but who's counting?); and, on Thursday night's menu, a drink called the Woo Woo Wedge. On a recent night, while a Blues Brothers-ish band held sway onstage, patrons here were trying to figure out what the hell NASA had to do with golf, when someone informed them that the longest golf drive ever was made on that distant, grassless country club known as the moon. The informant didn't know if the astronaut in question went on to play every hole. Live music Mondays after ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **JEFF HARNAR,** a young singer who has cabaret-scene watchers beating the drum, is in action here, singing Comden and Green (from "On the Town," say, or "Singin' in the Rain"). Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65) after which this airy two-tiered operation is named had a midget m.c. named Pee Wee Marquette, caged finches, and Bird himself; the new room has a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox, neon wading birds, and jazz people of various modern schools. This week's offerings: the **LYNN BERNSTEIN** trio on Jan. 16; the Kysia Bostic group on Jan. 17; saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON** and Horizon Jan. 18-20; the Ron Jackson quartet on Jan. 21; the **JAKI BYARD** duo on Jan. 22; Peggy Stern on Jan. 23; and the Rodney Jones quartet on Jan. 24. Music starts around nine. Dining.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The free passes to this club could pave most of Greenwich Village—and they often do. The Bitter End was all abuzz in the seventies, when it was a stopping point for the sort of singers whose records you can now order from television: Gordon Lightfoot, Melissa Manchester, Neil Sedaka. Aside from the rest rooms, which are what you'd expect to find during wartime, the place is pleasant enough, and when you ask the doorman what time the band's coming on he'll tell you anything you want to hear.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this jazz club there's a neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** now in his seventies and still making sparks, will be here Jan. 16-21. The virtuoso trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** gets started on Jan. 23. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including unreconstructed folkies, rock-and-roll fundamentalists, Village bopcats, and followers of the pompadoured cutup and showman **BUSTER POINDEXTER,** who performs on Wednesdays with his **BANSHEES OF BLUE.** On Jan. 19, the **DEL FUEGOS,** a fifties- and sixties-leaning rock group out of Boston, take the stage. **STEVE FORBERT,** the Mississippi-born singer-songwriter who began his New York career as a street singer, appears on Jan. 20. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET.** The long-lived ensemble (Milt Jackson, John Lewis, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay) is currently making a rare small-club appearance here. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **FRANK OWENS** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This survivor from the Punk Era is still standing. The graffitied walls offer the archeologist clues to earlier forms of rock-and-roll life. The **PSYCHEDELIC FURS** take over the place Jan. 16-20. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A quartet belonging to tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN**—who once played an idol of his, Lester Young, onstage at the Brooklyn Academy of Music—is currently holding forth in this promising new supper club just east of Union Square which sprang up a few weeks back. Saxophonist **JIMMY (LITTLE BIRD) HEATH** brings in a quintet on Jan. 23 for a six-night stand. Mondays belong to Kysia Bostic. Music after ten.

Dan Lynch, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you, inside you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar that doesn't offer much in the way of décor. The place brightens up considerably at ten with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A tin-roofed, hubcap-awninged, soul-food-serving, chicken-shack theme bar. Exhibits include a rusted Orange Crush sign, a Pat Boone record jacket, bottle caps spelling out "Welcome," and other peckerwood flotsam. (If the place weren't a restaurant, it could be a flea market.) The clientele is mainly Northern urban. There's live music most nights, including gospel on Mondays, R. & B. on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and zydeco on Thursdays. Shows after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where the great potholed boulevards turn to cobblestones, and the world across the Hudson flashes its come-hither signs. The back room has Hibernian sounds on Fridays. Robbie O'Connell, a singer-guitarist who has worked with the Clancy Brothers, among others, will be here on Jan. 19. Sets at nine and ten-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* The Victor Bailey quintet is in action through Jan. 21. **CHARLIE BYRD,** a classically trained guitarist who, along with Stan Getz in the sixties, helped to bring north the bossa nova, will lead a trio beginning Jan. 23. Mondays are set aside for guitarist **LES PAUL**, who was known as Rhubarb Red back in the twenties and thirties, when he was an itinerant country picker. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—The kind of classy place where no sooner do they give you a plate than they take it away. Fortune Garden is decorated for a greenhouse effect, and the priorities here are Chinese food, hanging plants, and jazz. **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**, the father-and-son guitar team (fourteen strings between them) preside Jan. 16-21; Niels Lan Doky and Christian Minh Doky begin a six-night stay on Jan. 23. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

KILIMANJARO, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—A recent offshoot of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up; in any case, the huge dance floor seldom lies fallow. Jan. 18 belongs to Major Weeks, with Kymm; Jan. 19 to African Babu; and Jan. 20 to Professor Yaa Lengi, with the African Contempo dancers.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist **JOHN COLIANNI** and bassist **BILL MORING** are here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This upstairs music-and-performance space opened its doors about four years ago and quickly established itself as the headquarters of the downtown music scene. (There wasn't much competition.) There's a downstairs, too, where you can hear what's going on above for the price of a drink. Jan. 17: James Emory's Iliad Group, Fracas, and the Mommy Heads. Jan. 18: the Jazz Passengers. Jan. 19: Galaxie 500 and Chunk. Jan. 20: Don Byron, and Melvin Gibbs' MG. Jan. 21: William Parker Orchestral Concepts and Andreas Mansdorf. Jan. 22: the Phillip Johnston quintet. Jan. 23: New & Used, and Iconclast. Jan. 24: Miniature. Music after nine.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—**BOOKER T AND THE MG'S**, the Memphis band that originated the lean, soulful Stax sound, is here Jan. 19-20, led by veterans Steve Cropper and David (Duck) Dunn. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A shiny, ninety-seat cabaret, sixty-five floors above all the honking and shouting. (It and the neighboring Rainbow Room—same telephone number, same stratospheric prices—are reached by taking a whistling express elevator; some people observe silence on the way up.) On clear nights you can see the lights of Yonkers and Tenafly. Brooklyn-born singer-actress **LAINIE KAZAN**—who started out on Broadway as Barbra Streisand's understudy in "Funny Girl," and who's since shown up in such movies as "Lust in the Dust" and "My Favorite Year"—is currently holding forth with songs by Harold Arlen and Bob Dylan, to name two. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Traditional jazz (big- and little-band swing, several varieties of Dixieland) in the theatre district, and not a bad place to calm down in if, for instance, you happen to have just dropped a week's wages by taking the missus and your aunt from Macon to see a Broadway musical. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

RITZ, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—There's usually a good reason to go to the Ritz, but there's almost always a better reason to stay away. Even leaving aside its new, midtown address—the sort of neighborhood you wake up in after you've been kidnapped—there's still the club's distressing pack-them-in, get-them-the-hell-out management tactics, and the fact that the atmosphere here, on any given night, is something between that of a high-school gym class and a police state. Two Echo and the Bunnymen-ish bands—the **MIGHTY LEMON DROPS** and **OCEAN BLUE**—will perform here on Jan. 20. The former, led by singer Paul Marsh, have been doing their slightly manic, slightly psychedelic thing for four years now. The latter, hailing from the wilds of Pennsylvania, recently released a rather nondescript début album. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif and perhaps the city's most international booking policy. **NED SUBLETTE**, a singer-guitarist with a how-low-can-you-go voice and more than a few whimsical songs up his sleeve, leads a band here on Jan. 16. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. A quintet under the direction of bassist **RON CARTER** will be on the premises Jan. 17-21. Beginning Jan. 23, **TOMMY FLANAGAN**—a sparkling bebop pianist of whom the late Bradley Cunningham once said, "Piano players are supposed to make you laugh, then break your heart, and that's what Tommy does"—will be leading a trio here. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—One of the few places below the surface of New York that deserve landmark status. It's also one of the few places anywhere that have a notable (if that's the right word) light fixture—one that Charles Mingus K.O.'d while trying to reason with the late Max Gordon, and that Mr. Gordon, who was a preservationist as well as a businessman, decided to leave in Mingus-ized condition. Hard-bop drummer **LOUIS HAYES** is here with a quintet through Jan. 21. Mondays are in the hands of the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830)—On Jan. 18, this café—for years a well-known haven for those studying pinball, jazz, and other unofficial Columbia University requirements—will reopen with the saxophonists **BRANFORD MARSALIS** and **BUDDY TATE**, the latter a Count Basie alum who has had double-bypass surgery but hasn't slowed down much. Flugelhornist and trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** leads a quintet Jan. 19-20.

WOODY'S IN THE VILLAGE, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's recently opened club is a basic-black basement space with mirrors, comfy couches, and rotating spotlights. Stones memorabilia—with an emphasis on Ronnie himself—of course, provide the only decoration. At this club you can learn about nuances of heavy-metal history you may have been unaware of. A band that played here recently honored all Bad Company requests, whereas one for Led Zeppelin received the disdainful reply "Come on, this is New York." Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays from about eleven. There's also an art gallery upstairs (entrance at 65 Second Avenue), where the collected works of Woody—rock-star portraits, mainly—are now on display.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Cappellini finanziera, sepia-toned photos of old Firenze, and jazz. The last emanates from a passageway between a front-room bar and a back room reserved for trenchermen. **TAL FARLOW**, a sixty-something guitar hero who likes to retire every so often, is here with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** through Jan. 20; pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** start up on Jan. 22. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

IT'S doubtful that anyone who hangs around Times Square after midnight knows what Skee-Ball is anymore. But every video junkie jangling a palmful of quarters at Playland, an arcade at 43rd Street and Broadway, can tell you that Apache 3 (Star Wars dogfighting) has better explosions than Narc (guerrilla warfare in the streets), that Arch Rivals ("basketbrawl," spilled sodas and kidney punches included) is much truer to its sport than Punch-Out!! (the opponent has a lame left), and that the fastest way to be branded a wuss is to put two bits in Ms. Pac-man.

Having an oversized black parka with a fake-fur hood and a haircut that resembles an AAA triptych will help you fit in here, but to excel it's best to have mastered the ability to operate a joystick, a speed lever, and fire, duck, and jump buttons all at the same time. Veteran keypunch operators are all thumbs next to the current record holder on Escape from the Planet of the Robot Monsters. The most popular contraption is Turbo Outrun, a computerized road-rally car with spectacular graphics which you sit in as if it were a stripped Alfa Romeo, shifting from side to side as you steer and hit video speeds of more than two hundred and fifty kilometres per hour. The game really peaks when you slam into a billboard or make friends with a palm tree. The accompanying sounds are so loud, however, that the response from most who get totalled is to laugh, then immediately turn around to make sure everyone has spotted them laughing first. On a recent night, one guy who had no need to look over his shoulder zoomed to lap five without a bumper scrape and then stepped out of the machine, obviously bored, with half a minute left. Then he went over to Crime Fighters, picked up the joystick, and fired ten rounds into the bad guys, vaporizing every one of them. He walked away before that game was over, too. As he stomped out of Playland, it was hard to find any poignancy in what his next thought might be.

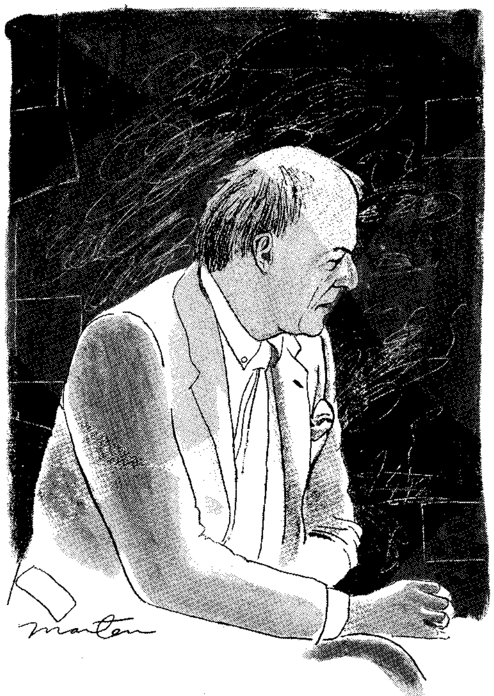
The Moscow Circus

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

MOSCOW CIRCUS—With acrobats, aerialists, and, of course, dancing bears. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Feb. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

ICE CAPADES—This year's show celebrates the skating troupe's fiftieth season and stars Barbie and Super Mario Bros. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 19-28. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300.)

P.S. 122—Jan. 18-21 at 9:30: "Terminal Hip," written by Mac Wellman and performed by Steve Mellor. Through Jan. 28. . . . ¶ Jan. 19-21 at 8: Donald Fleming, Gayle Tufts, and Nelson Zayas in songs and dances. Through Jan. 28. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)



Cy Twombly

ART

THE burden of a great many moral values—too many values—has been weighing heavily upon the concept of family. This has almost always and almost everywhere been the case, of course, but in the last few years Americans have become obsessed, perhaps even morbidly, with family. The press, for example, is enamored of lab babies and also the young victims of extreme abuse. We are at once encouraged to revere the Bush family and to be stirred by the image of a bereft Rumanian mother—an icon of revolution.

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947) paints about as pretty a picture of domesticity as can be found, but his palette gives flesh not to what is moral but to what is, in the widest sense, sensual. With Bonnard, one warm color melting into the next or one pattern resting upon another is more than a metaphor for intimacy—it is intimacy incarnate and radiant. His countless family scenes include great-grandmothers, grandfathers, sisters, mothers, infant nephews, lovers, friends, city dwellings, country houses, and pets, yet not a single person, animal, or locale can reasonably be read as an image of any particular virtue or as an icon of any particular value to uphold. If these scenes are enviable, and they are, it's because they are truly personal. The capacity for intimacy itself is what is to be envied. Bonnard brings to us a vision of various passions—intense ones as well as relaxed, avuncular ones—sustained like pilots on gas burners. Perhaps the most evocative thing in the Met's wonderful, low-key Bonnard exhibition (mostly of early graphic work, but some paintings are included as well) is a program cover he drew for a concert at the Villa Bach, in the classic French family resort of Arcachon, near Bordeaux. Villa Bach was the house of his sister, Andrée, and her husband, the composer Claude Terrasse, and Bonnard's invitation shows you the driveway that lets you in.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical (dark and moody) view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ "The Age of Napoleon" is the best exhibition the Met's Costume Institute has put on in some time. Katell Le Bourhis, the Institute's talented new curator, worked with Diana Vreeland, and it shows. . . . ¶ A show of Pierre Bonnard's graphic work. Through Feb. 4. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The tableware in a fine, small show of Kayserzinn pewter is about as suited to its puffed fabric perches atop fuchsia and lilac bases as would be Ridley Scott's alien to a garden party. There's nothing fussy or precious about the teapots and biscuit jars made between 1900 and 1904 by this German firm. The supple material has been molded to look dripped and bruised. Through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs by Tina Barney. Starts Jan. 18. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jenny Holzer illumines Mr. Wright's daunting space with her aphorisms, which are engraved on both red and white granite benches, and displayed on a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-foot electronic message unit that follows the contours of the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 11. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A show of seventy costumes from three leading Belle Époque Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ "A Hair's Breadth," a site-specific installation in the lobby, by the Scottish artist David Mach, is on view through March 25. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Crossroads of Continents," a travelling exhibition presented jointly by Soviet and North American museums, focusses on the cultures of Siberia and Alaska, and includes—among five hundred artifacts—kayaks, drums, clothing, and ivory carvings. Through March 25. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibition of Buddhist art from Bhutan's temples and monasteries. Included are several *thankas* (large hanging scrolls), two cast-bronze prayer wheels, and a painted altar created specifically for the show. Starts Jan. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. Through March 11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of more than three hundred works made by or for Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of the long period it spans—the Roman Empire to the rise of Mussolini. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, recorded music, and all the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge University, is an epicure's delight. One of the world's best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliam covers a lot of bases, and objects ranging from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch by the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currently on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famous Pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England" is included, along with a charming rococo genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérard and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There are a pair of lovely early watercolors by Turner, two dramatic and typical "Death" themes by Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of two male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis de Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor by J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Norfolk." The scene-stealer might just be the almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "Hen and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at the Chelsea factory around 1755—but there's plenty of strong competition. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of poignant large-scale photographs on canvas, with minimal painted interventions, by Annette Lemieux. They depict the "appearance" of sound—deaf children with their heads on a piano, say, or a waterfall, the bomb, Edgar Bergen and his wooden other. Even the noise from an adjacent screening of Australian videos is somehow silenced by these humbly beautiful works about memory and loss. . . . ¶ A collaborative installation by Martha Fleming and Lyne Lapointe that was inspired by a poem by Christina Rossetti and is intended to be about women's pleasures. However, with its use of Adirondack rusticity—paintings of bugs, squirrels, and bats, a mosaic floor, log benches, a worn balustrade, cozy country floor lamps, and much bark—it looks like an elaborate reprocessing of stick art. Through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

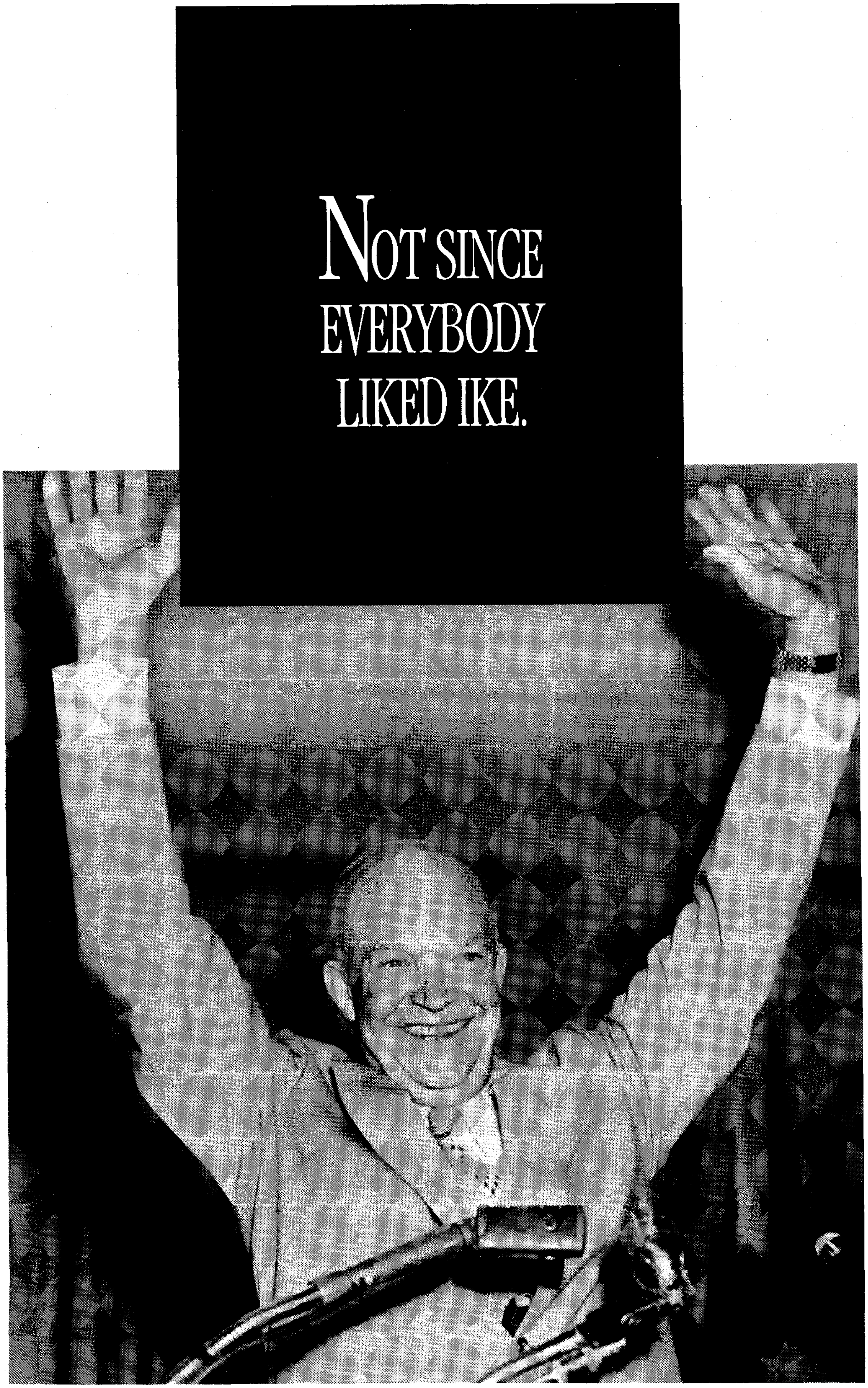
GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

CY TWOMBLY—Beautiful paintings from 1969, with just about everything one expects from the master of the mark and the scribble. Through Jan. 20. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JOHN WALKER—Muscular abstract paintings that depend upon occupying a lot of space to produce their charge. Through Feb. 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

"HELEN SERGER, 1901-89: A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION"—This dealer of interwar European art (the emphasis here is on the Viennese and the German avant-garde) is honored with an exhibition from her private collection of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. As a collector she was not concerned with amassing masterpieces or constructing a historical


NOT SINCE
EVERYBODY
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view but was clearly committed to a personal experience with art. Among the many fine works on paper are those by Léger, Schiele, Rouault, Klimt, Grosz, Chagall, and Kokoschka. Through Feb. 10. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Short List—**AARON HARRY GORSON,** Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. (through Jan. 27); **BRUNO LUCCHESI,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Feb. 3); **JOHN MOORE,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 2); **HEDDA STERNE,** CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (open Mondays, through Jan. 27).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Many minor watercolor landscapes and some fine figure drawings. Through Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Al Held—These cake-frosting-thick paintings in deep colors were made between 1953 and 1955, after the artist had returned to New York from Paris, and are chock-full of youth and possibility. They owe some of their boundless virility to the Abstract Expressionists and the postwar Parisian painters. Through Feb. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Shirley Jaffe—Joyful paintings bearing the strong influence of Matisse's cutouts, by a sixty-six-year-old American living in Paris. Through Feb. 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Yayoi Kusama—Among the irresistible works in this not very attractively installed show are a dazzling watercolor, "Phosphorescence in the Day"; a marvellously weird and fanciful collaged self-portrait that suggests a color reprise of Ernst's "Une Semaine de Bonté"; and "Farewell Supper," a dinner table and chairs, all upholstered within an inch of their lives with little beanbag-penis shapes, in red, white, black, blue, and green polka-dot cotton. Through Jan. 27. (Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Doris Lee (1905-83)—Paintings and works on paper spanning several decades. In the thirties and forties, the artist painted portraits of the American scene—sentimentalia of women and their baked goods, in the spirit of cozy samplers. But there's also an occasional fly in the ointment, including a little Ensorian mask that crops up in a sea of flags and balloons, and in one instance there is a depiction of a woman triumphing above the saccharine Americana. The gouaches of the forties depict a range of emotion and image that the oil paintings do not. Through Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Altoon Sultan—Rich, pleasant, and very traditional farmscapes of Vermont and Maine. Through Jan. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Not Vital—Nine "sculpture multiples," each consisting of ten bronze noses contained within an irregularly formed alabaster vessel. The set of noses was cast from the faces of live Egyptians, by means of the lost-wax technique, but any single proboscis may vary slightly from number to number in the edition as the artist may have prodded a little differently here, or given an extra pinch somewhere else. (The sculptured alabaster cocoons vary more dramatically.) Through Jan. 27. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

"The Children's Pavilion"—Exhibited in the form of a half-scale model of the interior of a proposed pavilion, this exemplary collaboration between Dan Graham and Jeff Wall is also an exemplary public art work—the kind one can imagine functioning quite successfully without its identity as art, even though its meaning becomes richer when that label is attached. Inside the dreamy circular pavilion—a jungle gym for the imagination—children can sit on tiered steps surrounded by a frieze of nine round color transparencies, each of a child looking heavenward with a cloud-filled blue sky behind. At the pavilion's apex a curved two-way-mirror oculus collapses the interior into a reflected projection. According to plans, the exterior is to be stepped, so that children can also look down from above; here the suggested inversions can only be intuited. The pavilion is full of referents, among them the perfect geometries of Brunelleschi and the visionary structures of Boullée. Through Jan. 27. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

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21	22	23	24			

Group Show—The critic John Yau here has selected—with varying degrees of success—six lesser-known artists who borrow from other sources to make their work. Bill Barrette's pseudo-Victorian constructions with photographs are among the most interesting and least likable. They look like instruments of wonder and repression and are both nostalgic and somewhat sinister. Andrew Masullo has a great eye for flea-market paintings, which he makes his own through minimal painted interventions. Anna Bialobroda's handsome paintings wander down the already beaten word-as-image path. Through Jan. 27. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

NEW STONE AGE

Because the composer Tan Dun wants to show people what the earth sounds like, he has written "Soundshape," for an orchestra of ceramic instruments. "The sound of the earth is very original, very natural," he says. "So I have used natural, primitive materials to reproduce it." The instruments, which Mr. Tan designed in collaboration with a potter, look something like household objects—vases, jugs, mugs, lampshades—retrieved from an archeological dig. When Mr. Tan blows into a tiny pear-shaped vase, he produces an ancient, reedy whistle—a Chinese sound. When he strikes the greenish, crescent-shaped chimes he calls "moons," the sound resembles that of pealing church bells. And when he blows into a belly-round jug with a snakelike neck the sound is something between a foghorn and the honk of a sixteen-wheeler. The composer and six other musicians will perform the half-hour-long "Soundshape" at the Guggenheim Museum on January 21-22. Mr. Tan, who moved to New York from Beijing four years ago, acknowledges that he draws greatly on ancient Eastern philosophies for his compositions. But he adds, "I compose contemporary music. It is not Chinese. It is not Indonesian. It is experimental, and it belongs to New York."

Short List—**STANLEY BOXER** (through Feb. 3) and **HANS HOFMANN** (through Jan. 27), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **JOHN BUTTON,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 31); **KENNETH CALLAHAN** and **GIFFORD BEAL,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 10); **WILLIAM CROZIER** and **EDVARD LIEBER,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **MARK ROTHKO,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 10).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—An epic-narrative drawing in several hundred parts, called "The Mechanical Peep Show." It's about a childhood crime, repression, the vulnerability of the artist, and destiny, and unfolds like a Robertson Davies novel. The tale is beautifully drawn, ending in a final multi-panel image that was inspired by a Flemish genre painting and is an iconographic mystery. Through Jan. 20. (P.P.O.W, 532 Broadway.)

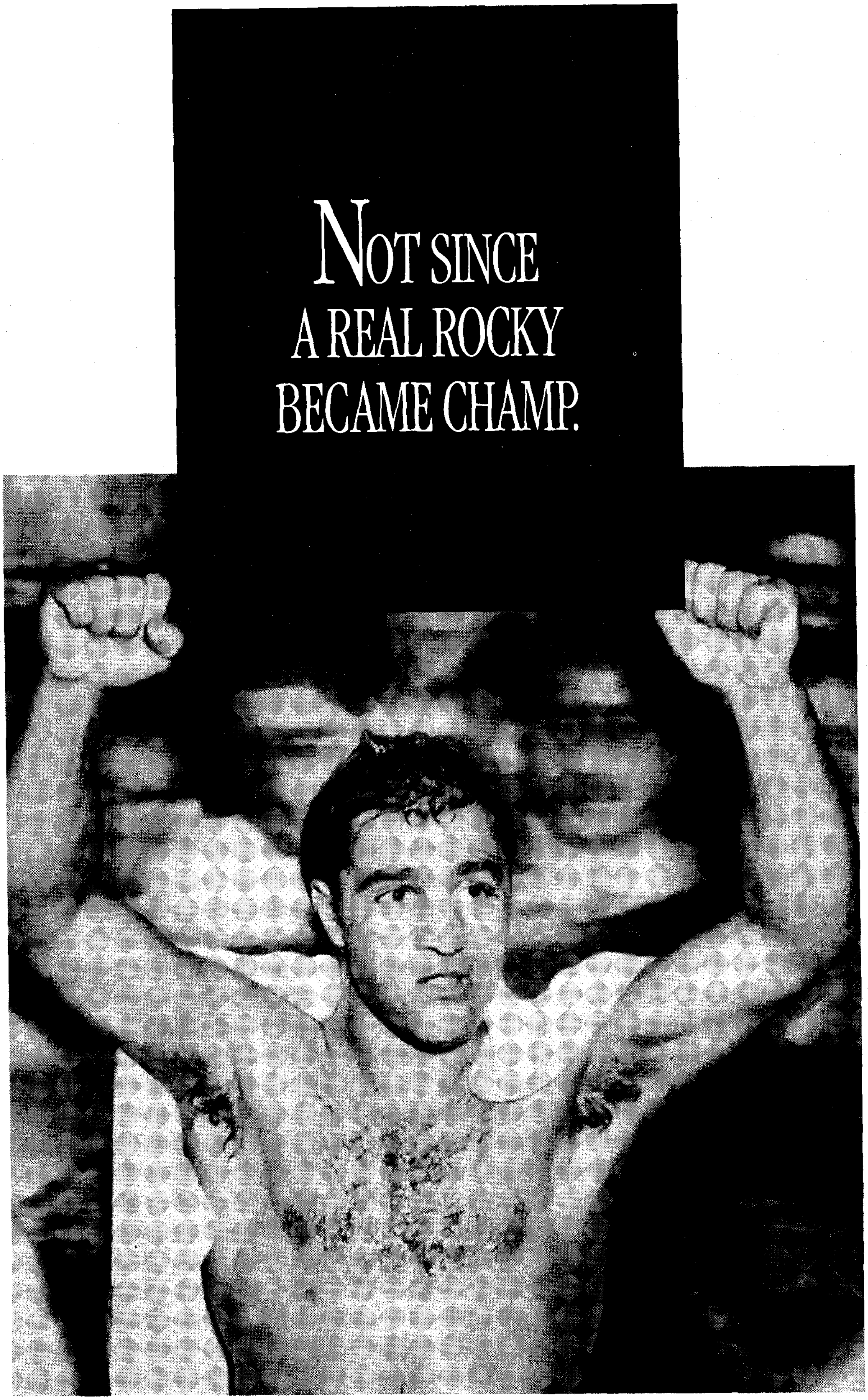
Jennifer Bartlett—In the past, the artist gained a reputation for creating exhaustive studies of style, by painting a simple image such as a house or a garden statue over and over in every lush way imaginable. In her new paintings and sculptures, the technique is fairly standardized and the worldly variety comes through the diversity of her images. Tables, cones, fish, plaid patterns, iron grilles, birds, beavers, and hatchets are part of the artist's new "primal" lexicon. They are presented as if they were loaded with suggestion, but the focussed control of her past work is lacking. Here, Bartlett is too facile for her own good. Through Jan. 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Ed Baynard—The show is called "AIDS Requiem" and features a series of "precariously balanced sculptures," such as a large iron cross held erect by three strands of rope connected to three distant rocks. It's a nice idea, as we know from Richard Serra, and it's particularly appropriate to AIDS and the precariousness of life, and, in another sense, to the fragility of art in the face of a mortal threat. However, a good idea does not an artwork make. Equally thin are scratch paintings of urns and constructions with daggers. Through Feb. 8. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Minna Citron—Paintings, drawings, and prints covering six decades. In the thirties, the artist—who is in her nineties and who continues to paint—was a member of the Fourteenth Street group and was a highly accomplished, if minor, practitioner of neo-Renaissance urban realism. Her involvement with psychoanalysis is evident in her Surrealism-inspired abstractions of the forties. Through Jan. 31. (Teller, 568 Broadway.)

Hanne Darboven—Every once in a while, a contemporary artist is able to remind us that transcendental experience is possible. Now it's Darboven's turn. Her installation, "Requiem for M. Oppenheimer," honors an Austrian Jew who painted pictures of orchestras before escaping to the United States during the Second World War. The work includes a Schiele-like self-portrait by Oppenheimer; an arrangement of musical instruments of the sort that Jews, in order to survive the camps, played for their Nazi captors; and the soothing recording of an organ work Darboven co-composed in a style reminiscent of Steve Reich's music. The most mesmerizing aspect of the grouping, though, is the continuous wall of workmanlike calligraphic drawings that is the focus of all Darboven's works—one for each day of the year (in this case 1985). The whole is an eloquent rumination on beauty in the face of horror, on art as a form of imprisonment and salvation, and on work as a route to transcendence. Through Jan. 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Kim Jones—A very consistent vision of a life spent musing on the subject of war, from a peculiar and earnest mind. The work includes rows of balls of twigs; complicated, ever-evolving aerial-view drawings of dot-men and x-men in battle; snaps from Vietnam; and, periodically, the artist himself, a Vietnam-vet marine, moving slowly through the gallery, wearing an elaborate branch-and-feather headpiece and coated in mud. Through Jan. 27. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)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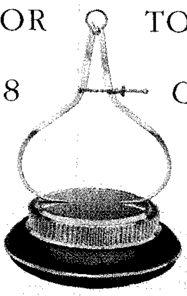

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ART—Cont'd

Alexis Rockman—The artist's reptilian world of paintings gets richer and more beautiful with every show. The high-key, orchidaceous flora and fauna make him the Martin Johnson Heade of the new faux-romantic landscape, with a none too compelling dash of Bosch-like moralism. Rockman's decadent, moist world includes very likable daddy longlegs, centipedes, and slugs. Through Jan. 27. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

"The Green Show"—A few years ago, the dominant color in Soviet art was, naturally, red. But when the curator Margarita Tupitsyn visited the studios of Moscow artists recently, she saw nothing but green: ergo, the glue for this exhibition of artists, most in their late twenties and early thirties, all a part of the same circle. Green has many meanings in the paintings and sculptures here—growth, dollars—and much of the work is handsome and in form not entirely alien, although to read the work as if it fit snugly within our system would do it a disservice. Through Jan. 20. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

"Before the Field"—"Color-field painting" has been the punch line of many a joke in the last decade or so, but—brace yourselves—it's back, and, given the art market's exhaustive search, neglected works are likely to undergo reconsideration—or at least that is what this show of paintings from the early sixties is banking on. John McLaughlin's two white bars separated by a black field, Ralph Humphrey's somewhat derivative chalky-gray atmosphere, Larry Poons' dancing blips, and Paul Feeley's liturgical arches all look quite good. Through Jan. 27. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **germans van eck,** 420 West Broadway: Works by artists who use drawing as a primary medium. Included are Nancy Spero's alarming examination of torture in Chile and some very minor Jonathan Borofskys. Through Feb. 10. . . . **gladstone,** 99 Greene St.: A high-class gathering of works by those masters of European funk—Dieter Roth, and the late great Marcels, Duchamp and Broodthaers. Some of the more scrumptious entries include the latter's brown leather doctor's bag full of white eggshells, and a fading, flaking chocolate puppy dog by Roth. Through Feb. 10.

Short List—bernd and hilla becher, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 27); **greg colson,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 27); **jane braswell crawford,** 112 Greene Street Gallery (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 7, through Jan. 21); **moira dryer,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Jan. 27); **gretchen faust,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through Feb. 3); **david hacker,** Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through Feb. 3); **ilya kabakov,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Feb. 3); **ken kiff,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through Feb. 3); **sol lewitt,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 27); **giulio paolini,** SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Feb. 24); **peter schuyff,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Feb. 10); **kevin wolff** and **peter huttinger,** Feature, 484 Broome St. (opens at noon, through Feb. 3).

OTHER GALLERIES

Tim Rollins + K.O.S.—A very smart exhibition of paintings and numerous related drawings by a former New York City public-school teacher and his high-school collaborators—kids from the South Bronx whom the system had deemed ineducable. The work is inseparable from its provenance, which is truly inspirational, and the images—fanciful, fantasy golden horns—are in essence self-portraits that the students created under the influence of a broad range of cultural references, from Uccello to Ninja weapons. The works' literary source is the last chapter of Kafka's unfinished novel "Amerika," upon whose pages they are painted. The show is a glorious sight—loud, brassy, and boisterous. Through June 17. (Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

"Ancien Régime"—The fact that the Kyoto Costume Institute would so meticulously preserve the extravagant, bustle-backed embroidery of eighteenth-century France and England is a curious one. Here are the fruits of such a labor, including an elaborate display of literally breathtaking corsets, dresses wider than the wearer's height, and a mammoth, curlicued coiffure topped by a small frigate. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ "The Historical Mode"—However indulgent the garb of the ancien régime may seem, ours seems more so in a companion exhibition of contemporary fashion that has mined history for its inspiration. From Mary McFadden's pleated Byzantine evening gown to Thierry Mugler's mod bell-bottom updates, the show makes clear the fashion industry's frenetic and exhaustive reprocessing of style. Through Jan. 27. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

YOU don't have to go to the Met or the Frick this week in order to see Renaissance art. Photography's Renaissance woman—Cindy Sherman—has come up with a group of pictures that made us think that the gallery representing her should change its name for the duration of this show from Metro Pictures to Museum Pictures. What's extraordinary about this exhibition of photographs, each of which looks like a famous masterpiece (by, say, Raphael, Ingres, Caravaggio, or Holbein) but in fact isn't a copy of any existing work, is Sherman's flawless execution. As usual she uses herself as her model, and as usual her capacity to create character is evident, but this time there's a complexity to the individual pieces that builds on what she's done before. Even though her props—false noses, falsies, masks, drapes, etc.—are low budget, she somehow manages to come up with finished products that are beyond trompe-l'oeil. You could swear that these photographs were paintings; one wise art-world watcher said, "That's one of the reasons everyone's going wild about the work. People would love to have their own Renaissance painting."

The other reason viewers are so excited is that Sherman's work combines different kinds of magic—the magic of theatre, the magic of photography, the magic of time travel, and, perhaps most of all, the magic of transformation. Sherman has surely proved the point that people can change. In one of these new old masterpieces she even looks a little like Paul McCartney in his Carnaby Street phase.

William Eggleston—Although this show is too small to demonstrate the artist's range (his latest book, "The Democratic Forest," is helpful in this respect), one can still see how Eggleston uses light and the colors of modern life as creatively as a painter, and as calculatedly as an advertising whiz. Through Jan. 27. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Sylvia Plachy—A disappointing show of work from 1965 to 1989 that covers two topics—animals and pet cemeteries. The artist, whose photographs in the *Village Voice* often have a light-handed, lyrical texture, comes off here like a weak Elliott Erwitt. Through Jan. 27. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Short List—mac adams, Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (through Jan. 27), and Farideh Cadot, 470 Broome St. (through Feb. 17); **nancy burson,** Baum, 588 Broadway (open Mondays, through Feb. 10); **john coplans,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 10); **mario giacomelli,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 10); **henry peach robinson,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open Sundays, through Feb. 25); **cindy sherman,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Feb. 3); **hannah villiger,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 10).

MUSIC

THAT famous "dry hardness which you get in the classics"—or at least in the neoclassics (to quote T. E. Hulme from the thirties)—is nowhere harder than at the beginning of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," where the composer took it upon himself to introduce a new letter into Latin for the desired hard, dry effect. "Kaedit nos pestis," cry the men of Thebes on the first page of the score. Stravinsky said he wanted a language "not dead, but turned to stone, and so monumentalized as to have become immune from vulgarization." (Does any other twentieth-century musical work with *new* Latin words come to mind?)

"Oedipus" is the most imposing monument of musical neoclassicism, and perhaps Stravinsky's most enduring work beyond the famous ballet scores. This kind of music—hard and dry but also brazen and of rich alloy—has been one of Zubin Mehta's strong areas, and he has assembled a strong team of singers for performances with the New York Philharmonic, starting January 18. Florence Quivar, Vinson Cole, John Garrison, John Cheek, and Gwynne Howell are among the personnel. We look forward to the concerts, and express our hope that Mr. Mehta does not, as Leonard Bernstein once did, follow a new idea of Latin pronunciation that Stravinsky knew not. On Mr. Bernstein's recording, Laius is said to have died not at the "trivium" but at the "triwium." Soft and damp, that sounds to us.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—la gioconda, with Ghena Dimitrova, Stefania Toczyska, Bruno Beccaria, and Alain Fondary; conducted by Nello Santi. (Jan. 15, Jan. 19, and Jan. 23 at 8.) . . . **così fan tutte,** with Marilyn Mims, Tatiana Troyanos, Hei-Kyung Hong, Jerry Hadley, and Thomas Hampson; James Levine. (Jan. 16 at 8 and Jan. 20 at 1:30.) . . . **der fliegende holländer,** a new production, with Janis Martin, Mark W. Baker, Robert Hale, and Matti Salminen; James Levine. (Jan. 17 at 8.) . . . With James Martin, Mark W. Baker, James Morris, and Matti Salminen; Donald Runnicles. (Jan. 20 at 8.) . . . **porgy and bess,** with Leona Mitchell, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Simon Estes, and Charles Williams; James Levine. (Jan. 18 and Jan. 22 at 8.) . . . With Leona Mitchell, Gwendolyn Bradley, Camellia Johnson, Simon Estes, and Ben Holt; James Levine. (Jan. 24 at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducting a concert version of Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani." With soloists Susan Dunn, Robert Brubaker, Renato Bruson, and Paul Plishka. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Group Opera of New York City—Yaacov Bergman conducting a partially staged production of "Carmen." With singers from the Metropolitan and New York City Operas. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 17-19 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Jan. 17 at 8: Works by Beethoven, Haydn, Weber, and others. With Philip Smith, trumpet; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Glenn Dicterow, violin. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8, Jan. 19 at 2, and Jan. 20 at 8: Works by Brahms and Stravinsky. With Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Vinson Cole and Jon Garrison, tenors; John Cheek and Gwynne Howell, basses; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the Westminster Symphonic Choir, directed by Joseph Flummerfelt.

St. Louis Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Slatkin conducting. Jan. 17 at 8: Playing works by Haydn, Ligeti, and Sibelius. With Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: With Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano; John Kasica and Richard Holmes, percussion; and Sylvia McNair, soprano, performing compositions by Elliott Carter, Bartók, and Mahler.

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—Marin Alsop conducting a program of works by Laura Karpman, Shostakovich, Darius Milhaud, and Alberto Ginastera. With Marcy Rosen, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 19 at 8.)

New Music Orchestral Project—Jorge Mester conducting premières by Frederick Bianchi, Joel Phillip Friedman, Anne LeBaron, and Lawrence Widdoes. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducting works by Szymanowski and Barber. With Richard Woitach, piano, and Naomi Youngstein, violin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 23 at 8.)

London Philharmonia Orchestra—Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting Berlioz's "Les Nuits d'Été" and Mahler's First Symphony. With June Anderson, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 24 at 8.)

Oberlin College Choir—Daniel Moe directing works by Bach, Brahms, Stravinsky, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Jan. 20 at 8.)

RECITALS

Richard Shirk—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 16 at 8.)

Maureen Mc Dermott and Anne-Marie Mc Dermott—Cello and piano, in a program of music by Frescobaldi, Britten, Barber, and Foss. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Jan. 17 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Paul Green—Clarinet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 17 at 8.)

"Schubertiade"—At the 92nd Street Y. The third year in a ten-year-long series devoted to the chronological rendering of Schubert's works. Jan. 17 at 8: Minuets, ländler, and lieder, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; David Kim, violin; and Helmut Deutsch and Warren Jones, piano. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8: Lieder, *écossaises*, and other works. With Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Hermann Prey, baritone; and Philippe Bianconi and Warren Jones, piano. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 3: Ländler and more lieder, with Benita Valente, soprano; Hermann Prey, baritone; Leonard Hokanson, piano; the Bartók String Quartet; and the Concert Chorale of New York, directed by Amy Kaiser. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

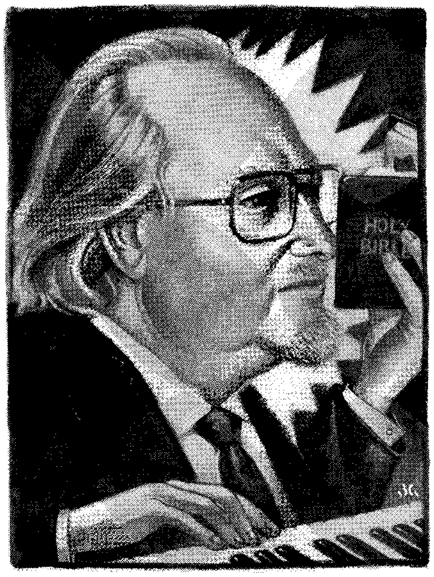
Emerson String Quartet—Performing works by Schubert and Beethoven. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 18 at 8.)

Peter Oundjian and Ilana Vered—Violin and piano, in a program of works by Beethoven, Ravel, Khatchaturian, and Brahms. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6160. Jan. 18 at 8.)

Chamber Music—With Pamela Frank, violin, and Lillian Kallir and Claude Frank, piano. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Music by Meyer Kupferman—Two premières. With Rebecca Scott, soprano, and Eric Ewasen, piano. (Paul Hall, Juilliard School, 65th St. between Broadway and Amsterdam Ave. Jan. 20 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Oleh Krysa—Violin, in works by Schnittke and Boris Lyatoshinsky. With Tatyana Tchekina, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 21 at 3.)



At Juilliard, a première by Richard Wernick

Consort of Musicke Trio—Emma Kirkby and Evelyn Tubb, sopranos, and Anthony Rooley, lute, performing a program of late-Renaissance songs. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Jan. 21 at 5.)

Aeolian Chamber Players—Performing works by Bartók, Beethoven, Sebastian Currier, and Alexander Zemlinsky. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Jan. 22 at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Performing the world première of a work by Richard Wernick, among other pieces. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Jan. 22 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

North/South Consonance—Max Lifchitz and German Caceres conducting works of their own, along with pieces by Otto Luening, Elizabeth Bell, and Bruce Saylor. With Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano, and János Negyesy, violin. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 22 at 8.)

Marie-Pierre Langlamet—Harp, in a program of works by Bach, Fauré, Respighi, Mozart, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 23 at 8.)

Parnassus—In a program of chamber music. With Nancy Wertsch, mezzo-soprano. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Jan. 24 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

World Saxophone Quartet—Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, David Murray, and Hamiet Bluiett manage to produce marvellous jazz, blues, and R. & B. colors with this fourteen-year-old ensemble blend of tenor, alto, soprano, and baritone instruments. (Murray and Bluiett also play clarinet.) Their styles range from free-jazz wail and warm Ellingtonian to doo-wop harmonizing and searching balladry. The results are both polished and unpredictable. Also on the bill are Les Misérables Brass Band and Jon Gibson and Ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Jan. 21 at 3.)

Marielle and Katia Labèque (with the St. Louis Symphony)

Aerosmith—With Skid Row. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. Jan. 15 and Jan. 18 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Jan. 22 at 7:30.)

Fish & Roses—With Guigou Chenevier and Les Batteries. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Jan. 17 at 8.)

First Avenue—With Elliott Sharp, guest artist. (Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Jan. 18 at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music and Dance of Ireland—With Mick Moloney, Jimmy Keane, Eileen Ivers, Donny Golden, and Jean Butler. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Jan. 19 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Santiago Jiménez, Jr., and Willis Prudhomme & the Zydeco Express—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 20 at 8.

Terry Waldo—Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Jan. 21 at 3 and 7.

"Jazz in January"—Presenting a three-night festival put together by Max Roach. Jan. 22: The Uptown String Quartet. . . . ¶ Jan. 23: Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy. . . . ¶ Jan. 24: Mr. Roach and Kit Fitzgerald. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Evenings at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Islanders—Vs. the Vancouver Canucks, Jan. 16 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Jan. 24 at 7:45.

Knicks—Vs. the Chicago Bulls, Jan. 15 at 1. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, Jan. 23 at 8.

Nets—Vs. the Washington Bullets, Jan. 17 at 7:30.

(The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **trotting** at Yonkers Raceway; Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Winter Antiques Show—Chiffoniers, credenzas, commodes, coffers, davenports, dumbwaiters, porringers, *écuelles*, and pearlware. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Jan. 20 and Jan. 22-27 from 11 to 9, and Jan. 21 and Jan. 28 from 11 to 6. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement.)

Double-Pier Antiques Show—You might find something for twenty bucks; on the other hand, you might find something for ten thousand. (Piers 90 and 92, Twelfth Ave. between 50th and 52nd Sts. Jan. 20-21, from 10 to 5.)

New York National Boat Show—The eightieth annual answer to the question, What's a sailor to do when it's twenty degrees out? (Javits Center. Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Jan. 15, from 11 to 9; Jan. 16-19, from noon to 9; Jan. 20, from 10 to 10; and Jan. 21, from 11 to 7.)

Jenny Holzer—The sculptor, talking about her indoor and outdoor installations. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 360-3503. Jan. 16 at 6:30.)

Over the River and Through the Woods—A couple of the Urban Park Rangers will lead a tour, on Jan. 21, of the cast-iron bridges and archways in Central Park. Persons on stilts or riding in tall-masted boats need not be among those meeting at the corner of Fifth Ave. at 64th St., at 2.

Readings—At the Guggenheim: The poets Sydney Lea and Theodore Weiss will read their own works; William Matthews will introduce. (Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Jan. 23 at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ At Symphony Space: Irene Worth, David Margulies, and John Shea reading short stories by Virginia Woolf, Bernard Malamud, and Italo Calvino. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 24 at 6:30.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (directed by Steve Kloves), with Jeff Bridges, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Beau Bridges.
Theatre 4: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Two short documentaries by Martin Scorsese—"Italianamerican" (1974) and "American Boy" (1978).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis. From Jan. 19: "Music Box" (†).
Theatre 3: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Second Avenue Theatre, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (673-4046)
"Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 18: "Raging Bull" (†). From Jan. 19: "Music Box" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 18: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard. From Jan. 19: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 6: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blaze" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Always" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showcase, 238 E. 34th (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Jan. 19: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 3: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tango & Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Music Box" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 18: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards. From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 3: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Always" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 18: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Jan. 19: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Born on the 4th of July" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 18: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 16: "Apartment Zero" (directed by Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Buchner. Jan. 17-18: "A Flame in My Heart" (Alain Tanner; in French). From Jan. 19: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 16: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julietta Serrano; and "What Have I Done to Deserve This!" (1984, Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Maura. Jan. 17-18: "Apartment Zero." From Jan. 19: "A Flame in My Heart."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 2: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "Always" (†). From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Always" (†).
Theatre 4: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 9: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "Do the Right Thing" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 18: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3" (Jeff Burr). From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 3: "Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.
Theatre 4: "Always" (†).
Theatre 5: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 6: Through Jan. 18: "Ski Patrol" (Richard Correll). From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Born on the 4th of July" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Field of Dreams" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Kevin Costner, Ray Liotta, Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, Dwier Brown, and Gaby Hoffman.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Jan. 18: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
From Jan. 19: "Music Box" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "Veronico Cruz." From Jan. 19: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Always" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 18: "Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick. From Jan. 19: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 5: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Blaze" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 18: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell. From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Glory" (directed by Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 3: "Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3" (Jeff Burr).
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 6: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Jan. 18: "Blaze" (†).
From Jan. 19: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.
Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 18: "She-Devil" (Susan Seidelman), with Meryl Streep, Roseanne Barr, and Ed Begley, Jr. From Jan. 19: "Blaze" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "Back to the Future Part II" (†). From Jan. 19: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

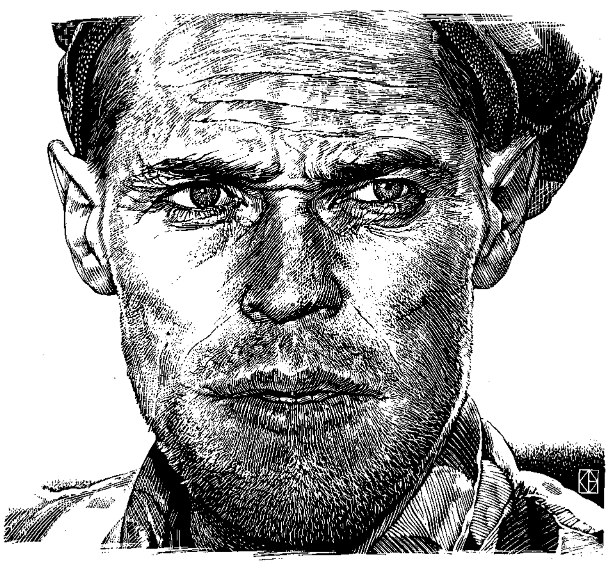
Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
"Do the Right Thing" (†).

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's Christmas Vacation" (Jeremiah S. Chechik), with Chevy Chase, Beverly D'Angelo, and Randy Quaid.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Jan. 16: "The Last Metro" (1981, directed by François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Ménage" (1986, Bertrand Blier; in French), with Depardieu.
Jan. 17-20: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983, Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (1978, Bertrand Blier; in French), with Depardieu, Patrick Dewaere, and Carole Laure.
Jan. 21-22: "Julius Caesar" (1953, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien; and "The Men" (1950, Fred Zinnemann), with Teresa Wright, Brando, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.
Jan. 23-24: "Sayonara" (1957, Joshua Logan), with Marlon Brando and Red Buttons; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 16: "Steppenwolf" (1974, Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda; and "Siddhartha" (1973, Conrad Rooks), with Shashi Kapoor.
Jan. 17-18: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "Winter Kills" (1979, William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins.
Jan. 19-20: "The Story of Adèle H." (†); and "The Soft Skin" (1964, François Truffaut; in French), with Jean Desailly, Françoise Dorléac, and Nelly Benedetti.
Jan. 21: "Fellini's Casanova" (†); and "Casanova '70" (1965, Mario Monicelli; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Virna Lisi.
Jan. 22-23: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy), with Donald Sutherland, Janet Suzmann, Jurgen Prochnow, Zakes Mokae, Susan Sarandon, and Marlon Brando; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951, Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.



Willem Dafoe in "Triumph of the Spirit"

From Jan. 24: "The Killing" (1956, Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "Killer's Kiss" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Jan. 16: "A World Apart" (1988, Chris Menges), with Barbara Hershey, Jodhi May, Jeroen Krabbé, and Linda Mvusi; and "Place of Weeping" (1986, Darrell Roodt).
Jan. 17-18: "New York, New York" (1977, Martin Scorsese), with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "Mean Streets" (1973, Scorsese), with De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson.
Jan. 19-20: "Suspiria" (1977, Dario Argento), with Jessica Harper; and "Four Flies on Grey Velvet" (1972, Argento), with Michael Brandon and Mimsy Farmer.
Jan. 21: "The Damned" (1969, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971, Visconti), with Bogarde.
Jan. 22-23: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987, Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Lee Ermey; and "Platoon" (1986, Oliver Stone), with Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoe, Charlie Sheen, Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon.
From Jan. 24: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Doctor Faustus" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 15: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Jan. 16: "Murder She Said" (1962) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.
Jan. 17: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Gardner.
Jan. 18: "Red River" (1948, Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "Shane" (1953, George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.
Jan. 19-20: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958, Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives; and "The Night of the Iguana" (1964, John Huston), with Richard Burton, Ava Gardner, Deborah Kerr, and Sue Lyon.
Jan. 21: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Jan. 22: "Le Corbeau" (1943, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.
Jan. 23: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973, John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and De Niro.
Jan. 24: "The Sound and the Fury" (1959, Martin Ritt), with Yul Brynner, Joanne Woodward, and Margaret Leighton; and "Intruder in the Dust" (1949, Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre 1: Films directed by Vincente Minnelli. Jan. 15 at 2: "Madame Bovary" (1949), with Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, and Louis Jourdan. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5: "The Cobweb" (1955), with Richard Widmark, Lauren Bacall, and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Tea and Sympathy" (1956), with Deborah Kerr and John Kerr. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6 and Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Some Came Running" (1958), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Shirley MacLaine. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 6: "Lust for Life" (1956), with Kirk Douglas, Anthony Quinn, and James Donald. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "Home from the Hill" (1960), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Peppard, and George Hamilton. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6: "Tea and Sympathy." . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962), with Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, and Cyd Charisse. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1962), with Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at noon: "Minnelli on Minnelli" (1987, Jack Haley, Jr., and Richard Schickel), with Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2: "The Sandpiper" (1965), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5: "Home from the Hill." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2:30: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6: "The Sandpiper." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2:30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952), with Douglas, Lana Turner, and Dick Powell. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: "Designing Woman" (1957), with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray.

Theatre 2: Jan. 15 at 2:30: "The Moroccan" (1989, Elfi Mikesch; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Waller's Last Walk" (1988, Christian Wagner; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3: "Land of Fathers, Land of Sons" (1988, Nico Hofmann; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Stachoviak!" (1989, Philip Gröning; in German) and "It's So Much Nicer Wherever We Are Not" (1989, Michael Klier; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 3 and 6: "Irish Ways" (1989, Arthur Mac Caig), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 3: "Farewell to False Paradise" (1988, Tefvik Baser; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6 and Jan. 20 at 2:30: "The Philosopher" (1988, Rudolf Thome; in German). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5:30: "It's So Much Nicer Wherever We Are Not." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "Waller's Last Walk." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 5:30: "Farewell to False Paradise." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 6:30: A program of films by the German director Penelope Buitenhuis.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Jan. 16-20: Flan-

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

nery O'Connor's "The Displaced Person" (1977, PBS), with Irene Worth, John Houseman, and Lane Smith. . . . From Jan. 23: Willa Cather's "Paul's Case" (1980, Lamont Johnson; PBS), with Eric Roberts, Michael Higgins, and Lindsay Crouse. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." From Jan. 16: A compilation of Python appearances on American television, including segments from "Saturday Night Live," "Late Night with David Letterman," and "The Tonight Show Starring Johnny *Carson." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and* 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "The New York World Television Festival." Jan. 16 at 12:15, 3, and 5:30: A ninety-minute program tracing the career of Peter Brook. . . . Jan. 16 at 1:45, 4:30, and 7: "Making the Mahabharata," a documentary, including interviews with director Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière, and several actors from the production. . . . Jan. 17 at 12:15 and 2:45: A study of the career of the German Expressionist artist Otto Dix. . . . Jan. 17 at 1:20 and 3:45: A documentary of the career of Picasso. . . . Jan. 18 at 12:15 and 3: "God Rot Tunbridge Wells!" (Tony Palmer), with Trevor Howard as George Frideric Handel. . . . Jan. 19 at 12:15: "Xerxes," performed by the English National Opera. . . . Jan. 20 at 12:15 and 2: A film of the career of Margot Fonteyn, including archival performance tapes, and interviews with Dame Ninette de Valois, Sir Frederich Ashton, Sir Robert Helpmann, and Rudolf Nureyev. . . . Jan. 23 at 12:15, 1:45, and 3:15: For Austrian television, "Leonardo." . . . Jan. 23 at 1 and 2:30: For United Kingdom Central Independent Television, "The Bike," no dialogue.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre: "Images and Obsessions: The Cinematography of Vilmos Zsigmond." Jan. 17 at 2: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, René Auberjonois, Shelley Duvall, Keith Carradine, and John Schuck. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Images" (1972, Altman), with Susannah York, Auberjonois, and Marcel Bozzuffi. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2: "Cinderella Liberty" (1973, Mark Rydell), with James Caan, Marsha Mason, Eli Wallach, and Kirk Calloway. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 1: "Obsession" (1976, Brian De Palma), with Cliff Robertson, Geneviève Bujold, and John Lithgow. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 3: "Blow Out" (1981, De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and Lithgow. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5: "The River" (1984, Rydell), with Mel Gibson and Sissy Spacek. . . . ¶ Jan 21 at 1: "Deliverance" (1972, John Boorman), with Burt Reynolds, Jon Voight, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 4: "The Witches of Eastwick" (1988, George Miller), with Jack Nicholson, Susan Sarandon, Cher, and Michelle Pfeiffer. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Obsession."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Jan. 17 at 7 and Jan. 21 at 9: "The Eye Above the Well" (1988, Johan van der Keuken), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 9: "The Spitting Image" (1963, Fons Rademakers). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 7: "Anamnesis" (1969) and "It's Me" (1976), both by Frans Zwartjes. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 7: A program of fifteen short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 and Jan. 20 at 9: "Return to Oegstgeest" (1987, Theo van Gogh). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 9, Jan. 19 at 10:30, and Jan. 21 at 3: "Dandy" (1988, Peter Sempel). . . . ¶ Jan. 19 and Jan. 21 at 7: "Comedy of Money" (1936, Max Ophuls). . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 7: "Grin Without a Cat" (1966-77, Chris Marker). . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 9 and Jan. 20 at 7: "A Strange Love Affair" (1985, Eric de Kuyper and Paul Verstraeten). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 5: Four short documentary films from the Netherlands. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 7: Three short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 9: "The Sky Socialist: Flight" (1964-65, Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 9: Four short films by George Kuchar, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 7: "Race" (1941, José Saenz de Heredia; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 9: "Life in Shadows" (1948, Lorenzo Llobet Gracia; in Spanish).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Jan. 16 at 1:30: "Good Morning, Mr. Orwell" (1984, Nam June Paik) and three short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 3:30: An episode of "Pee-wee's Playhouse" (1986) and an hour of the Live Aid concert in 1985. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 6: "Made for TV" (1985, Ann Magnusum and Tom Rubnitz) and four other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at noon: "Face Fear and Fascination" (1984, Tony Cokes) and three other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 2:30: "Interviews with Interviewers" (1985, Skip Blumberg) and "Two Moon July" (1985). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at noon: "Reggie's World of Soul" (1987, Reginald Hudlin) and "Race Against Prime Time" (1984, David Shulman). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2:30: An episode each from "The Tracey Ullman Show," "thirtysomething," and "The Wonder Years." . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at noon: "Scenes from the Mirco-War" (1986, Sherry Millner), "Joan Does Dynasty" (1986, Joan Braderman and Paper Tiger Television), and "Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story" (1987, Todd Haynes). . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 2:30: "My TV Dictionary: The Helicopter" (1986, Hans Breder), "Buzz Box" (1986, David Daniels), and "Bye Bye Kipling" (1986, Nam June Paik). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at noon: "Not a Love Story" (1981, Bonnie Klein) and two short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 2:30: "The Stunt Man" (1980, Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole and Steve Railsback. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 1: "Demon Lover Diary" (1980, Joel DeMott), and "Raw Nerves: A Lacanian Thriller" (1980, Manuel DeLanda). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 3:30: "S.O.B." (1981, Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, Richard Mulligan, and Robert Preston. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 1:30: "Airplane!" (1980, Jim Abrahams, Jerry Zucker, and David Zucker), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 3:30: "Routine Pleasures" (1984, Jean-Pierre Gorin) and "Standard Gauge" (1984, Morgan Fisher). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981, Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at noon: "Born to Film" (1982, Danny Lyon) and "The Atomic Café" (1982, Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Halloween II" (1981, Rick Rosenthal).

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Jan. 17 at 12:30 and 6: "Natalia" (1989, Bernard Cohn; in French), with Pierre Arditi and Philippine Leroy-Beaulieu. . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Les Innocents" (1987, André Téchiné; in French), with Sandrine Bonnaire and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 12:30 and 6: "Prisonnières" (1988, Charlotte Silvera; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault and Annie Girardot. Miss Silvera will be present at both screenings. . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 8:45: "Radio Corbeau" (1989, Yves Boisset; in French), with Arditi and Claude Brasseur. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Camomille" (1988, Mehdi Charef; in French), with Leroy-Beaulieu. . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8: "Radio Corbeau." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker, Albert Préjean, Germaine Aussey, and Viviane Romance.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 19 at 6:30: "Elegy of the North" (1957, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese), with Yoshiko Kuga, Masayuki Mori, Mieko Takamine, Tatsuo Saito, and Fumio Watanabe; and "The Fireflies" (1958, Gosho; in Japanese), with Chikage Awashima, Junzaburo Ban, Miki Mori, Ayako Wakao, Eiko Miyoshi, Machiko Mizuhara, and Fujio Suga.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Isabelle Adjani in "The Story of Adèle H."

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and *Terrence Rafferty.*)

Always—"A Guy Named Joe" made Steven Spielberg cry when he was twelve; his remake can make you want to cry at the waste of his talent and your time. All he seems to want to do in each scene is get an audience reaction; almost everything is grandiloquent, rushed, confusing. And the whole idea has a voyeuristic queasiness. A miscast Richard Dreyfuss is the daredevil hero. The ace pilot of the wilderness-fire-fighting service, he is in love with Holly Hunter. He dies, but returns to serve as the spiritual guide of a shy young pilot (amateurish Brad Johnson), who replaces him in her (grief-stricken) affections. As Dreyfuss's supervisory angel, Audrey Hepburn delivers transcendental inanities in the cadences that have stoned audiences at the Academy Awards; she's become a ceremonial icon. As Dreyfuss's best friend, John Goodman is turned into a fat-jolly-buddy icon; he saves himself from darlingness, but just barely.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/8/90.) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency. . . . ¶ Art Greenwich Twin; through Jan. 18.)

Back to the Future Part II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious, but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and National Twin; through Jan. 18.)

Blaze—The love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed, cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. But Shelton doesn't quite engage with the material; the picture is lame and rhythmless. Still, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." Newman, using the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker, seems an eccentric husk of a man. He begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him. —P.K. (12/11/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Embassy 1;

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J.D. Power and Associates 1989 Customer Satisfaction with Product Quality and Dealer Service℠ Buick ranked 10th overall. 1989 New Car Sales Satisfaction Index℠ Buick ranked in a tie for 3rd overall. 1989 Initial Quality Survey℠ Buick ranked 7th overall.

At the Biograph Cinema, Marlon Brando in "Julius Caesar"

through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Jan. 19.)

Born on the 4th of July—With Tom Cruise, directed by Oliver Stone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Twin, Baronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Metro Cinema.)

Camille Claudel—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a deluxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist, who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer ("French Provincial," "Barocco"), doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Essentially, "Camille Claudel" is no more than a series of faded tableaux on the themes of *l'art, l'amour, la folie*. It's a deadly mixture of hysteria and inertia. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

Doctor Faustus (1967)—By the time Richard Burton was in a position to star in a movie of Marlowe's "Doctor Faustus," further dealing with the Devil probably had become anticlimactic. It wouldn't be hard to overlook the visual redundancies (if Faustus says "gold" or "pearls," the screen shows gold or pearls), the funereal music, the Technicolored beauties parading like the Goldwyn Girls. What can't be overlooked is that Burton gives a dead, muffled reading. And so, despite an imposing young Mephistopheles (Andreas Teuber), this production, with Elizabeth Taylor as Helen of Troy, is the dullest episode in the Burton and Taylor great-lovers-of-history series that started with "Cleopatra." Eventually, Burton gets to the speech that begins "Was this the face that launched a thousand ships" and ends "And none but thou shalt be my paramour!" By then, it's clear that Faustus and Helen are just Liz and Dick. Codirected by Burton and Nevill Coghill.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting Jan. 24.)

Do the Right Thing—The third feature by Spike Lee takes place in the black neighborhood of Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn, on a punishingly hot day; the focus of the action is a pizzeria, Sal's Famous, which is apparently the last white-owned business on the block; and the climax is a riot sparked by a monstrous act of police brutality. At its most basic, Lee's intention is to demonstrate how in a racially polarized society the slow accumulation of small irritations can swell to something huge and ugly and lethal. It's a solid idea for a movie, and initially the picture provides its share of incidental pleasures. And, although most of the many characters Lee shows us are types, at least there are a lot of different ones, and their encounters are often funny. But Lee goes wrong by pushing his material to a "powerful" climax, a Scorsese-like explosion of violence: he sacrifices political clarity for the sake of the big statement. He's nimble-witted and passionate, but his movie seems to shout at us rather than speak to us. In addition to writing, producing, and directing, Lee plays the pivotal role of Mookie, the pizza deliveryman. Others in the cast are Danny Aiello (as Sal), Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, Rosie Perez, Joie Lee, John Turturro, and Richard Edson; as a trio of middle-aged street-corner philosophers, Paul Benjamin, Frankie Faison, and Robin Harris are responsible for the movie's best, loosest scenes.—T.R. (7/24/89) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Warner.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son. With Esther Rolle and Patti LuPone.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Angelika Film Center, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Fellini's Casanova (1976)—Fellini has done something no one else in screen history ever has: he has made an epic about his own alienation. And perhaps this can't be done successfully—not with all this pageantry, anyway. When an artist moves inward yet deals with his own spiritual crises on a spectacular and lavish scale, there is a conflict in form. Something goes rotten. With Donald Sutherland, who is used as a deliberately unfunny caricature of Casanova.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Jan. 21.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

Killer's Kiss (1955)—Stanley Kubrick's second feature (after "Fear and Desire," in 1953) is a poorly written New York-set thriller that culminates in a fight in a mannequin factory. It has vivid feeling for the tawdry milieu but not much else; it's conceived in flashy sequences rather than as a believable story, and the guiding sensibility still seems light years away from Kubrick's third feature, "The Killing," in 1956. With Frank Silvera. Kubrick also shot the picture and did the writing and editing.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting Jan. 24.)

The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Guild, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex. Matinées only. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Jan. 18, matinées only.)

Music Box—When the cast and the script are right for Costa-Gavras—as they are here—he can give a courtroom melodrama the pull and excitement of a thriller. Jessica Lange is the Chicago lawyer defending her retired steelworker father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against deportation to Hungary, where the Communist government is waiting to try him for war crimes. The emotional core of the movie is that during the trial, as the Second World War victims give their accounts, the daughter begins to lose faith in her father's innocence. There are no flashbacks; there's no shock apparatus. We simply take in what they're saying, and we watch her take it in. Lange verges on the astounding. Costa-Gavras provides a low-key, controlled atmosphere, and she fills it with passion. The final plot developments feel fake, but this is a remarkably lucid piece of storytelling. The script is by Joe Eszterhas; with Frederic Forrest, Donald Moffat, Lukas Haas, Michael Rooker, and Sol Frieder as the bald old man with the goatee, and Elzbieta Czyzewska as the precise, closed-faced woman who describes how she was raped.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, and Loews Paramount; starting Jan. 19.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet.—P.K. (Loews 19th Street East 6; through Jan. 18.)

Roger & Me—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The picture is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Jan. 19-20.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. At first, we're grateful for Chabrol's matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon (1956)—John Patrick's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, adapted from Vern J. Sneider's novel, is a whimsical comedy fantasy about the foolishness of the American military bureaucracy's attempts to impose American ideas on occupied countries—in this case Okinawa. Many people thought the play magical, but this M-G-M version, miserably directed by Daniel Mann, is an almost total mistake. Everybody in it, whether American or Okinawan, seems childish and stupid; the squeals and giggles of the native women are enough to drive one out of the theatre. Marlon Brando starved himself to play the pixie interpreter Sakini, and he looks as if he's enjoying the stunt—talking with a mad accent, grinning boyishly, bending forward, and doing tricky movements with his legs. He's harmlessly genial (and he is certainly missed when he's offscreen), though the fey, roguish role doesn't allow him to do what he's great at, and it's possible that he's less effective in it than a lesser actor might have been. But this whole production is so talky and rhythmless that it's hard to see how even a specialist in the fey arts could have got the role airborne. As the American captain who tries to turn an Okinawan village into a well-scrubbed Yankee community and then is converted by the natives, Glenn Ford grimaces, twitches galvanically, and stutters foolishly. It's the kind of role and the kind of performance that make you hate an actor. With Machiko Kyo, Paul Ford, Eddie Albert, and Henry Morgan. The adaptation is by the playwright himself.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 23-24.)

Valmont—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

The War of the Roses—Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner play Oliver and Barbara Rose, a yuppie couple whose banally "perfect" marriage isn't strong enough to survive their individual mid-life crises. When they decide to divorce, things get real ugly: the Roses' hatred and pettiness keep escalating, to the point of absurdity and far beyond. These successful, eighties-style people are revealed as greedy, self-centered, infantile: they'd rather die than have to sacrifice either their egos or their possessions. (This social observation may not come as a surprise to everybody.) "The War of the Roses," written by Michael Leeson (from a novel by Warren Adler), is one of Hollywood's periodic attempts at black comedy, and, like most of its predecessors, it's not quite black enough and not quite funny enough. The director, Danny DeVito, who also acts in the film, seems a bit too pleased with his own outrageousness. The picture has a peculiar, not very satisfying tone: smugly savage.—T.R. (Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)

In the title role of Lamont Johnson's crystalline 1980 production of Willa Cather's short story "Paul's Case" (playing January 23-27 at the Museum of Broadcasting), Eric Roberts casts a feverish glow. He's splendidly off kilter in this powerful, peculiar American tragedy about the downfall of a delicate escapist. Made for PBS's "The American Short Story" series, the sixty-minute movie is a threnody for bad taste. Paul loves the most florid, sentimental opera and melodrama, the most "picturesque" paintings. The grim sights of 1905 Pittsburgh affect him like a cinder in the eye. He dresses for a disciplinary session in his high-school principal's office as if he were going to the theatre, sporting a red carnation as a boutonnière. He's too far into his fantasy world of glamour and theatricality ever to come out of it alive.

Like Cather's story, Johnson's movie is a coolly impassioned depiction of a febrile consciousness. Roberts provides the nervous energy that makes the film go. He shapes his mouth around his words before he blurts them out. His hands speak their own convoluted sign language. When Paul takes an extravagant, self-destructive leap into the high life, stealing money for a trip to New York City, Roberts invests this refugee from Steeltown with a ragged-edged grandeur. He glides through his rooms at the Waldorf, his smile proclaiming that his suite is almost perfect; then he sends the bellhop out for roses. "Paul's Case" is a miraculously full-bodied portrait of a boy who's all pose.

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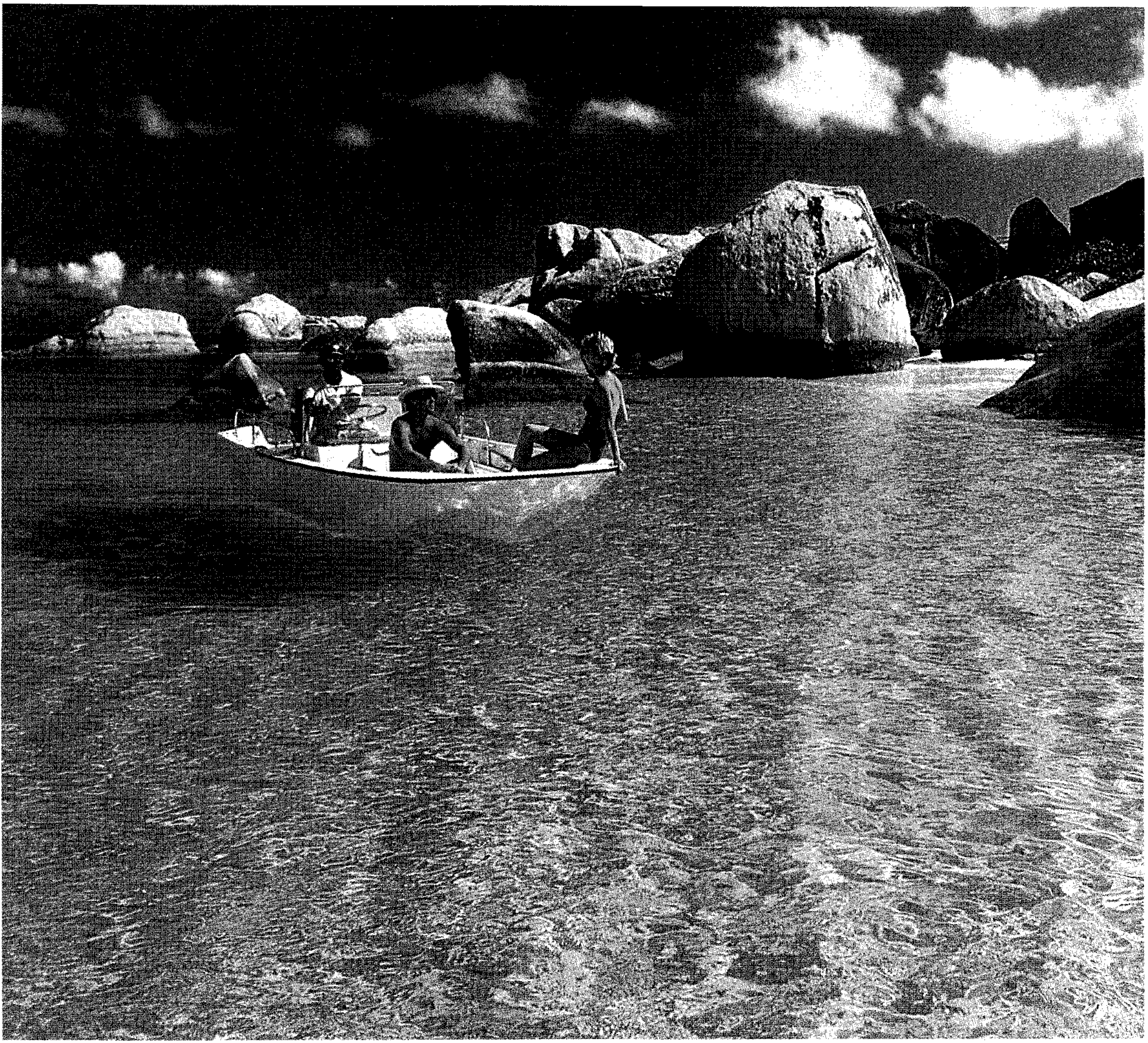

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THE NEW YORKER

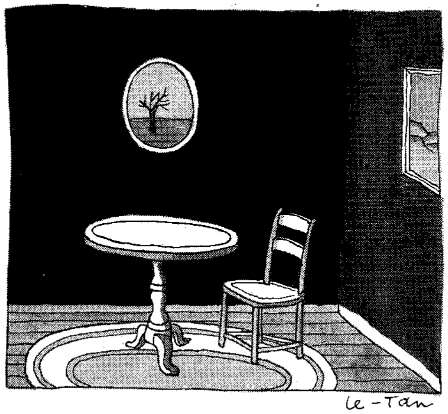
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recent days, the murder of six Jesuit priests in San Salvador last November has assumed a kind of diversionary role in the debate about continued United States funding of the Salvadoran military. There are any number of issues having to do with El Salvador which might seem worthy of consideration by Congress during its coming deliberations: that the Salvadoran military has been responsible for the deaths of well over forty thousand civilians since 1980 (the preponderance of them the work of death squads); that despite countless documented instances of massacres and assassinations not a single Salvadoran officer has ever been convicted of any human-rights violation; that although the Salvadoran military has received about a billion dollars in United States military aid over the past decade, the F.M.L.N. guerrilla movement doesn't seem to have been hobbled in the slightest; and so forth. But none of those issues, it appears, are going to matter in the coming debate. Everything will turn on the narrowest of questions—responsibility for the martyrdom of the six priests.

Last fall, immediately after the murders, officials of the Bush Administration called for a vigorous investigation of the affair, but then quickly stated that no solid evidence existed to implicate the Salvadoran military. They dismissed the fact, for example, that a commentator on the Salvadoran-government-controlled Radio Cuscatlan had specifically called for the deaths of several of those priests five days earlier, and that the morning after the murders Roberto D'Aubuisson, the head of the ruling Arena Party, went on Salvadoran television to say, "I am grateful that people have understood what they heard on Radio Cuscatlan." When an eyewitness surfaced, claiming that she had seen Salvadoran military personnel invading the priests' quarters just before the murders, United States officials spirited her and her husband out of the country ("for their own protection"), held both of them in isolation and subjected them to four days of gruelling interrogation, and then dismissed her testimony as "entirely worthless." In the meantime, Administration officials continually floated suggestions that leftist guerrillas dressed up as Salvadoran soldiers might well have been responsible for the killings, and those suggestions played no small part in cutting off a congressional initiative to suspend assistance to the Salvadoran military only days after the murders.

Now President Cristiani has gone on Salvadoran television to confirm that, as a matter of fact, it *was* Salvadoran military personnel who were responsible for the deaths of the Jesuits, and forty-seven members of the crack Atlacatl Battalion have been confined to barracks pending further investigation. Administration spokesmen rushed to praise Cristiani for his tremendous courage in pursuing the case—courage that in itself, they now argued, ought to justify further military aid.



The Presidential spokesman Marlin Fitzwater went on to point out that "the United States has no information that the Salvadoran government itself was involved in the murders"—a disingenuous distinction that raised the question of whose armed force the Atlacatl Battalion is, if not the Salvadoran government's. Moreover, the Atlacatl is not just any battalion; it has been one of El Salvador's model battalions, and was the first to be created by United States military advisers from scratch, back in 1981. One of the main rationales for our entire advisory program has always been that it would serve to "professionalize" the Salvadoran armed forces—specifically, to improve their record in the observance of human rights. The Atlacatl Battalion, however, has long had one of the shabbiest human-rights records in the Salvadoran Army—or, for that matter, anywhere in the world. It has been reliably implicated in several major massacres, involving close to a thousand victims—this despite the fact that, according to the Los Angeles *Times*, the Atlacatl "is believed to have a U.S. trainer assigned to it at all times." (The Atlacatl's battle cry, incidentally, is "Life before us, death behind!") The weapons used to kill the Jesuits were provided by Americans, and the training of the soldiers who did the killing was supervised by Americans; Mr. Fitzwater's formulation thus ignores the real issue for Americans, which is not the extent to which the Salvadoran government was involved in the killing of the Jesuits but the degree to which the United States government can be said to have been implicated.

Administration officials continually

declare that what is at stake in El Salvador is the future of democracy there. But what is equally at stake in the coming congressional debate is the character of our own democratic governance—in particular, the extent to which we as a people are willing to own up to the consequences of our involvements. When Václav Havel delivered his New Year's Day address as Czechoslovakia's new President, he cited the misdeeds of two generations of his totalitarian predecessors and then said:

> When I talk about a decayed moral environment . . . I mean all of us, because all of us have become accustomed to the totalitarian system, accepted it as an inalterable fact and thereby kept it running. . . . We cannot lay all the blame on those who ruled us before, not only because this would not be true but also because it could detract from the responsibility each of us now faces—the responsibility to act on our own initiative, freely, sensibly, and quickly.

If these words apply to life in the aftermath of a totalitarian regime, how much more must they apply to life in a country that prides itself on always having been a democracy?

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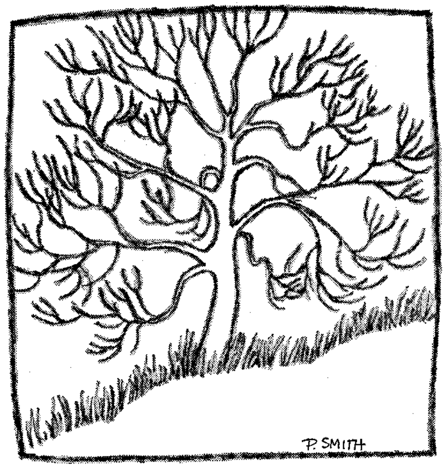
THE biggest snowflakes we've ever seen were falling on West Forty-third Street last Monday when we knocked off work, about six—big white blossoms of snow that dropped straight down through the street light and were so heavy we could feel each one when it hit our hair. By the time we got around the corner and into the subway, we had gained a pound or so of moisture. Next door to the subway is the entrance to the Home Box Office headquarters, where, as usual, glamorous people stood waiting. They waited in a purposeful way that let you know they wouldn't be waiting for more than a couple of minutes, and though they were dressed warmly, they still looked slender.

The sight of snow cheers us up instantly, and so does drenching rain, probably from an unconscious memory of ancestral farm life, and that farmer who lives on, however faintly, in our genes may be what talked us into gaining seven pounds over Christmas. We spent Christmas in a far-northern latitude, where the sun rises just before lunch and sets right after lunch. Lunch is all you get to eat during the day. Breakfast and dinner you eat in the night, so a person naturally eats more, just as an animal would, because of a sense of deprivation and danger. When we sat down to those several holiday feasts and looked around at life's steaming abundance—a roast goose, a leg of lamb, a pork roast with the rind on, glazed potatoes, yams, red cabbage, herring, oysters—a voice told us to dig in and fill up the plate. You never know what tomorrow brings, it said, so we had a good first helping and a modest second, paused, took a modest third, and then followed the food to the kitchen and grazed on it as we packed it into the fridge. Then came dessert. Afterward, we returned to the fridge. There was also a lot of red wine involved. When we flew home from Christmas, the seat belt was much too tight. And now we know what tomorrow brings. It brings January, and remorse and shame, and a semi-earnest desire to go straight.

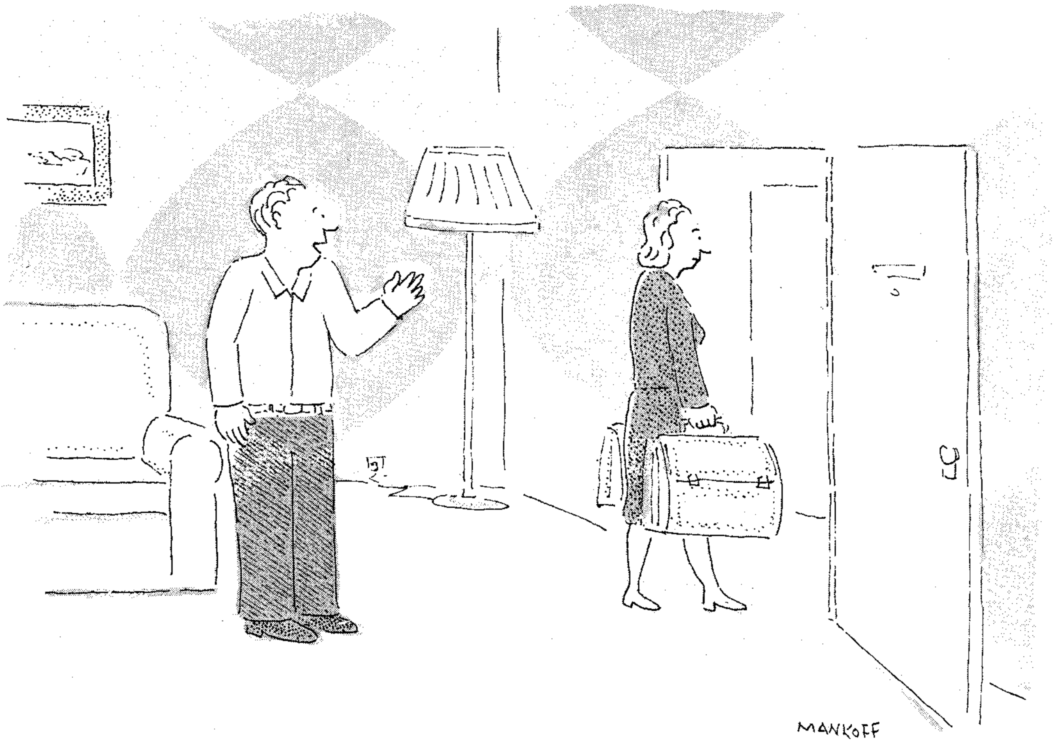
We rode the D train uptown on Monday, standing at the door in the front of the first car, face to the window, looking ahead up the tracks. We feel a little dumb about taking the front-window position and a little old to be putting our face to the glass, but on a subway train the front window is the only one worth looking out, and you have to press against the glass; otherwise, you see only your reflection, and our reflection is seven pounds bigger these days. The Broadway express is the premier front-window ride in the New York subway system—some good curves and dips as she streaks uptown from Forty-second to Ninety-sixth in two big bounds—but aboard the D you get the long, tight S curve through the single-track tunnel that takes you from Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth to Eighth and Fifty-ninth. This screeching passage through tight quarters reminded us yet again of our Christmas excess. It felt like a parable. Also like peristalsis.



It was still snowing buckets when we emerged on the Upper West Side, where we were meeting a pal for dinner and then going to the Met to see "Così Fan Tutte." We crossed an intersection where a New York Telephone crew was just putting back a manhole cover and packing up its tools, including the first "PEOPLE WORKING" sign we've seen. We wondered whether the word "manhole" has a future, and hoped that the utility companies' committee on usage is not even considering the word "personhole." Somebody told us once that the reason manhole covers are round, not square, is so they can't fall in. Maybe we have become slightly more rounded ourself recently in accordance with some reasonable purpose that we haven't discovered yet. To be more stable, for example. This thought occupied us through the slush and snow on our way to meet the pal outside a Chinese restaurant he had often recommended to us for its soft-shell crab. We waited a long time. The people from HBO were probably already on the plane to Los Angeles, enjoying a Perrier and a stalk of celery. We were standing in the snow, seven pounds heavier than we'd been three weeks ago, when we were overweight already, and were trying to remember if tonight was the night and this was the place or if the opera was next Monday.

Finally, hunger drew us inside. We sat where we could see the front door and ordered hot-and-sour soup, shrimp and noodles, and a Tsingtao beer. Chinese food doesn't make you fat, because it comes in tiny pieces and you eat it with sticks—it's not like a big lunker of beef. It's so good for you that you can afford to have a beer with it. Chinese beer may have fewer calories than American or German or Danish beer. We're not sure about that. It bears looking into someday.

By seven-thirty, nobody we knew had come through the door, so we went on down to the opera house, and there in the lobby was the pal, smiling, fresh, primed for Mozart. He didn't remember any plan to meet at any Chinese restaurant. He is a wiry guy—a painter who works out regularly—and what human figures appear in his work tend



"But won't you at least stay long enough to insure a smooth transition to your successor?"

• •

to be angular, slight, like saplings. He told us once that a good workout often eliminates hunger pangs, so some nights he leaves his studio around six, runs a few miles, and doesn't bother with supper, just goes back to work, and works *better* for it.

Usually, a night at the Met is reassuring to a fat person. There are a lot of hefty people—role models—up onstage, who plant their feet and wallop those arias across the pit with a sense of authority you probably wouldn't find in a size-8 mezzo-soprano. But in this production of "Così" everybody looked svelte. Tatiana Troyanos and Carol Vaness wore big gowns, but they moved like dancers, and the tenor Jerry Hadley leaped around as if he played handball twice a week.

All evening and the next day and ever since, we've thought about reforming ourself, and have even begun to, in a tentative sort of way, the way Congress might do it: we decided unanimously to cut out squid and artichoke hearts and are considering other reductions. It is best to go slow. The puritan gene is mostly recessive in our case, but the danger of its rearing up is always there. Look at the fear of cholesterol sweeping the country—look at the poor smokers hiding in the boiler room. To keep it in check, we like to pour a finger of whiskey in a glass now and then, and throw it back, and follow it with raw hamburger topped with a raw egg, horseradish, capers, minced onion, and fresh pepper. A person doesn't gain weight from that; a person gains strength. The morning after "Così," we felt a dryness in the throat, a congestion in the chest. A classic January cold, and, as everyone knows, you feed a cold and starve a fever. We aren't running a fever.

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Stone Carver

In describing Simon Verity, the British sculptor who is currently at work carving great chunks of limestone into major and minor prophets for the main portal of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, one may as well begin with his hair: it appears to be made of some spiky indestructible material in which grayish stone dust readily accumulates, sometimes to the point where it has been mistaken for frost. Verity thinks that people passing him in the street, especially in warm weather, suspect him of being an apparition. Beneath the nimbus of hair are a handsome, fine-boned face and a body whose trimness is accounted for by the fact that hitting a chisel with a mallet is excellent exercise.

Verity is forty-four and could pass for thirty. In hand-me-down tweeds, moth-eaten sweaters, and scuffed shoes, he has the look of a hard-pressed ragamuffin, but he numbers among his patrons the Prince of Wales, the Countess of Rosse, Jacob Rothschild, and a notable assortment of wealthy lesser mortals on both sides of the Atlantic, so one assumes that he is occasionally rewarded for his handiwork and that his waiflike appearance therefore serves some obscure personal need.

Verity's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all trained as architects—his great-grandfather designed the celebrated Criterion Theatre in London—and it was supposed that Verity would follow the same path. But upon graduating from Marlborough, a fashionable public school, he chose not to trundle along to Oxford or Cambridge. Unhappy at home, he went to spend a weekend with his great-uncle, the architect Oliver Hill, and spent the next seven years under his roof. The first occupation that ever seriously attracted Verity's interest was printing. From the craft of printing he proceeded to the art of hand-lettering, and from lettering in ink he proceeded to carving letters in stone. It happened that his great-uncle employed the sculptor and master letterer Eric Gill on several big commissions, and Verity may have been inspired in part by that connection, but he learned by himself—mostly from books—how to letter and cut stone.

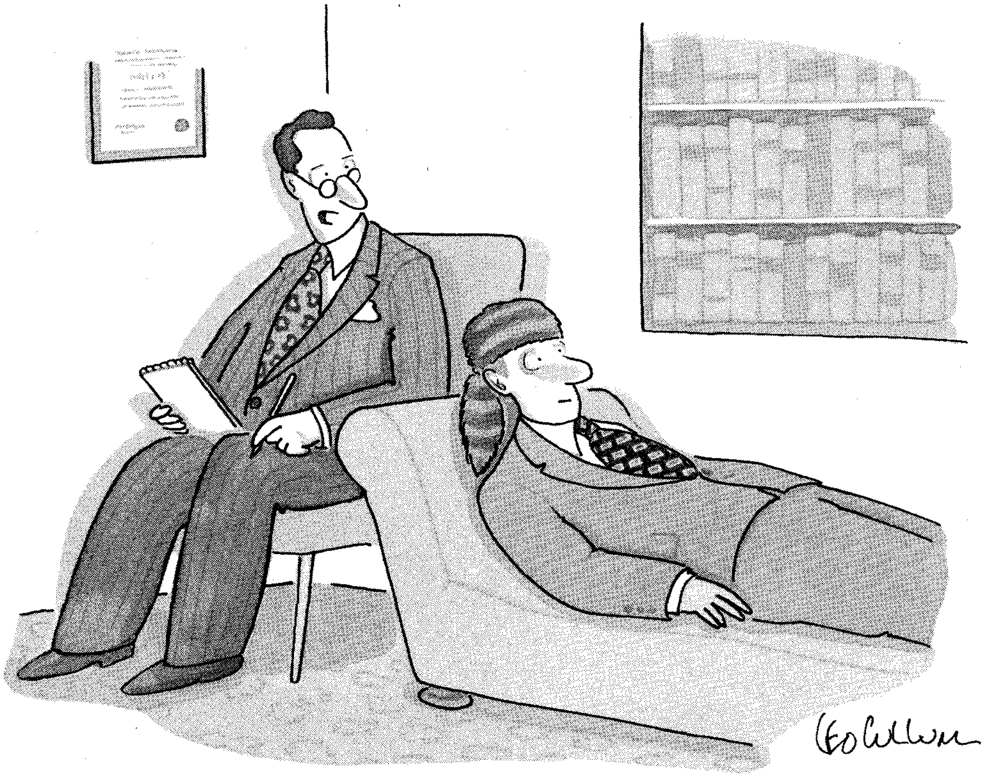
One of the first jobs that he tackled was making a brass-lettered memorial to Thomas à Becket in the stone floor of Canterbury Cathedral. Since the cathedral was visited by upward of ten thousand people a day, Verity had to do much of his work by night, with a single spotlight above the high altar throwing a beam of light onto the floor. Memorial inscriptions lead quite naturally to tombstones, and among the tombstones that Verity has designed and lettered is a particularly lighthearted one, filled with dancing Victorian curlicues, for Sir John Betjeman, the late poet laureate, who was a champion of Victorian exuberance. For Nancy Mitford, who had been mad about moles, he designed a tombstone bearing a mole couchant.

When Sir Roy Strong stepped down as head of the Victoria and Albert Museum, in 1987, his colleagues wished to offer him as a farewell gift an ornament for his garden. Verity carved a medallion in which at first glance one sees only Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in profile; at a second glance one sees that the bespectacled profile of Sir Roy has been cunningly inserted between the profiles of the royal couple. In recent years, there has been a revival of interest in what was a leading eighteenth-century passion throughout the British Isles: the building of grottoes, and especially grottoes every inch of whose mossy, dripping walls and vaulted roofs would be covered with exotic shells. Verity has restored some elegant old grottoes—"Our British climate lends itself to architecture intended to be damp," he says—and has been engaged in building several new ones as well, in places as far apart (and as dry) as Corfu and Fort Worth. He has also been carving bigger-than-life-size baroque statues representing the twelve months of the year, the first three of which now stand above the entrance portico of a sumptuous Palladian villa in the Cheshire countryside.

Verity was interrupted in that task by a summons from St. John the Divine; a jury at the cathedral had chosen him to be in charge of carving some statues for niches that had long been awaiting them. For several years, the cathedral has supported a program in which the stone carvers' craft is taught to young New Yorkers, many of whom come from the immediate neighborhood. Out of the stone carvers' shed on the cathedral grounds come those ornamental crockets and finials which bestow on the sombre mass of the building its unexpected delicacy. Perched on scaffolds and hammering away under Verity's guidance are six young carvers; they are encouraged to make individual contributions to the storytelling symbols that decorate the columnar bases upon which statues of Ezekiel, Jeremiah, Sarah, and other Old Testament figures will eventually emerge from what are now mostly blank cubes of limestone.

Back home in England, Verity has made use of many types of stone—Purbeck, Portland, Hornton, Ham, and the like. Much as he admires them, he has become infatuated with the far greater variety of stone available here in the States. "Why on earth do you Americans bother to import stone from anywhere else in the world when you have so many marvellous kinds of stone right here?" he asks, striking a note of well-bred infinitesimal exasperation. "And stone available in such large sizes! Everywhere I look, I see another stone I want to set to work on, including the very pavement under my feet. The enormous slates in front of St. Thomas's on Fifth Avenue and those even bigger pink granite sidewalks that one sees down in SoHo and in Tribeca, ten feet across and a foot thick—what wouldn't I give to get my hands on them!"

Verity is keen not only about the stones out of which New York City is built (including our lowly brownstone) but also about the city itself; in token of his enthusiasm, he has bought a house in Harlem, at the foot of Morningside Park, from which he can gaze up at the great apse of the cathedral. Four stone carvers share the house with him, and he has it in mind to use the house and its adjacent garden as the scene of certain experiments with stone, both as elements of structure and as freestanding objects, such as outdoor furniture. (Some of his furniture is already on sale in the gift shop of the Cathedral.) He hopes that recent advances in the technology of stone carving, much of it based upon the use of computers, may lead to a revival of stone as an integral part of the design of buildings. "New designs for a new century, and in buildings of every kind, public and private," he says. "Today, we can do in stone what has never been done before. I would like to see a dozen young Frank Lloyd Wrights bringing to us stone carvers a sheaf of new designs and saying, 'There! Let's see what you can do with *that!*' " Not that Verity is waiting impassively for the dozen young Wrights to appear. "In all modesty," he says, looking his most ragamuffinlike, and therefore the embodiment of modesty, "I should like

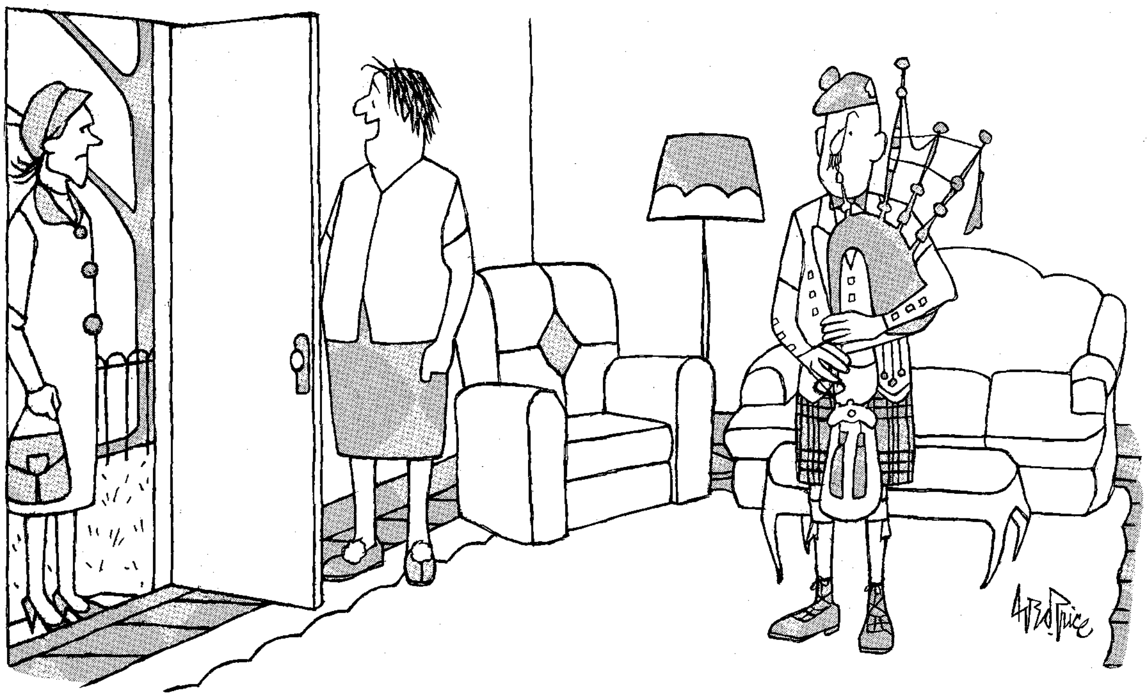


"As I recall from the last session, you were born in Tennessee and raised in the woods, so you knew every tree. Then something happened when you were only three. What was that?"

very much to do some of those designs myself."

Marathon

IT is impossible to overestimate just how pervasive Gertrude Stein's influence has been on the current state of American letters and we have determined this from a poll we conducted not just among Americans who not only read but before doing so spread butter and mayonnaise to the very edge of their toast (sometimes it is rye and sometimes it is wheat that is the way with Americans) but also among Americans and some New Yorkers who attended the sixteenth annual New Year's marathon reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans" at Paula Cooper, Inc., in SoHo which is not the only gallery in SoHo but the only one that is Paula Cooper's and as you will not know Paula Cooper is an American of Anglo-Dutch extraction and perhaps there are others of this name of Anglo-Dutch extraction and we could conduct another poll nearly as long as this sentence to find out but won't.



"You're just in time. I permit him three skirls a day, and here they come."

The reading of "The Making of Americans" which began at noon on the Saturday preceding the New Year and ended some fifty hours later paid homage in full unexpurgated detail from some hundred readers reading one or two at a time to a text Miss Stein began composing in 1902 and completed in 1911 which in its entirety runs to nearly a thousand pages the avowed aim of which in the words of Miss Stein's once living and breathing friend Carl Van Vechten, an American as well, was to describe every known type of human being and the typing of which Miss Stein who did not type entrusted to her companion Alice Toklas who did and rather nicely, and who might have said at one point in the typing of this or that or the next page, Gertrude (it is known to many besides us that they addressed one another by name) Gertrude—this Miss Toklas would have said without an accent as Miss Toklas was an American as was Miss Stein—Gertrude, I will type "The Making of Americans" while you sit with the men of genius as you declared yourself to do in my "Autobiography" which you wrote and I did not and as you do so perhaps you will eat one or two sandwiches using the bread that I baked but did not butter, this being true of other Americans too—that they do not like butter. Gertrude, since I am aforethoughtful as you declared of me in "Everybody's Autobiography" which you wrote for everyone—no, no, do not write upon the bread—I will type "The Making of Americans" with the view that it will sooner or later be published and it will perhaps be interesting to some New Yorkers and some New Yorkers will read it for hours over and over and over and for many years but perhaps these are views Miss Toklas did not have at all as this is being written by us now and not by Gertrude Stein or typed by Miss Toklas then.

Many Americans and some New Yorkers with names that are not the names that one would expect of Americans who eat bread with butter or mayonnaise and spread it to the edge of their bread read "The Making of Americans" and they had names such as Hildamarie Hendricks and Charles Atlas and Armand Schwerner and Miesje Jolley and had originally come from some far place that is not America not with the proposed aim of reading "The Making of Americans" one day but this is what they did and quite nicely, one person beginning with Miss Stein's words "I am writing for myself and strangers. This is the only way that I can do it. Everybody is a real one to me, everybody is like some one else too to me," and another person ending with Miss Stein's words "I write for myself and strangers," and so on and quite nicely too with many people coming and going at the beginning and at the end but not many people in between when the New Year was rung in, which reminds us of what we saw in the bare space of Paula Cooper's gallery at 3 A.M. on New Year's Day aside from two readers sitting behind a large desk reading aloud with six or seven people either blissfully or troublingly asleep on gray foam cushions strewn about the empty but filled space, a space filled with words—what we saw and watched almost as carefully as the words we saw was a young woman who had the numerals 1990 shaved at the back of her head slightly slumped against a wall applying first one and then two coats of lipstick to her lips and then rather slowly and slowest pressing her lips against the white wall against which Miss Stein's words reverberated leaving marks there on it. Like a rose.

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH

I USED to dream about my mother, and though the details in the dream varied, the surprise in it was always the same. The dream stopped, I suppose because it was too transparent in its hopefulness, too easy in its forgiveness.

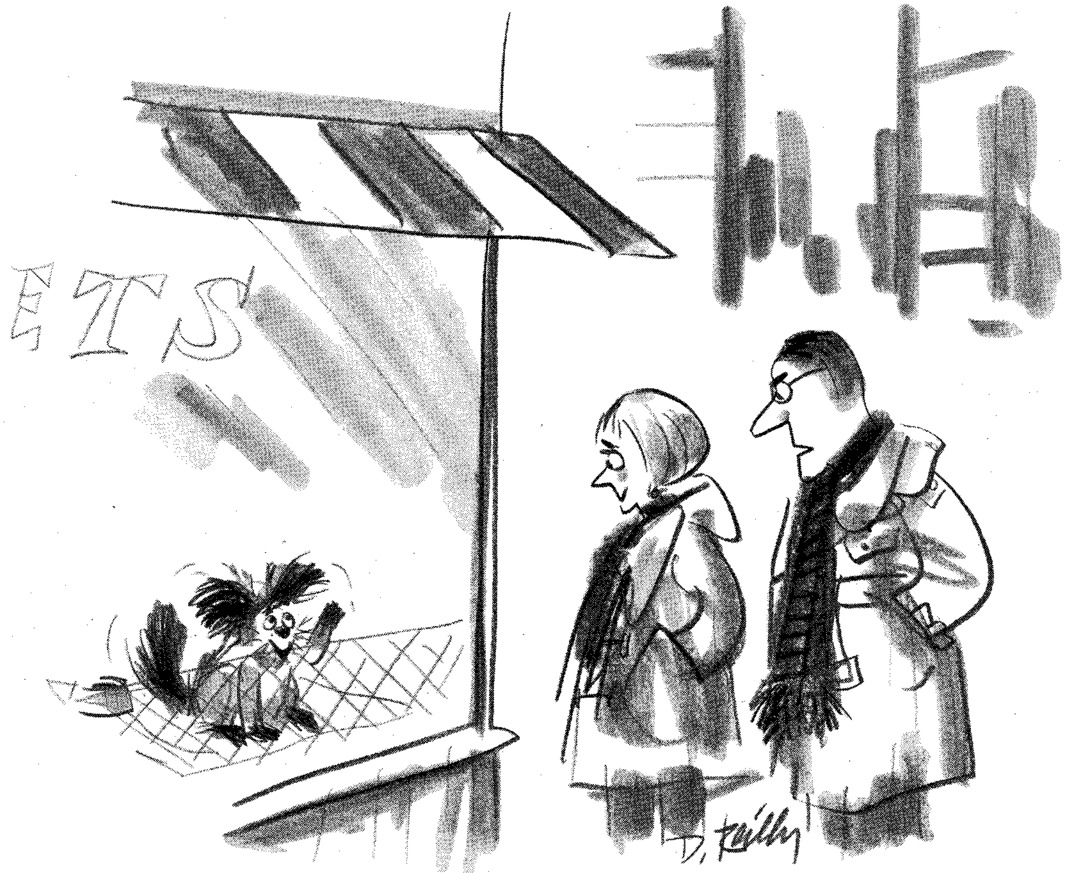
In the dream I would be the age I really was, living the life I was really living, and I would discover that my mother was still alive. (The fact is, she died when I was in my early twenties and she in her early fifties.) Sometimes I would find myself in our old kitchen, where my mother would be rolling out piecrust on the table, or washing the dishes in the battered cream-colored dishpan with the red rim. But other times I would run into her on the street, in places where I would never have expected to see her. She might be walking through a handsome hotel lobby, or lining up in an airport. She would be looking quite well—not exactly youthful, not entirely untouched by the paralyzing disease that held her in its grip for a decade or more before her death, but so much better than I remembered that I would be astonished. Oh, I just have this little tremor in my arm, she would say, and a little stiffness up this side of my face. It is a nuisance but I get around.

I recovered, then, what in waking life I had lost—my mother's liveliness of face and voice before her throat muscles stiffened and a woeful, impersonal mask fastened itself over her features. How could I have forgotten this, I would think in the dream—the casual humor she had, not ironic but merry, the lightness and impatience and confidence. I would say that I was sorry I hadn't been to see her in such a long time—meaning not that I felt guilty but that I was sorry I had kept a bugbear in my mind, instead of this reality—and the strangest, kindest thing of all to me was her matter-of-fact reply.

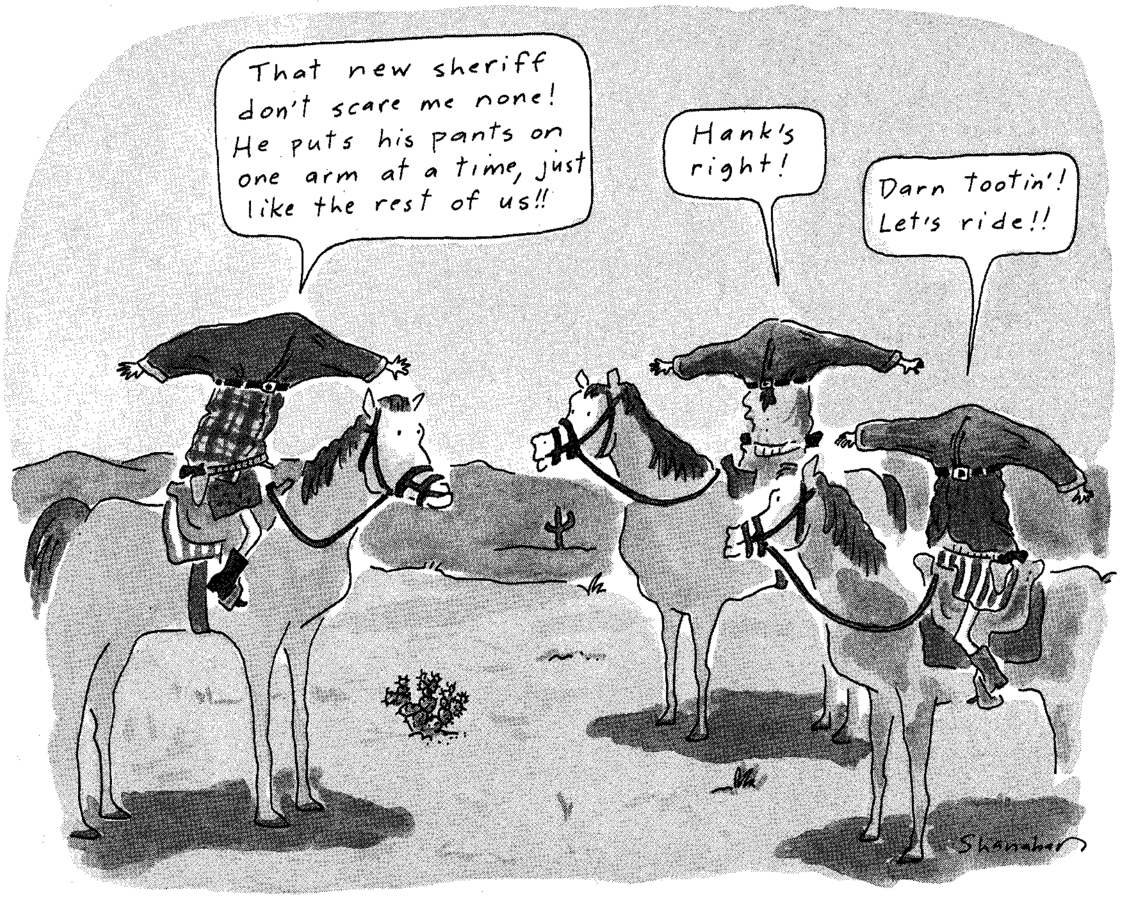
Oh, well, she said, better late than never. I was sure I'd see you someday.

WHEN my mother was a young woman with a soft, mischievous face and shiny, opaque silk stockings on her plump legs (I have seen a photograph of her, with her pupils), she went to teach at a one-room school, called Grieves' School, in the Ottawa Valley. The school was on a corner of the farm that belonged to the Grieves family—a very good farm for that country. Well-drained fields with none of the Precambrian rock shouldering through the soil, a little willow-edged river running alongside, a sugarbush, log barns, and a large, unornamented house whose wooden walls had never been painted but left to weather. And when wood weathers in the Ottawa Valley, my mother said, I do not know why this is, but it never turns gray—it turns black. There must be something in the air, she said. She often spoke of the Ottawa Valley, which was her home—she had grown up about twenty miles away from Grieves' School—in a dogmatic, mystified way, emphasizing things about it that distinguished it from any other place on earth. Houses turn black, maple syrup has a taste no maple syrup produced elsewhere can equal, bears amble within sight of farmhouses. Of course, I was disappointed when I finally got to see this place. It was not a valley at all, if by that you mean a cleft between hills; it was a mixture of flat fields and low rocks and heavy brush and little lakes—a scrambled, disarranged sort of country with no easy harmony about it, not yielding readily to any description.

The log barns and unpainted house, common enough on poor farms, were not in the Grieveses' case a sign of poverty but of policy. They had the money but they did not spend it. That was what people told my mother. The Grieveses worked hard and they were far from ignorant, but they were very backward. They didn't have a car or electricity or a telephone or a tractor. Some people thought this was because they were Cameronians—



"Sure he's nutty and cuddly, but that's not the message I want to send."


That new sheriff don't scare me none! He puts his pants on one arm at a time, just like the rest of us!!
Hank's right!
Darn tootin'! Let's ride!!
Shanahan

they were the only people in the school district who were of that religion—but in fact their church, which they themselves always called the Reformed Presbyterian, did not forbid engines or electricity or any inventions of that sort, just card playing, dancing, movies, and, on Sundays, any other activity but the most unavoidable.

My mother could not say who the Cameronians were or why they were called that. Some freak religion from Scotland, she said, from the perch of her obedient and lighthearted Anglicanism. The teacher always boarded with the Grieveses, and my mother was a little daunted at the thought of going to live in that black house with its paralytic Sundays and coal-oil lamps and primitive notions. But she was engaged by that time, she wanted to work on her trousseau instead of running around the country having a good time, and she figured she could get home one Sunday out of three. (On Sundays at the Grieveses' house, you could light a fire for heat but not for cooking, you could not even boil the kettle to make tea, and you were not supposed to write a letter or swat a fly. But it turned out that my mother was exempt from these rules. "No, no," said Flora Grieves, laughing at her. "That doesn't mean you. You must just go on as you're used to doing." And after a while my mother had made friends with Flora to such an extent that she wasn't even going home on the Sundays when she'd planned to.)

Flora and Ellie were the two sisters left of the Grieves family. Ellie was married, to a man called Robert Deal, who lived there and worked the farm but had not changed its name to Deal's in anyone's mind. By the way people spoke, my mother expected the Grieves sisters, and Robert Deal, to be middle-aged at least, but Ellie, the younger sister, was only about thirty, and Flora seven or eight years older. Robert Deal might be in between.

The house was divided in an unexpected way. The married couple didn't live with Flora. At the time of their marriage, she had given them the parlor and the dining room, the front bedrooms and staircase, the winter kitchen. There was no need to decide about the bathroom, because there wasn't one. Flora had the summer kitchen, with its open rafters and uncovered brick walls, the old pantry made into a narrow dining room and sitting room, and the two back bedrooms, one of which was my mother's. The teacher was housed with Flora, in the poorer part of the house. But my mother didn't mind. She immediately preferred Flora, and Flora's cheerfulness, to the silence and sickroom atmosphere of the front rooms. (In Flora's domain it was not even true that all amusements were forbidden. She had a crokinole board—she taught my mother how to play.)

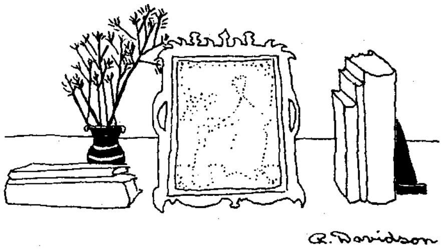
The division had been made, of course, in the expectation that Robert and Ellie would have a family, and that they would need the room. This hadn't happened. They had been married for more than a dozen years and there had not been a live child. Time and again Ellie had been pregnant, but two babies had been stillborn and the rest she had miscarried. During my mother's first year there, Ellie seemed to be staying in bed more and more of the time, and my mother thought that she must be pregnant again, but there was no mention of it. Such people would not mention it. You could not tell from the look of Ellie, when she got up and walked around, because she showed a stretched and ruined though slack-chested shape. She carried a sickbed odor, and she fretted in a childish way about everything. Flora took care of her and did all the work. She washed the clothes and tidied up the rooms and cooked the meals served in both sides of the house, and helped Robert with the milking and separating. She was up before daylight and never seemed to tire. The first spring my mother was there, a great housecleaning was embarked upon, during which Flora climbed the ladders herself and carried down the storm windows, washed and stacked them away, carried all the furniture out of one room after another so that she could scrub the woodwork and varnish the floors. She washed every dish and glass that was sitting in the cupboards, supposedly clean already. She scalded every pot and spoon. Such need and energy possessed her that she could hardly sleep—my mother would wake up to the sound of stovepipes being taken down, or the broom, draped in a dish towel, whacking at the smoky cobwebs. Through the washed uncurtained windows came a torrent of unmerciful light. The cleanliness was devastating. My mother slept now on sheets that had been bleached and starched and that gave her a rash. Sick Ellie complained daily of the smell of varnish and cleansing powders. Flora's hands were raw. But her disposition remained topnotch. Her kerchief and apron and baggy overalls of Robert's that she donned for the climbing jobs gave her the air of a comedian—sportive, unpredictable.

My mother called her a whirling dervish.

"You're a regular whirling dervish, Flora," she said, and Flora halted. She wanted to know what was meant. My mother went ahead and explained, though she was a little afraid lest piety should be offended. (Not piety exactly—you could not call it that. Religious strictness.) Of course it wasn't. There was not a trace of nastiness or smug vigilance in Flora's observance of her religion. She had no fear of heathens—she had always lived in the midst of them. She liked the idea of being a dervish, and went to tell her sister.

"Do you know what the teacher says I am?"

Flora and Ellie were both dark-haired, dark-eyed women, tall and narrow-shouldered and long-legged. Ellie was a wreck, of course, but Flora was still superbly straight and graceful. She could look like a queen, my mother said—even riding into town in that cart they had. For church they used a buggy or a cutter, but when they went to town they often had to transport sacks of wool—they kept a few sheep—or produce, to sell, and they had to bring provisions home. The trip of a few miles was not made often. Robert rode in front, to drive the horse—Flora could drive a horse perfectly well, but it must always be the man who drove. Flora would be standing behind, holding on to the sacks. She rode to town and back standing up, keeping an easy balance, wearing her black hat. Almost ridiculous but not quite. A Gypsy queen, my mother thought she looked like, with her black hair and her skin that always looked slightly tanned, and her lithe and bold serenity. Of course, she lacked the gold bangles and the bright clothes. My mother envied her her slenderness, and her cheekbones.



RETURNING in the fall for her second year, my mother learned what was the matter with Ellie.

"My sister has a growth," Flora said. Nobody then spoke of cancer.

My mother had heard that before. People suspected it. My mother knew many people in the district by that time. She had made particular friends with a young woman who worked in the post office; she was going to be one of my mother's bridesmaids. The story of Flora and Ellie and Robert—or all that people knew of it—had been told in various versions. My mother did not feel that she was listening to gossip,

REYKJAVÍK WINTER COUPLETS

I

One senses
Waking at dark
The promise of dark
For hours yet. The same
Two feet of snow and laval
Outcroppings and a car turning over
Over in search of the position where
The hum of a dream commences.

II

Disorder's
Undone a few feet
From the bakery door,
Where snow-blasting winds
Run up against the firm smell
Of bread baking—loaves white as snow
Within, and shovelled like snow, soon, from
The oven's blackened borders.

III

The thrashing
And the dead, dumped
From nets to baskets,
Like stolen goods under the old
Warehouse's one bulb gleam. Frantic,
Nearing, the search for them continues:
Hear the wind at the door and the sea, leaving
No stone unturned, crashing.

IV

As a sequel
To a nightcap
Cup of cocoa comes
(Sleep, too, coming on)
The middleman's floating knowledge
That the clouds of steam drifting up
And, out there, the clouds of snow coming down
Are perfectly equal.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

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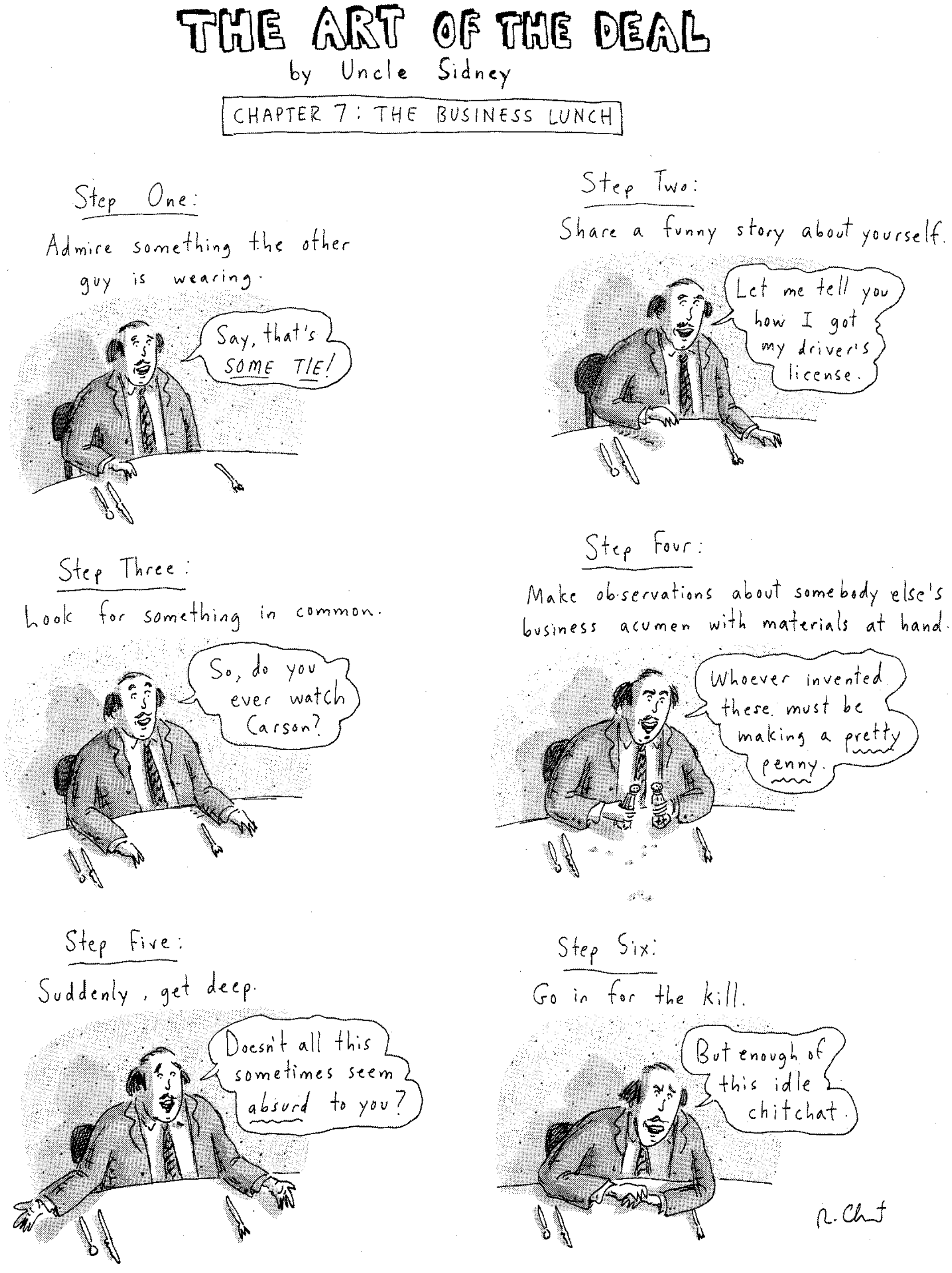
because she was always on the alert for any disparaging remarks about Flora—she would not put up with that. But indeed nobody offered any. Everybody said that Flora had behaved like a saint. Even when she went to extremes, as in dividing up the house—that was like a saint.


THE ART OF THE DEAL
by Uncle Sidney
CHAPTER 7: THE BUSINESS LUNCH
Step One:
Admire something the other guy is wearing.
Say, that's SOME TIE!
Step Two:
Share a funny story about yourself.
Let me tell you how I got my driver's license.
Step Three:
Look for something in common.
So, do you ever watch Carson?
Step Four:
Make observations about somebody else's business acumen with materials at hand.
Whoever invented these must be making a pretty penny.
Step Five:
Suddenly, get deep.
Doesn't all this sometimes seem absurd to you?
Step Six:
Go in for the kill.
But enough of this idle chitchat.
R. Chast

Robert had come to work at Grieves' some months before the girls' father died. They knew him already, from church. (Oh, that church, my mother said, having attended it once, out of curiosity—that drear building miles on the other side of town, no organ or piano and plain glass in the windows and a doddery old minister with his hours-long sermon, a man hitting a tuning fork for the singing.) Robert had come out from Scotland and was on his way west. He had stopped with relatives or people he knew, members of the scanty congregation. To earn some money, probably, he came to Grieves'. Soon he and Flora were engaged. They could not go to dances or to card parties like other couples, but they went for long walks. The chaperon—unofficially—was Ellie. Ellie was then a wild tease, a long-haired, impudent, childish girl full of lolloping energy. She would run up hills and smite the mullein stalks with a stick, shouting and prancing and pretending to be a warrior on horseback. That, or the horse itself. This when she was fifteen, sixteen years old. Nobody but Flora could control her, and generally Flora just laughed at her, being too used to her to wonder if she was quite right in the head. They were wonderfully fond of each other. Ellie, with her long skinny body, her long pale face, was like a copy of Flora—the kind of copy you often see in families, in which, because of some carelessness or exaggeration of features or coloring, the handsomeness of one person passes into the plainness, or almost plainness, of another. But Ellie had no jealousy about this. She loved to comb out Flora's hair and pin it up. They had great times, washing each other's hair. Ellie would press her face into Flora's throat, like a colt nuzzling its mother. So when Robert laid claim to Flora, or Flora to him—nobody knew how it was—Ellie had to be included. She didn't show any spite toward Robert, but she pursued and waylaid them on their walks; she sprung on them out of the bushes or sneaked up behind them so softly that she could blow on their necks. People saw her do it. And they heard of her jokes. She had always been terrible for jokes, and sometimes it had gotten her into trouble with her father, but Flora had protected her. Now she put thistles into Robert's bed. She set his place at the table with the knife and fork the wrong way around. She switched the milk pails to give him the old one with the hole in it. For Flora's sake, maybe, Robert humored her.

The father had made Flora and

Robert set the wedding day a year ahead, and after he died they did not move it any closer. Robert went on living in the house. Nobody knew how to speak to Flora about this being scandalous, or looking scandalous. Flora would just ask why. Instead of putting the wedding ahead, she put it back—from next spring to early fall—so that there should be a full year between it and her father's death. A year from funeral to wedding—that seemed proper to her. She trusted fully in Robert's patience and in her own purity.

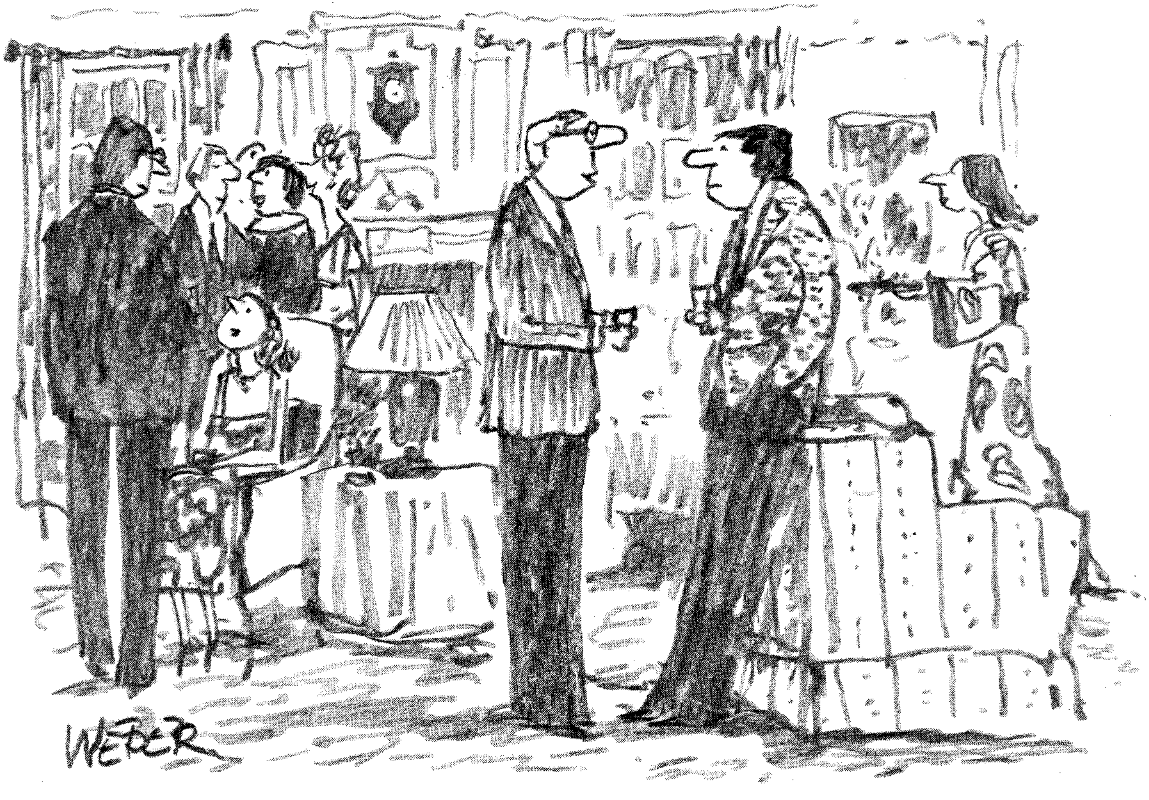
So she might. But in the winter a commotion started. There was Ellie, vomiting, weeping, running off and hiding in the haymow, howling when they found her and pulled her out, jumping to the barn floor, running around in circles, rolling in the snow. Ellie was deranged. Flora had to call the doctor. She told him that her sister's periods had stopped—could the backup of blood be driving her wild? Robert had had to catch her and tie her up, and together he and Flora had put her to bed. She would not take food, just whipped her head from side to side, howling. It looked as if she would die speechless. But somehow the truth came out. Not from the doctor, who could not get close enough to examine her, with all her thrashing about. Probably, Robert confessed. Flora finally got wind of the truth, through all her high-mindedness. Now there had to be a wedding, though not the one that had been planned.

No cake, no new clothes, no wedding trip, no congratulations. Just a shameful hurry-up visit to the manse. Some people, seeing the names in the paper, thought the editor must have got the sisters mixed up. They thought it must be Flora. A hurry-up wedding for Flora! But no. It was Flora who pressed Robert's suit—it must have been—and got Ellie out of bed and washed her and made her presentable. It would have been Flora who picked one geranium from the window plant and pinned it to her sister's dress. And Ellie hadn't torn it out. Ellie was meek now, no longer flailing or crying. She let Flora fix her up, she let herself be married, she was never wild from that day on.

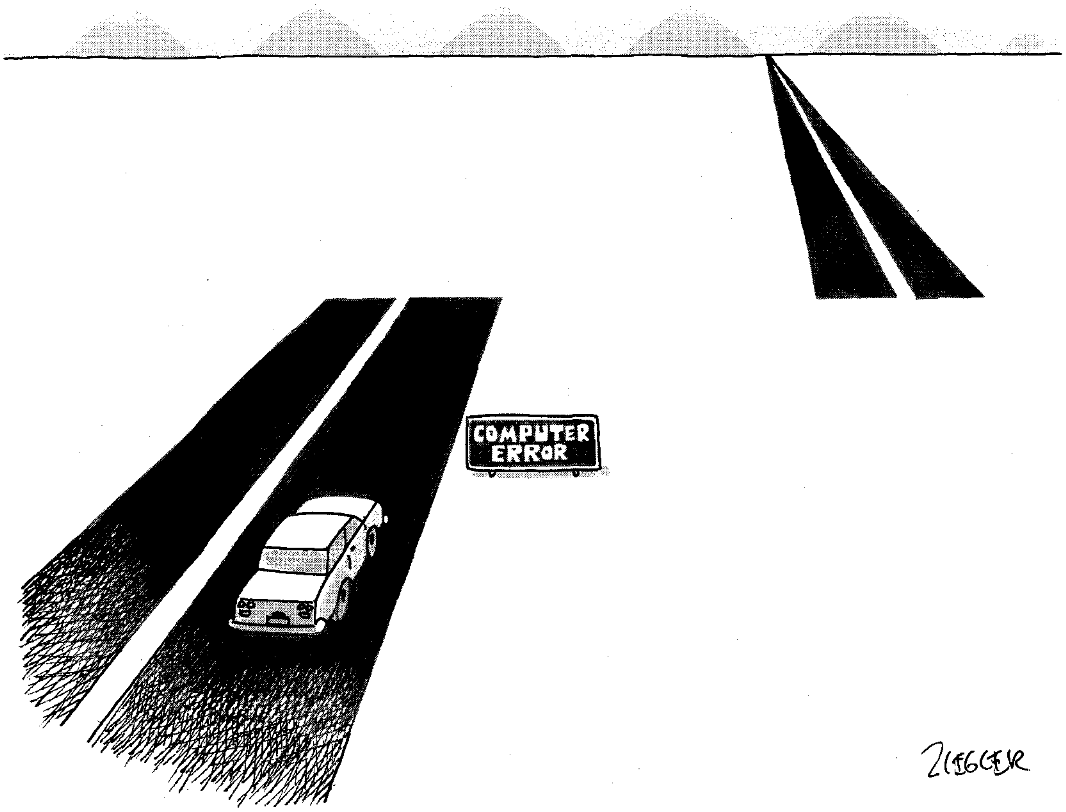
Flora had the house divided. She herself helped Robert build the necessary partitions. The baby was carried full term—nobody even pretended that it was early—but it was born dead after a long, tearing labor. Perhaps Ellie had damaged it when she jumped from the barn beam and rolled in the snow and beat on herself. Even if she hadn't done that, people would have expected something to go wrong, with that child or maybe one that came later. God dealt out punishment for hurry-up marriages—not just Presbyterians but almost everybody else believed that. God rewarded lust with dead babies, idiots, harelips and withered limbs and clubfeet.

In this case the punishment continued. Ellie had one miscarriage after another, then another stillbirth and more miscarriages. She was constantly pregnant, and the pregnancies were full of vomiting fits that lasted for days, headaches, cramps, dizzy spells. The miscarriages were as agonizing as full-term births. Ellie could not do her own work. She walked around holding on to chairs. Her numb silence passed off, and she became a complainer. If anybody came to visit, she would talk about the peculiarities of her headaches or describe her latest fainting fit, or even—in front of men, in front of unmarried girls or children—go into bloody detail about what Flora called her "disappointments." When people changed the subject or dragged the children away, she turned sullen. She demanded new medicine, reviled the doctor, nagged Flora. She accused Flora of washing the dishes with a great clang and clatter, out of spite, of pulling her—Ellie's—hair when she combed it out, of stingily substituting water-and-molasses for her real medicine. No matter what she said, Flora soothed her. Everybody who came into the house had some story of that kind to tell. Flora said, "Where's my little girl, then? Where's my Ellie? This isn't my Ellie, this is some crosspatch got in here in place of her!"

In the winter evenings after she came in from helping Robert with the barn chores, Flora would wash and change her clothes and go next door to read Ellie to sleep. My mother might invite herself along, taking



"I don't believe I've ever shovelled snow. What's it like?"



whatever sewing she was doing, on some item of her trousseau. Ellie's bed was set up in the big dining room, where there was a gas lamp over the table. My mother sat on one side of the table, sewing, and Flora sat on the other side, reading aloud. Sometimes Ellie said, "I can't hear you." Or if Flora paused for a little rest Ellie said, "I'm not asleep yet."

What did Flora read? Stories about Scottish life—not classics. Stories about urchins and comic grandmothers. The only title my mother could remember was "Wee MacGregor." She could not follow the stories very well, or laugh when Flora laughed and Ellie gave a whimper, because so much was in Scots dialect or read with that thick accent. She was surprised that Flora could do it—it wasn't the way Flora ordinarily talked, at all.

(But wouldn't it be the way Robert talked? Perhaps that is why my mother never reported anything that Robert said, never had him contributing to the scene. He must have been there, he must have been sitting there in the room. They would only heat the main room of the house. I see him black-haired, heavy-shouldered, with the strength of a plow horse, and the same kind of sombre, shackled beauty.)

Then Flora would say, "That's all of that for tonight." She would pick up another book, an old book written by some preacher of their faith. There was in it such stuff as my mother had never heard. What stuff? She couldn't say. All the stuff that was in their monstrous old religion. That put Ellie to sleep, or made her pretend she was asleep, after a couple of pages.

All that configuration of the elect and the damned, my mother must have meant—all the arguments about the illusion and necessity of free will. Doom and slippery redemption. The torturing, defeating, but for some minds irresistible pileup of interlocking and contradictory notions. My mother could resist it. Her faith was easy, her spirits at that time robust. Ideas were not what she was curious about, ever.

But what sort of thing was that, she asked (silently), to read to a dying woman? This was the nearest she got to criticizing Flora.

The answer—that it was the only thing, if you believed it—never seemed to have occurred to her.

By spring a nurse had arrived. That was the way things were done then. People died at home, and a nurse came in to manage it.

The nurse's name was Audrey Atkinson. She was a stout woman with corsets as stiff as barrel hoops, marcelled hair the color of brass candlesticks, a mouth shaped by lipstick beyond its own stingy outlines. She drove a car into the yard—her own car, a dark-green coupé, shiny and smart. News of Audrey Atkinson and her car spread quickly. Questions were asked. Where did she get the money? Had some rich fool altered his will on her behalf? Had she exercised influence? Or simply helped herself to a stash of bills under the mattress? How was she to be trusted?

Hers was the first car ever to sit in the Grieveses' yard overnight.

Audrey Atkinson said that she had never been called out to tend a case in so primitive a house. It was beyond her, she said, how people could live in such a way.

"It's not that they're poor, even," she said to my mother. "It isn't, is it? That I could understand. Or it's not even their religion. So what is it? They do not care!"

She tried at first to cozy up to my mother, as if they would be natural allies in this benighted place. She spoke as if they were around the same age—both stylish, intelligent women who liked a good time and had modern ideas. She offered to teach my mother to drive the car. She offered her cigarettes. My mother was more tempted by the idea of learning to drive than she was by the cigarettes. But she said no, she would wait for her husband to teach her. Audrey Atkinson raised her pinkish-orange eyebrows at my mother behind Flora's back, and my mother was furious. She disliked the nurse far more than Flora did.

"I knew what she was like and Flora didn't," my mother said. She meant that she caught a whiff of a cheap life, maybe even of drinking establishments and unsavory men, of hard bargains, which Flora was too unworldly to notice.

Flora started into the great housecleaning again. She had the curtains spread out on stretchers, she beat the rugs on the line, she leapt up on the stepladder to attack the dust on the molding. But she was impeded all the time by Nurse Atkinson's complaining.

"I wondered if we could have a little less of the running and clattering," said Nurse Atkinson with offensive politeness. "I only ask for my patient's sake." She always spoke of Ellie as "my patient" and pretended that she was the only one to protect her and compel respect. But she was not so respectful of Ellie herself. "Allee-oop," she would say, dragging the poor creature up on her pillows. And she told Ellie she was not going to stand for fretting and whimpering. "You don't do yourself any good that way," she said. "And you certainly don't make me come any quicker. What you just as well might do is learn to control yourself." She exclaimed at Ellie's bedsores in a scolding way, as if they were a further disgrace of the house. She demanded lotions, ointments, expensive soap—most of them, no doubt, to protect her own skin, which she claimed suffered from the hard water. (How could it be hard? my mother asked her, sticking up for the household when nobody else would. How could it be hard when it came straight from the rain barrel?)

Nurse Atkinson wanted cream, too—she said that they should hold some back, not sell it all to the creamery. She wanted to make nourishing soups and puddings for her patient. She did make puddings, and jellies, from packaged mixes such as had never before entered this house. My mother was convinced that she ate them all herself.

Flora still read to Ellie, but now it was only short bits from the Bible. When she finished and stood up, Ellie tried to cling to her. Ellie wept; sometimes she made ridiculous complaints. She said there was a horned cow outside, trying to get into the room and kill her.

"They often get some kind of idea like that," Nurse Atkinson said. "You mustn't give in to her or she won't let you go day or night. That's what they're like, they only think about themselves. Now, when I'm here alone with her, she behaves herself quite nice. I don't have any trouble at all. But after you been in here I have trouble all over again, because she sees you and she gets upset. You don't want to make my job harder for me, do you? I mean, you brought me here to take charge, didn't you?"

"Ellie, now, Ellie dear, I must go," said Flora, and to the nurse she said, "I understand. I do understand that you have to be in charge and I admire you, I admire you for your work. In your work you have to have so much patience and kindness."

My mother wondered at this—was Flora really so blinded, or did she hope by this undeserved praise to exhort Nurse Atkinson to the patience and kindness that she didn't have? Nurse Atkinson was too thick-skinned and self-approving for any trick like that to work.

"It is a hard job, all right, and not many can do it," she said. "It's not like those nurses in the hospital, where they got everything laid out for them." She had no time for more conversation—she was trying to bring in "Make Believe Ballroom" on her battery radio.

My mother was busy with the final exams and the June exercises at the school. She was getting ready for her wedding, in July. Friends came in cars and whisked her off to the dressmaker's, to parties, to choose the invitations and order the cake. The lilacs came out, the evenings lengthened, the birds were back and nesting, my mother bloomed in everybody's attention, about to set out on the deliciously solemn adventure of marriage. Her dress was to be appliquéd with silk roses, her veil held by a cap of seed pearls. She belonged to the first generation of young women who saved their money and paid for their own weddings—far fancier than their parents could have afforded.

On her last evening, the friend from the post office came to drive her away, with her clothes and her books and the things she had made for her trousseau and the gifts her pupils and others had given her. There was great fuss and laughter about getting everything loaded into the car. Flora came out and helped. This getting married is even more of a nuisance than I thought, said Flora, laughing. She gave my mother a

"*Judith is someone who needs her sleep.*"

THE TWELVE LABORS OF HERCULES
PAPER
TIN
LEAVES
PLAST
ALUMINU
CLEAR GLASS
COLORED GLASS

dresser scarf, which she had crocheted, in secret. Nurse Atkinson could not be shut out of an important occasion—she presented a spray bottle of cologne. Flora stood on the slope at the side of the house to wave goodbye. She had been invited to the wedding, but of course she had said she could not come, she could not "go out" at such a time. The last my mother ever saw of her was this solitary, energetically waving figure in her housecleaning apron and bandanna, on the green slope by the black-walled house, in the evening light.

"Well, maybe now she'll get what she should've got the first time round," the friend from the post office said. "Maybe now they'll be able to get married. Is she too old to start a family? How old is she, anyway?"

My mother thought that this was a crude way of talking about Flora and replied that she didn't know. But she had to admit to herself that she had been thinking the very same thing.

WHEN she was married and settled in her own home, three hundred miles away, my mother got a letter from Flora. Ellie was dead. She had died firm in her faith, Flora said, and grateful for her release. Nurse Atkinson was staying on for a little while, until it was time for her to go off to her next case. This was late in the summer.

News of what happened next did not come from Flora. When she wrote at Christmas she seemed to take for granted that information would have gone ahead of her.

"You have in all probability heard," wrote Flora, "that Robert and Nurse Atkinson have been married. They are living on here, in Robert's part of the house. They are fixing it up to suit themselves. It is very impolite of me to call her Nurse Atkinson, as I see I have done. I ought to have called her Audrey."

Of course, the post-office friend had written, and so had others. It was a great shock and scandal and a matter that excited the district—the wedding as secret and surprising as Robert's first one had been (though surely not for the same reason), Nurse Atkinson permanently installed in the community, Flora losing out for the second time. Nobody had been aware of any courtship, and they asked how the woman could have enticed him. Did she promise children, lying about her age?

The surprises were not to stop with the wedding. The bride got down to business immediately with the "fixing up" that Flora mentioned. In came the electricity and then the telephone. Now Nurse Atkinson—she would always be called Nurse Atkinson—was heard on the party line lambasting painters and paperhangers and delivery services. She was having everything done over. She was buying an electric stove and putting in a bathroom, and who knew where the money was coming from? Was it all hers, got in her deathbed dealings, in shady bequests? Was it Robert's? Was he claiming his share—Ellie's share, left to him and Nurse Atkinson to enjoy themselves with, the shameless pair?

All these improvements took place on one side of the house only. Flora's side remained just as it was. No electric lights there, no fresh wallpaper or new venetian blinds. When the house was painted on the outside—cream with dark-green trim—Flora's side was left bare. This strange open statement was greeted at first with pity and disapproval—poor Flora!—then with less sympathy, as a sign of Flora's stubbornness and eccentricity—she could buy her own paint and make it look

A FOGHORN

On Sundays in midwinter, when wild iris
put their iridescent blades through the grasses
and yellow lupine wait to flower from their seven-
fingered hands, all the divorced Californians
start out to the Point with their bottled waters
in their fragile foreign cars; they pass the turnoff
for the hopeful murmur of beaches, and pass
the moody grays of coöperative farms, the cattle
with their useful udders the color of wild geranium;
then they park if they can and descend the long steps
by the lighthouse, where the tough crimson algae
cling to the broken stones, and when they arrive
at the rail they look past the cormorants, past
the Farallones to the space where the whales should be,
and the split chord of the foghorn calls to them.

The whales are too far to hear it; the whales,
in their secrecy, give off the dull sheen
of Etruscan mirrors. Down the coast they travel,
and the twisted cypresses gather to look: they swim
by L.A., with its nights of shining leather, toward
the temperate waters of Baja, where they will mate.
In pictures, they are all smiles: sweet diligence,
or the weak little smile of exhausted history.
Their corrugated sides undulate as they play,
moving in a time both linear and cyclical.
They all swim here—Melville's whale, and Jonah's,
even the hollow plaster whale of Disney—
for this is California. Surely the people crave
some blankness between sightings, but someone
spots one every few minutes: a heartbreaking flash,
the cry goes out—each moment a contained unit—
then the cry passes, brief as a human life.

They say the call is heard in all the great systems.
The sleepy ones have gathered at the shore
to proclaim the glamour of the alien sun,
while in the nearby desert one real solitary
arranges himself on a pile of fronds. . . . Come home,
says the disembodied voice to all of them.
But here on the Point the wind is fierce;
it blows the people to the right as they pose
for snapshots under the beehive-shaped Art Deco
lantern, and the foghorn calls their two-toned names
until the names sound interchangeable: John-ny! Mar-y!
a major third downward, accent on the second syllable.
The call goes out in reverse, away from them,
over the hugely populated universe as though
it sent their questions out for them:
What shall we be? What shall we do now,
divorced from our lives, and from this century?

And the land splits behind them, the conglomerate cliffs
letting them go, letting the Point slide toward Alaska.
They wait as if at the prow of a fatherless ship,
leaning there; they have waited a long time,
they are so used to waiting, they have waited for
the winning number, or for the changes in someone,
or for the nocturne to rewind itself around the spool—
shouldn't something have pity on them now?
It is late; pelicans and egrets and herons go by,
and the foghorn continues its anthem of names, only
for them, of course, only in this human realm.

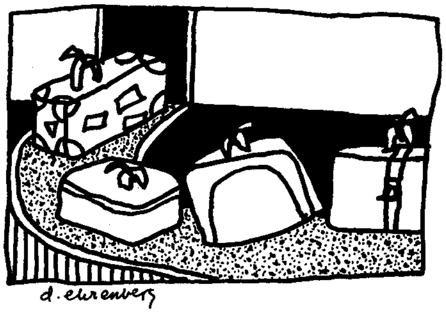
—Brenda Hillman

• •

decent—and finally as a joke. People drove out of their way to see it.

There was always a dance given in the schoolhouse for a newly married couple. A cash collection—called "a purse of money"—was presented to them. Nurse Atkinson sent out word that she would not mind seeing this custom followed, even though it happened that the family she had married into was opposed to dancing. Some people thought it would be a disgrace to gratify her, a slap in the face to Flora. Others were too curious to hold back. They wanted to see how the newlyweds would behave. Would Robert dance? What sort of outfit would the bride show up in? They delayed awhile, but finally the dance was held, and my mother got her report.

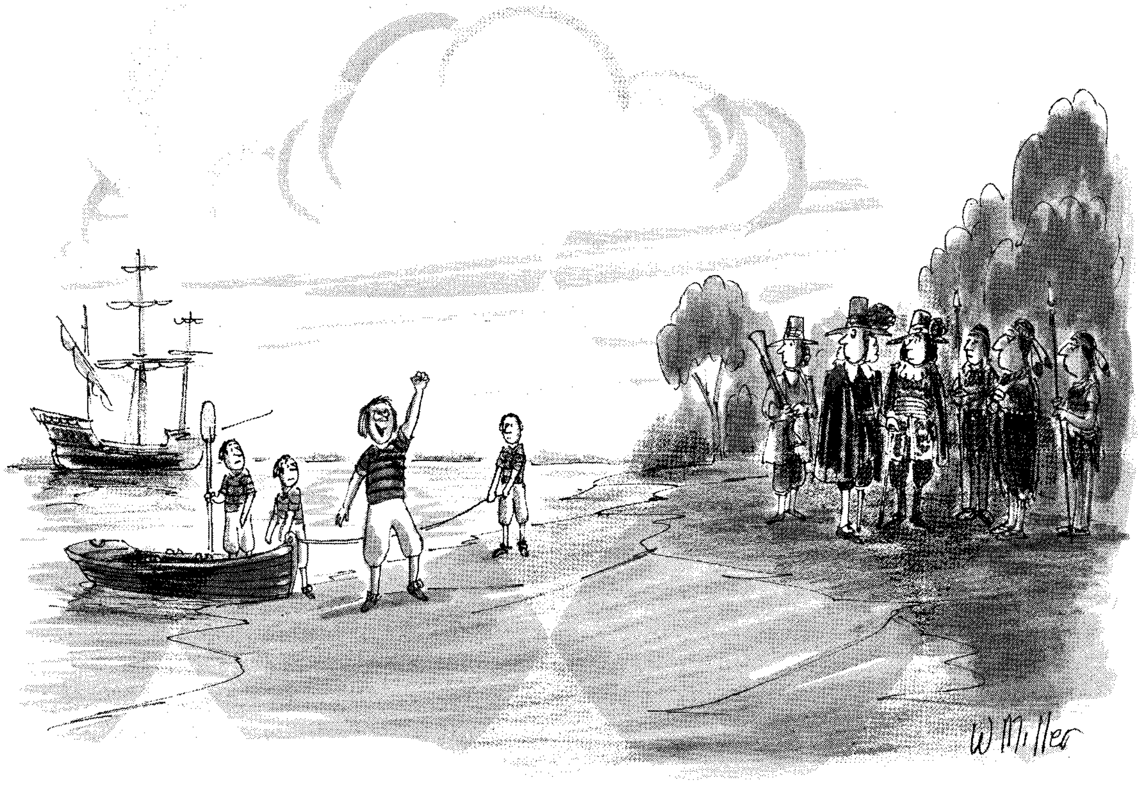
The bride wore the dress she had worn at her wedding, or so she said. But who would wear such a dress for a wedding at the manse? More than likely it was bought specially for her appearance at the dance. Pure-white satin with a sweetheart neckline, idiotically youthful. The groom was got up in a new dark-blue suit, and she had stuck a flower in his buttonhole. They were a sight. Her hair was freshly done to blind the eye with brassy reflections, and her face looked as if it would come off on a man's jacket, should she lay it against his shoulder in the dancing. Of course she did dance. She danced with every man present except the groom, who sat scrunched into one of the school desks along the wall. She danced with every man present—they all claimed they had to do it, it was the custom—and then she dragged Robert out to receive the money and to thank everybody for their best wishes. To the ladies in the cloakroom she even hinted that she was feeling unwell, for the usual newlywed reason. Nobody believed her, and indeed nothing ever came of this hope, if she really had it. Some of the women thought that she was lying to them out of malice, insulting them, making them out to be so credulous. But nobody challenged her, nobody was rude to her—maybe because it was plain that she could summon a rudeness of her own to knock anybody flat.



Flora was not present at the dance.

"My sister-in-law is not a dancer," said Nurse Atkinson. "She is stuck in the olden times." She invited them to laugh at Flora, whom she always called her sister-in-law, though she had no right to do so.

My mother wrote a letter to Flora, after hearing about all these things. Being removed from the scene, and perhaps in a flurry of importance owing to her own newly married state, she may have lost sight of the kind of person she was writing to. She offered sympathy and showed outrage, and said blunt disparaging things about the woman who had—as my mother saw it—dealt Flora such a blow. Back came a letter from Flora saying that she did not know where my mother had been getting her information, but that it seemed she had misunderstood, or listened to malicious people, or jumped to unjustified conclusions. What happened in Flora's family was nobody else's business, and certainly nobody needed to feel sorry for her or angry on her behalf. Flora said that she was happy and satisfied in her life, as she always had been, and she did not interfere with what others did or wanted, because such things did not concern her. She wished my mother all happiness in her marriage and hoped that she would soon be too busy with her own responsibilities to worry about the lives of people that she used to know.



"I'm going to get you, Manhattan! I'm going to be one of the biggest things that ever hit this place! You just watch, Manhattan! You just watch!"

• •

This well-written letter cut my mother, as she said, to the quick. She and Flora stopped corresponding. My mother did become busy with her own life and finally a prisoner in it.

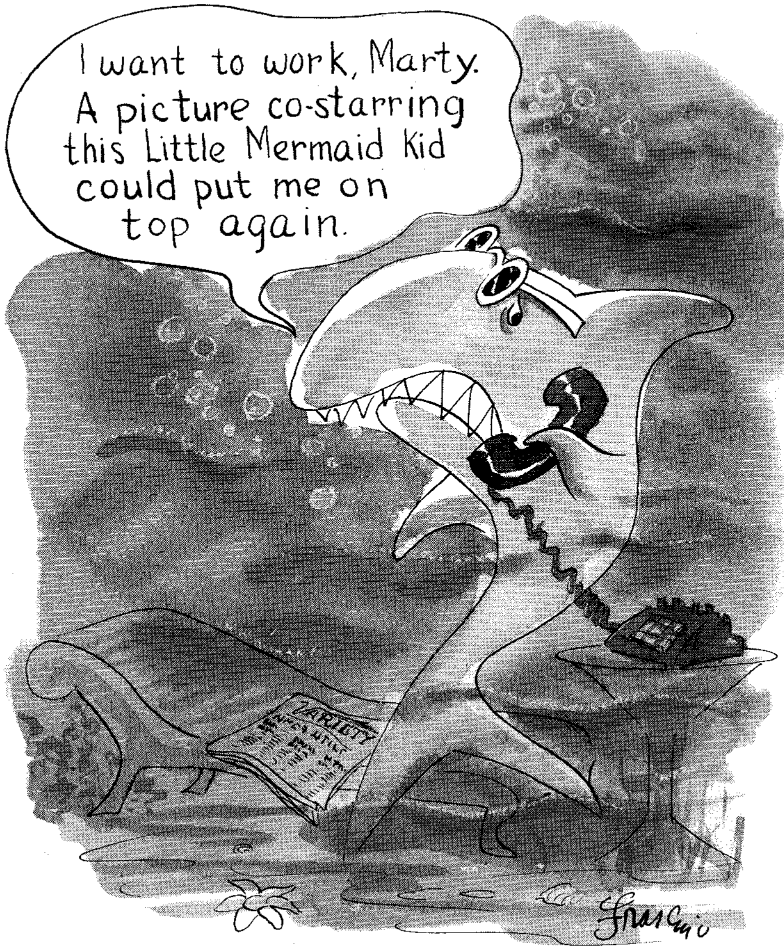
But she thought about Flora. In later years, when she sometimes talked about the things she might have been, or done, she would say, "If I could have been a writer—I do think I could have been; I could have been a writer—then I would have written the story of Flora's life. And do you know what I would have called it? 'The Maiden Lady.' "

The Maiden Lady. She said these words in a solemn and sentimental tone of voice which I had no use for. I knew, or thought I knew, exactly the value she found in them. The stateliness and mystery. The hint of derision turning to reverence. I was fifteen or sixteen years old by that time, and I believed that I could see into my mother's mind. I could see what she would do with Flora, what she had already done. She would make her into a noble figure, one who accepts defection, treachery, who forgives and stands aside, not once but twice. Never a moment of complaint. Flora goes about her cheerful labors, she cleans the house and shovels out the cow byre, she removes some bloody mess from her sister's bed, and when at last the future seems to open up for her—Ellie will die and Robert will beg forgiveness and Flora will silence him with the proud gift of herself—it is time for Audrey Atkinson to drive into the yard and shut Flora out again, more inexplicably and thoroughly the second time than the first. She must endure the painting of the house, the electric lights, all the prosperous activity next door. "Make Believe Ballroom," "Amos 'n' Andy." No more Scottish, or ancient sermons. She must see them drive off to the dance—her old lover and that coldhearted, stupid, by no means beautiful woman in the white satin wedding dress. She is mocked. (And of course she has made over the farm to Ellie and Robert, of course he has inherited it, and now everything belongs to Audrey Atkinson.) The wicked flourish. But it is all right. It is all right—the elect are veiled in patience and humility and lighted by a certainty that events cannot disturb.

That was what I believed my mother would make of things. In her own plight her notions had turned mystical, and there was sometimes a hush, a solemn thrill in her voice that grated on me, alerted me to what seemed a personal danger. I felt a great fog of platitudes and pieties lurking, an incontestable crippled-mother power, which could capture and choke me. There would be no end to it. I had to keep myself sharp-tongued and cynical, arguing and deflating. Eventually I gave up even that recognition and opposed her in silence.

This is a fancy way of saying that I was no comfort and poor company to her, when she had almost nowhere else to turn.

I had my own ideas about Flora's story. I didn't think that I could have written a novel but that I would write one. I would take a different tack. I saw through my mother's story and put in what she left out. My Flora would be as wrong as hers was right. Rejoicing in the bad turns done to her and in her own forgiveness, spying on the shambles of her sister's life. A Presbyterian witch, reading out of her poisonous book. It takes a rival ruthlessness, the comparatively innocent brutality of the thick-skinned nurse, to drive her back, to flourish in her shade. But she *is* driven back, the power of sex and ordinary greed drive her back and shut her up in her own part of the house, with the coal-oil lamps. She shrinks, she caves in, her bones harden and her joints thicken and—Oh, this is it, this is it, I see the bare beauty of the ending I *will contrive!—she becomes crippled* herself, with arthritis, hardly able to move. Now Audrey Atkinson comes into her full power—she demands the whole house. She wants those partitions knocked out which Robert put up with Flora's help when he married Ellie. She will provide Flora with a room, she will take care of her. (Audrey Atkinson does not wish to be seen as a monster, and perhaps she really isn't one.) So one day Robert carries Flora—for the first and last time he carries her in his arms—to the room that his wife, Audrey, has prepared for her. And once Flora is settled in her well-lit, well-heated corner Audrey Atkinson undertakes to clean out the newly vacated rooms—Flora's rooms. She carries a heap of old books out into the yard. It's spring again, housecleaning time, the season when Flora herself performed such feats, and now the pale face of Flora appears behind the new net curtains. She has dragged herself from her corner. She sees the light-blue sky with its high skidding clouds over *the watery fields, the contending* crows, the flooded creeks, the reddening tree branches. She sees the smoke rise out of the incinerator in the yard, where her books are burning. Those smelly old books, as Audrey has called them. Words and pages, the ominous dark spines. The elect, the damned, the slim hopes, the mighty torments—up in smoke. There was the ending.


I want to work, Marty. A picture co-starring this Little Mermaid Kid could put me on top again.
VARIETY

JAWS PHONES HIS AGENT

To me the really mysterious person in the story, as my mother told it, was Robert. He never has a word to say. He got engaged to Flora. He is walking beside her along the river when Ellie leaps out at them. He finds Ellie's thistles in his bed. He does the carpentry made necessary by his and Ellie's marriage. He listens or does not listen while Flora reads. Finally he sits scrunched up in the school desk while his flashy bride dances by with all the men.

So much for his public acts and appearances. But he was the one who started everything, in secret. He *did it to* Ellie. He did it to that skinny wild *girl at a time when he was engaged to* her sister, and he did it to her again and again when she was nothing but a poor botched body, a failed childbearer, lying in bed.

He must have done it to Audrey Atkinson, too, but with less disastrous results.

Those words, *did it to*—the words my mother, no more than Flora, would never bring herself to speak—were simply exciting to me. I didn't feel any decent revulsion or reasonable indignation. I refused the warning. Not even the fate of Ellie could put me off. Not when I thought of that first encounter—the desperation of it, the ripping and striving. I used to sneak longing looks at men, in those days. I admired their wrists and their necks and any bit of their chests a loose button let show, and even their ears and their feet in shoes. I expected nothing reasonable of them, only to be engulfed by their passion. I had similar thoughts about Robert.

What made Flora evil, in my story, was just what made her admirable, in my mother's—her turning away from sex. I fought against everything my mother wanted to tell me on this subject; I despised even the drop in her voice, the gloomy caution, with which she approached it. My mother had grown up in a time and in a place where sex was a dark undertaking for women. She knew that you could die of it. So she honored the decency, the prudery, the frigidity that might protect you. And I grew up in horror of that very protection, the dainty tyranny that seemed to me to extend to all areas of life, to enforce tea parties and white gloves and all other sorts of tinkling inanities. I favored bad words and a breakthrough, I teased myself with the thought of a man's recklessness and domination. The odd thing is that my mother's ideas were in line with some progressive notions of her times, and mine echoed the notions that were favored in my times. This in spite of the fact that we both believed ourselves independent, and lived in backwaters that did not register such changes. It's as if tendencies that seemed most deeply rooted in our minds, most private and singular, had come in as spores on the prevailing wind, looking for any likely place to land, any welcome.

Victoria Roberts

"*Safari, Agnes, is a state of mind.*"

• •

NOT long before she died, but when I was still at home, my mother got a letter from the real Flora. It came from that town near the farm, the town that Flora used to ride to, with Robert, in the cart, holding on to the sacks of wool or potatoes.

Flora wrote that she was no longer living on the farm.

"Robert and Audrey are still there," she wrote. "Robert has some trouble with his back but otherwise he is very well. Audrey has poor circulation and is often short of breath. The doctor says she must lose weight but none of the diets seem to work. The farm has been doing very well. They are out of sheep entirely and into dairy cattle. As you may have heard, the chief thing nowadays is to get your milk quota from the government and then you are set. The old stable is all fixed up with milking machines and the latest modern equipment, it is quite a marvel. When I go out there to visit I hardly know where I am."

She went on to say that she had been living in town for some years now, and that she had a job clerking in a store. She must have said what kind of store this was, but I cannot now remember. She said nothing, of course, about what had led her to this decision—whether she had in fact been put off her own farm, or had sold out her share, apparently not to much advantage. She stressed the fact of her friendliness with Robert and Audrey. She said her health was good.

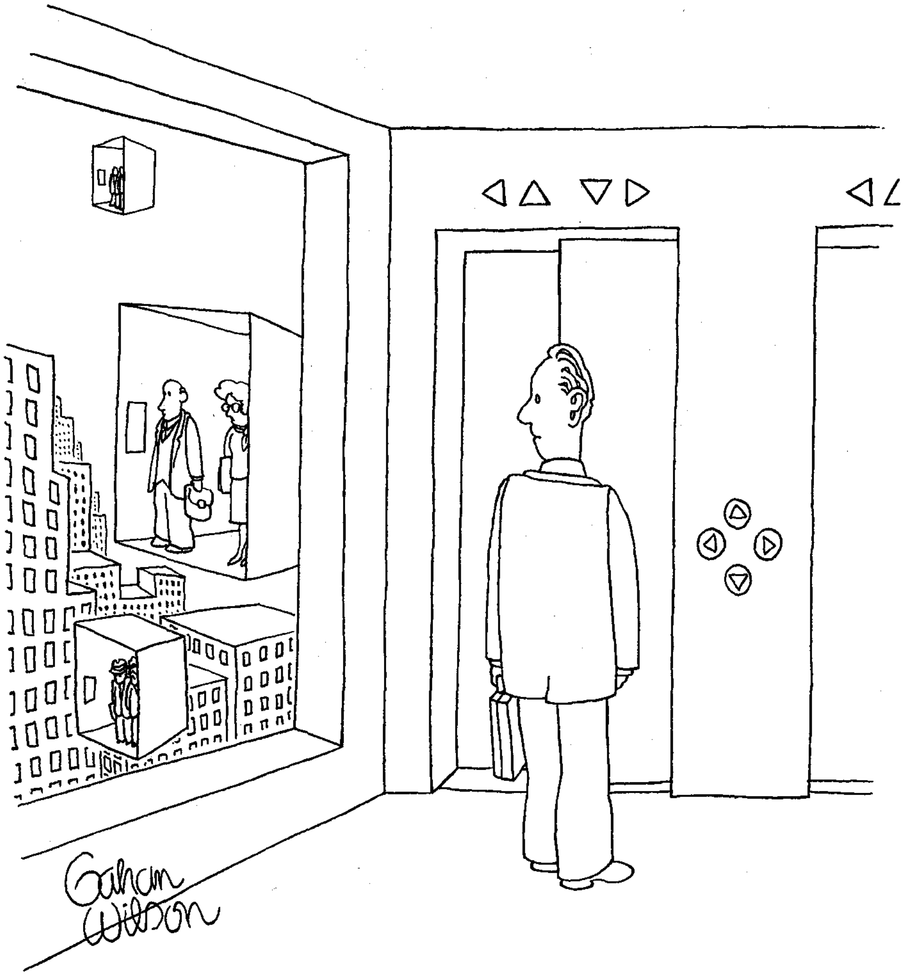
"I hear that you have not been so lucky in that way," she wrote. "I ran into Cleta Barnes, who used to be Cleta Stapleton at the post office out at home, and she told me that there is some problem with your muscles and she said your speech is affected, too. This is sad to hear but they can do such wonderful things nowadays so I am hoping that the doctors may be able to help you."

An unsettling letter, leaving so many things out. Nothing in it about God's will or His role in our afflictions. No mention of whether Flora still went to that church. I don't think my mother ever answered. Her fine legible handwriting, her schoolteacher's writing, had deteriorated, and she had difficulty holding a pen. She was always beginning letters and not finishing them. I would find them lying around the house. *My dearest Mary*, they began. *My darling Ruth*, *My dear little Joanna* (*though I realize you are not little anymore*), *My dear old friend Cleta*, *My lovely Margaret*. These women were friends from her teaching days, her Normal School days, and from high school. A few were former pupils. I have friends all over the country, she would say, defiantly. I have dear, dear friends.

I remember seeing one letter that started out: *Friend of my Youth.* I don't know whom it was to. They were all friends of her youth. I don't recall one that began with *My dear and most admired Flora.* I would always look at them, try to read the salutation and the few sentences she had written, and because I could not bear to feel sadness I would feel an impatience with the flowery language, the direct appeal for love and pity. She would get more of that, I thought (more from myself, I meant), if she could manage to withdraw, with dignity, instead of reaching out all the time to cast her stricken shadow.

I had lost interest in Flora by then. I was always thinking of stories, and by this time I probably had a new one on my mind.

But I have thought of her since. I have wondered what kind of store. A hardware store or a five-and-ten,



where she has to wear a coverall, or a drugstore, where she is uniformed like a nurse, or a Ladies' Wear, where she is expected to be genteelly fashionable? She must have had to learn about food blenders or chain saws, negligees, cosmetics, even condoms. She would have to work all day under electric lights, and operate a cash register. Would she get a permanent, paint her nails, put on lipstick? And she must have found a place to live—a little apartment with a kitchenette, overlooking the main street, or a room in a boarding house. How could she go on being a Cameronian? How could she get to that out-of-the-way church, unless she managed to buy a car and learned to drive it? And if she did that she might drive not only to church but to other places. She might go on holidays. She might rent a cottage on a lake for a week, learn to swim, visit a city. She might eat meals in a restaurant, possibly in a restaurant where drinks were served. She might make friends with women who were divorced.

She might meet a man. A friend's widowed brother, perhaps. A man who did not know that she was a Cameronian or what Cameronians were. Who knew nothing of her story. A man who had never heard about the partial painting of the house or the two betrayals, or that it took all her dignity and innocence to keep her from being a joke. He might want to take her dancing, and she would have to explain that she could not go. He would be surprised but not put off—all that Cameronian business might seem quaint to him, almost charming. So it would to everybody. She was brought up in some weird religion, people would say. She lived a long time out on some godforsaken farm. She is a little bit strange but really quite nice. Nice-looking, too. Especially since she went and got her hair done.

I might go into a store and find her.

No, no. She would be dead a long time now.

But suppose I had gone into a store —perhaps a department store. I see a place with the brisk atmosphere, the straightforward displays, the old-fashioned modern look of the fifties. Suppose a tall, handsome woman, nicely turned out, had come to wait on me, and I had known, somehow, in spite of the sprayed and puffed hair and the pink or coral lips and fingernails —I had known that this was Flora. I would have wanted to tell her that I knew, I knew her story, though we had never met. I imagine myself trying to tell her. (This is a dream now, I understand it as a dream.) I imagine her listening, with a pleasant composure. But she shakes her head. She smiles at me, and in her smile there is a degree of mockery, a faint, self-assured malice. Weariness, as well. She is not surprised that I am telling her this, but she is weary of it, of me and my idea of her, my information, my notion that I can know anything about her.

Of course it's my mother I'm thinking of, my mother as she was in those dreams, saying, It's nothing, just this little tremor, saying with such astonishing lighthearted forgiveness, Oh, I knew you'd come someday. My mother surprising me, and doing it almost indifferently. Her mask, her fate, and most of her affliction, taken away. How relieved I was, and happy. But I now recall that I was disconcerted as well. I would have to say that I felt slightly cheated. Yes. Offended, tricked, cheated, by this welcome turnaround, this reprieve. My mother, moving rather carelessly out of her old prison, showing options and powers I never dreamed she had, changes more than herself. She changes the bitter lump of love I have carried all this time into a phantom —something useless and uncalled for, like a phantom pregnancy.

THE Cameronians, I have discovered, are or were an uncompromising remnant of the Covenanters—those Scots who in the seventeenth century bound themselves, with God, to resist prayer books, bishops, any taint of popery or interference by the King. Their name comes from Richard Cameron, an outlawed or "field" preacher, soon cut down. The Cameronians went into battle singing the Seventy-fourth and the Seventy-eighth Psalms. They hacked the haughty Archbishop of St. Andrews to death on the highway and rode their horses over his body. One of their ministers, in a mood of firm rejoicing at his own hanging, excommunicated all the other preachers in the world.

—ALICE MUNRO

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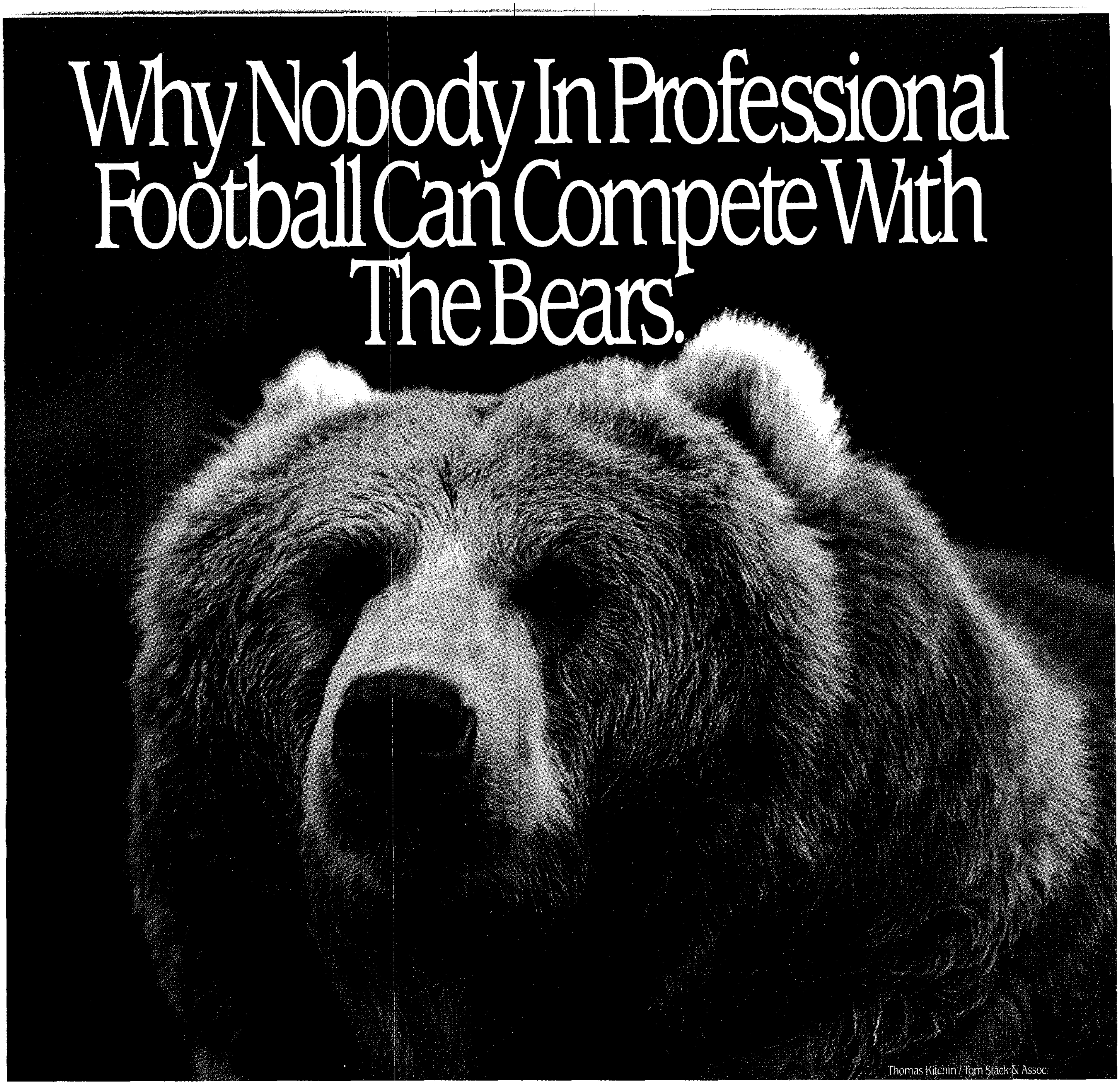
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ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE JOHNSON YEARS: THE OLD AND THE NEW

II—WHIRLWIND

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MEN and women who had a chance to observe Lyndon Johnson closely during the early years of his life—as a youth, as a congressional secretary, as a congressman—speak of his "low" times, when "he got real quiet," and "it was bad." The mid-nineteen-forties, when Johnson, no longer so young, was nearing his fortieth birthday, were "very bad." Although he wanted money, had always wanted it, and now was finally making it—from radio station KTBC, in Austin, which his wife had acquired in 1943—money was not what he wanted most, *needed* most, as had become apparent in 1940, when Johnson turned down a lucrative partnership with the oilman Sid Richardson because, someday, far in the future, it might hurt his chance to be President. The hunger that gnawed at him most deeply was a hunger not for riches but for political power.

In politics, however, he had no place to go. He had run for the Senate in 1941, and lost, when, after apparently defeating W. Lee (Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy) O'Daniel, he had, in a moment of overconfidence on Election Day, allowed the corrupt South Texas border bosses, whose support he had purchased, to report the voting results from their counties too early, thereby allowing O'Daniel to "out-steal" him at the last moment. Now O'Daniel, having won a full term for the Senate in 1942, would occupy a seat in that body until 1948. The term of Texas' other seat was up in 1946, but that seat had been held since 1929 by the unchallengeable Tom Connally. Once, Johnson's future on Capitol Hill had seemed so bright. He and fellow-Representative Warren G. Magnuson, who sat in the seat next to his on the House Naval Affairs Committee, had talked so often about how badly they both wanted to become senators, and they had both assumed that it would be Johnson, with his access to the White House and to campaign funds, who would reach that goal first. But now it was Magnuson who was sitting in the upper house. Indeed, since Johnson had been sworn in as a congressman in May, 1937, fifteen members had advanced to the Senate, while he remained behind. Johnson had once been the "baby" of the twenty-one-man Texas delegation, and considered to have a glowing future on it (when he had been sworn in at the age of twenty-eight, in fact, only two of the four hundred and thirty-five members of the House were younger than he). Now, with his fortieth birthday—August 27, 1948—approaching, many members of the Texas delegation were progressing faster toward committee chairmanships or ranking memberships, passing him on the road to substantial power in the House. The friendship of Sam Rayburn, mighty Speaker of the House, still gave him the aura of an insider, but it was only Rayburn's friendship that did so, and he was getting a little old to still be "Sam Rayburn's Boy." The Texas governorship was a possibility, and, indeed, in 1946 there was speculation that Johnson would run for governor, but on Johnson's road map the governorship—or any other state post—would be only a detour, a detour that might turn into a dead end. State office had no interest for him, he reiterated, whenever the subject was brought up; it was only Washington that interested him. "This is where the action is," he told his aide John Connally (no relation to Tom Connally). "This is where the power is." As for appointive office, he often explained to supporters, "You have to be your own man"—*his* own man, not someone else's; an elected official whose position had been conferred on him by voters, not by one man, who could, on a whim, take the position away. The ladder to his great dream had only three rungs, and appointive office was not one of them. Sometimes, as if he could not endure the frustration of his hopes, what he really wanted burst out of him, as it had one evening in Washington when he snarled to a friend, Welly K. Hopkins, "By *God*, I'll be President someday!" That goal seemed never to leave his mind. Two daughters were born, Lynda Bird Johnson, in 1944, and Lucy Baines Johnson, in 1947. Johnson would later joke that the two daughters were given the same initials as he and his wife, Lady Bird, because "it's cheaper this way, because we can all use the same luggage," but to an assistant with whom he was as intimate as he was with Horace Busby he would be more frank. Presidents, he told the young aide, were known by their initials. "F.D.R.—L.B.J., F.D.R.—L.B.J. Do you get it? What I want is for people to start thinking of

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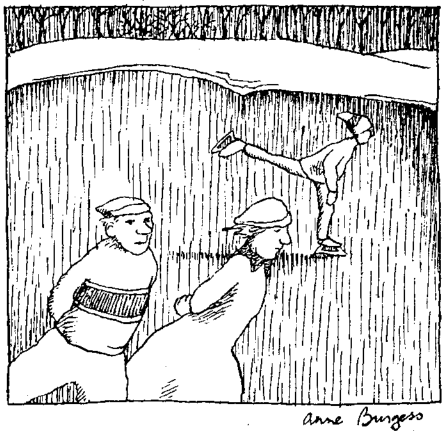
me in terms of initials." Busby explains, "He was just so determined that someday he would be known as L.B.J."

But the goal was getting no closer. He had mapped out his route so long ago, had mapped it out so carefully, had held to it so grimly, had plunged along it so fiercely. But now his progress was halted. He was stuck in the House of Representatives—that House of which he was only an insignificant member. And, to make matters worse, with the death of Franklin Roosevelt and the accession of Harry Truman, who was not particularly fond of him, he suddenly no longer had the prestige of a White House insider. By July, 1945, he was writing to former White House assistant James H. Rowe, Jr., in the tone of a disgruntled outsider. "It is a different town today.... There is little to stimulate one. Just what line [Truman's] subordinates follow has yet to be developed.... Most of our old friends are bewildered." He and Lady Bird, he added, "are giving serious thought to going back to the Hill Country in Texas."

There were constant reminders of his lack of power, not only on Capitol Hill but in his social life. While he had been standing still on the Washington ladder, other members of the little circle of ambitious young friends to which he belonged had been rising, some considerably. He had helped Tom Clark get his first job; Tom Clark was now Attorney General of the United States. Abe Fortas had been only an S.E.C. staffer when they met, and then Under-Secretary of the Interior. But in 1946-47 Fortas formed a law firm with Thurman Arnold and Paul Porter, and that firm quickly became a power unto itself in Washington. Even Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas, so admiring of Lyndon Johnson, later recalled that "after Abe got his law firm, Lyndon Johnson was nowhere compared to Abe Fortas."

As Johnson grew older, moreover, his anxieties were deepened by another consideration—one that during these years sometimes seemed to loom before him more ominously than any other. According to family lore, Johnson men had weak hearts and died young. All during his youth, Lyndon had heard relatives say that. Then, while he was still in college, and his father, Sam Ealy Johnson, was only in his early fifties, his father's heart had begun to fail, and Sam Ealy had died, in 1937, twelve days after his sixtieth birthday. Sam Ealy Johnson had two brothers, George and Tom. George, the youngest brother, suffered a massive heart attack in 1939 and died a few months later, at the age of fifty-seven. In 1946, at the age of sixty-five, Tom suffered a heart attack, and in 1947 he had a second. Lyndon Johnson, who had always been deeply aware of his remarkable physical similarity to his tall, gawky, big-eared, big-nosed father, was convinced—convinced to what one of his secretaries calls "the point of obsession"—that he had inherited the family legacy. "I'm not gonna live to be but sixty," he would say. "My daddy died at sixty. My uncle . . ." He had no patience with attempts to argue him out of this belief; once, when a friend was trying to reassure him that he would not die young, he looked at her scornfully and said flatly, "It's a lead-pipe cinch." The long, slow, seniority-dominated path to power in the House might be the only one open to him, but it was not a path it was feasible for him to follow. When it was suggested that he might make his career in the House of Representatives, he would sometimes reply, in a low voice, "Too slow. Too slow." Rayburn had begun trudging along that path early—he had been only thirty when he was first elected to Congress, in 1912—and had become Majority Leader in 1937; he had not become Speaker until 1940, at the age of fifty-eight. But Sam Johnson had died at the age of sixty. And what if the Democrats should not be in control of the House when Johnson's chance came? The path to power in the House—the silence, the obeisance—was not too narrow for Lyndon Johnson, who could follow surefootedly the narrowest political road. But it was too long.



There was, moreover, another point of comparison with his father, one about which he spoke with his brother, Sam Houston Johnson (and perhaps only with his brother). Their father had never been able to recover from the single great mistake he had made: the payment of a ruinously high price for the Johnson Ranch, in the Pedernales Valley. Lyndon Johnson had made one mistake—in that 1941 Senate race. Was he, too, never to be able to recover? Was he never to get a chance to come back? His early rise had been so fast. He had been a congressman at twenty-eight. Now his career had been stalled—stalled for nine years, and then ten and eleven. He talked endlessly about his fate: about the election that had been "stolen" from him; about the bad advice he had received not to contest that election, because he would soon get another opportunity; about the war, which had prevented him from using that opportunity; about the ingratitude of the young men who had not, upon their return from the war, rejoined his organization. And worse (in the words of one friend, "much worse") were the times when he wasn't complaining: when, alone with only one or two friends, his voice getting very low, he would talk dispassionately, almost without emotion, about his chances of advancing his political career in the House in which he had now spent so many years—the House, to which he had come when he was young, and in which he was trapped, no longer young. Horace Busby says, "He was thirty-nine years old. He believed, and he believed it really quite sincerely . . . that when a man reached forty, it was all over. And he was going to be forty in 1948. And there was no bill ever passed by Congress that bore his name; he had done very little in his life."

As always, his moods soared and sank, but when they sank now they seemed to sink lower—and to stay down longer. The years 1946 and 1947—especially 1947, when Lyndon Johnson marked *ten years* in the House that he had been anxious to leave almost from the day he got there—were filled with periods of deepening depression. With his younger aides, for whom it was important that he be the confident leader in whom they could safely repose their own confidence, he wore a mask of self-assurance, but people who knew him better were worried

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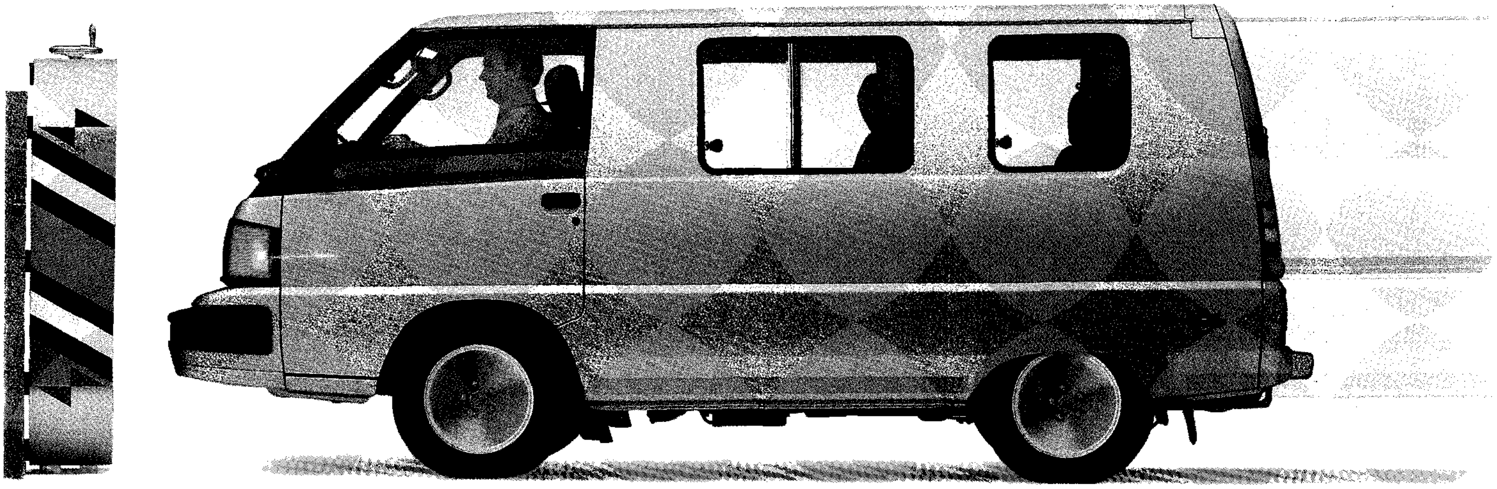

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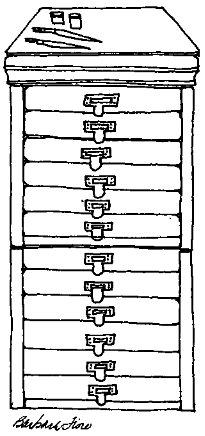
about him. "He lost some of his drive, periodically pausing in the middle of his still-crowded work day to stare out the window with a troubled look in his eyes," his brother was to write. "He might spend a half-hour that way. Then he would suddenly busy himself with paper work and long phone calls, driving himself and his staff as never before." A severe eczema-like rash on his hands, always a sign of tension and unhappiness, had bothered him intermittently for years. Now it returned and remained, making his fingers terribly dry, scaly, and painful. Doctors prescribed various ointments, and he often had parts of his fingers wrapped in gauze—to little effect. A salve called Lubriderm brought temporary relief, and Johnson often kept a bowl of it on his desk, and continually dipped his hands in it. The rash was particularly annoying when he was signing his mail, because the edges of papers made little slits in the dry, raw skin, and even one drop of blood could mess up a letter. Gene Latimer, a former aide who returned to work for Johnson in May of 1946, would see him "driving himself late at night . . . signing mountains of letters with his right hand frequently wrapped in a hand towel to keep blood from dripping"; the rash "made him suffer with each signature," Latimer said. But when Latimer pleaded with the "Chief" he adored to stop signing, Johnson just shook his head. The signing routine seemed to soothe him, Latimer felt, as if, thinking about the mail, he was able for a while to stop thinking about his larger problems. Johnson was smoking more and more—three packs a day; he seemed now to be always holding a cigarette, and his fingers were stained yellow with nicotine. Sometimes, lighting a fresh cigarette, he bent over, head low as he took his first puff, inhaled deeply ("really sucking it in," an aide says), and sat like that, head bowed, cigarette still in his mouth, for a long minute, as if to allow the soothing smoke to penetrate as deeply as possible into his body.



Those years were punctuated, as were other periods of crisis throughout his life, by sickness. Just after New Year's Day in 1946, for example, he was hospitalized in Austin's Seton Infirmary. His illness was variously referred to in the press and in letters to constituents as "flu" or "pneumonia," and some of his symptoms were consistent with these diagnoses. Other symptoms, however, were not. Asked about Johnson's hospitalization, his aide Walter Jenkins used the term "nervous exhaustion." Jenkins also said, "It was bad." He refused to describe Johnson's illness in any greater detail. Whatever its nature, recovery was not rapid. On January 19th, his aides were saying, to inquiries, that "he hopes to return to Washington almost any day now," and that he was still in Texas only because of an inability to obtain train or plane reservations. He was still in Seton Infirmary a week later, though, and when, after almost a month in the hospital, he returned to Washington he was confined to his bed in his house there. On February 7th, he wrote his cousin Oreole, "I am still having trouble with my throat," and was undergoing a new round of tests at a hospital. On February 12th, he was still ill. In March, he was hospitalized for a painful attack of kidney stones—a recurrent affliction—and in October he spent another three weeks in the Seton Infirmary and then in the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota, for a bronchial infection: the third time he was hospitalized that year.

Another Senate election would be held in Texas in 1948—an election in which, he, Lyndon Johnson, would be a long shot, not only against the incumbent, Pappy O'Daniel, but against any one of a number of candidates who had statewide reputations, for although his 1941 campaign for the Senate had brought him name recognition across the entire state, the intervening seven years had largely erased it: his name was little known to the electorate outside his own district. And he wouldn't have Roosevelt's name behind him this time. His chances of winning a 1948 election were not good.

Moreover, while the 1941 campaign had been a special election to fill a vacated seat, 1948 would be a regular election. Texas law prohibited a candidate from running for two offices in the same election. To run for the Senate, he would have to relinquish his House seat, and if he lost the Senate election he might not be able to take the Tenth District seat back from his successor. And would he want to return to the House? If he returned, it would be without even the seniority he had accumulated. And why would he want to return, even with seniority? The House held nothing for him. If he lost in a race for the Senate in 1948, he might well be out of politics—the politics that were his life—forever. He could hardly bear to take the chance, to risk so much, on a single throw of the dice. "At first," he was to tell his biographer Doris Kearns, "I just could not bear the thought of losing everything."

But what choice did he have? Other public officials in Washington would not take such a risk, if taking it meant they might, should they lose, have to leave Washington; other congressmen and senators talked of how they were anxious not to return to the towns or cities from which they had come, because they would miss the excitement and glamour of Washington, or the ability to be at the center of things. But it wasn't the excitement or glamour that Lyndon Johnson most wanted, but power. To stay on in Washington without it was intolerable to him. And since power—substantial power—was not possible for him in the House, he had no choice, really. He had to try for the Senate. However great the sacrifice he might have to make—the sacrifice of his House seat—to enter the Senate race, and however long the odds against him in that race might be, he had to enter.

To his young aides, and to young supporters, like John Connally and J. J. (Jake) Pickle, who were no longer members of his staff but whose assistance he would need, he maintained a pose of indecision, but to the men on whom he depended most, the inner circle of senior advisers who would guide his campaign—George R. Brown and his brother Herman, whose Brown & Root contracting firm had bankrolled and benefitted from Johnson's political career; the influential Austin attorneys Alvin J. Wirtz, Everett L. Looney, and Edward A. Clark—he said that he would try once more, that he would make another run for the Senate in 1948. If he lost, he told them, he would not attempt to reënter politics. After almost twenty years, after so much effort and striving,

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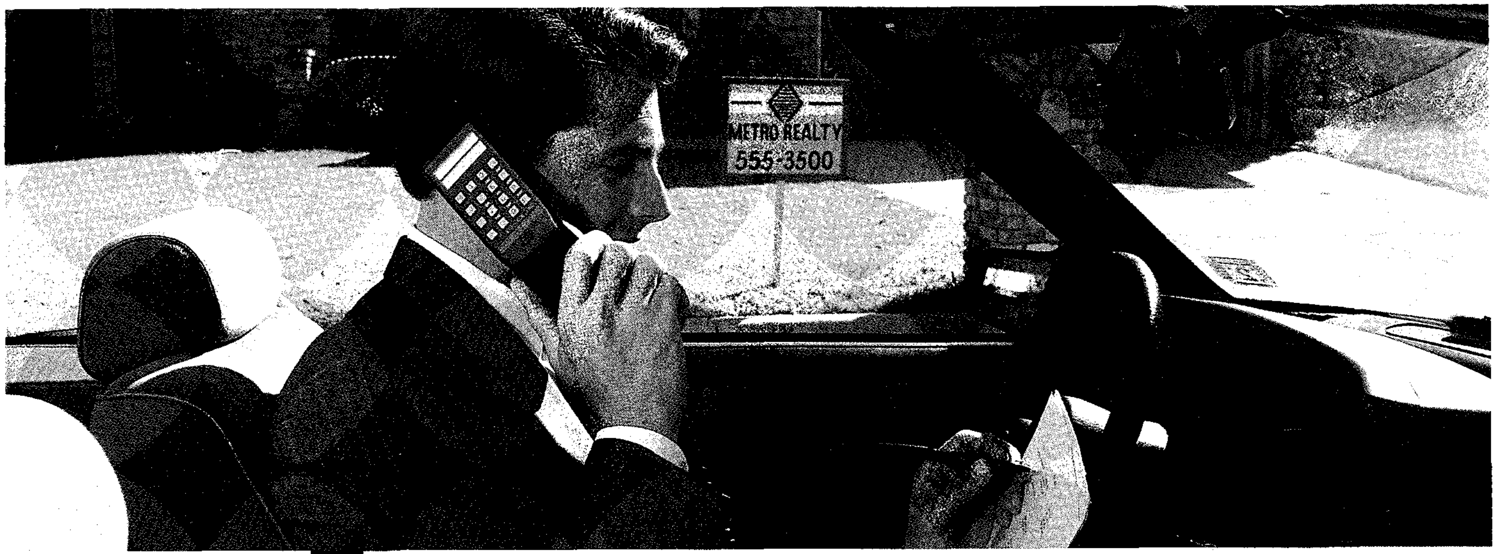

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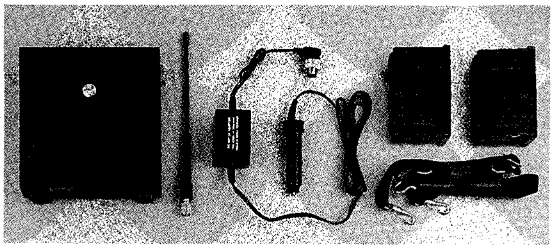

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his career had boiled down to one last chance.

FOR a time late in 1947, after he had made his decision, that chance appeared to brighten. During that year, Pappy O'Daniel's popularity had been rapidly eroding, because of buffoonery on the Senate floor and reports that he had been profiteering in Washington real estate, and it was becoming apparent that he was deciding not to run again. But then came rumors—confirmed in an announcement on New Year's Day, 1948—that former Governor Coke Stevenson would come out of retirement and enter the race.

The vivid panorama of Stevenson's life—his rise from cowboy (a great rider in his youth) to self-educated bank bookkeeper to self-educated lawyer to governor; his deep love for the ranch he had built up with his own hands and on which he still herded cattle and did most of the manual labor himself—had become famous in Texas, as had his political philosophy, a fierce frontier democracy uncompromising in its belief in freedom of the individual, and in its near reverence for the word "conservative." ("Cherish the old," he said.) Stevenson's incorruptibility in a state capital known for its corruption had become a part of Texas folklore, as had his distaste for all the meaner aspects of politics: he refused to make campaign promises and to campaign other than in the style of the Old West, in which a candidate simply travelled from one county seat to another delivering a speech in each to a handful of voters. His popularity had become a part of that folklore, too. This tall, broad-shouldered rancher with a weathered face and a slow cowboy drawl, who had violated most of the rules of Texas political campaigning—who had been considered a terrible campaigner—was in fact the most popular governor in the state's history, the only man ever to carry all two hundred and fifty-four counties in a contested Democratic gubernatorial primary. And he was, moreover, a public official who had risen above politics to become a legend: the "Cowboy Governor," he was called—or, simply, "Mr. Texas."

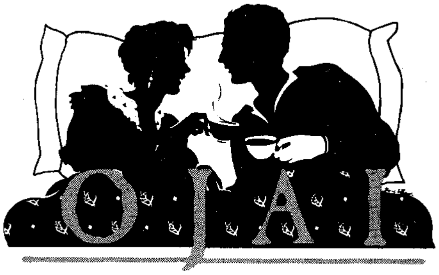
Ten days after Stevenson entered the race, Johnson got a break. A fifty-five-year-old Houston attorney, George E. B. Peddy, announced that he was entering. A former state legislator, who had polled a hundred and thirty thousand votes as a candidate for United States senator in 1922, he had been an officer in both World Wars and was widely known, and respected, in statewide veterans' organizations. He was, moreover, regarded as a symbol of uncompromising conservatism, and his numerous family was well known in ultra-conservative Deep East Texas. He had no chance to win, but he would certainly draw a significant number of votes in East Texas—and the votes he would draw would be Coke Stevenson's.

Nonetheless, polls could not have heartened Johnson. A Belden Poll, the Texas version of the Gallup Poll, taken in February, by which time it was obvious that O'Daniel would not be running, showed that Stevenson was the choice of a higher percentage of voters than Johnson, Peddy, and all minor candidates combined. Nor could Johnson have been heartened by the attitude of the press—which was that of course Coke would win. Who could possibly beat him? The only question was whether the former Governor would win a majority in the primary, on July 24th, or whether Peddy and other minor right-wing candidates would siphon off enough of the conservative vote to deny him a majority and force him into a second primary, which would be held, if necessary, on August 28th. As one writer put it, "that strong, silent man on his isolated ranch in the Hill Country fastness holds no public office at this time, but he is considered . . . the most potent political force in the state."

LYNDON JOHNSON's career had been marked at every stage by a repetition of vivid patterns in both his political behavior and his personality. Now, in this crucial, perhaps final, moment of that career—in this long-shot last chance—these patterns reëmerged, sharper than ever.

One pattern was the use of money as a lever to move the political world.

Stevenson's campaigns had always been adequately financed—not that his type of campaigning required much financing. Although his incorruptibility annoyed big-business lobbyists, big business had contributed to his campaigns nonetheless, because of its Darwinian, survival-of-the-fittest philosophy, into which his laissez-faire philosophy so easily shaded, and because



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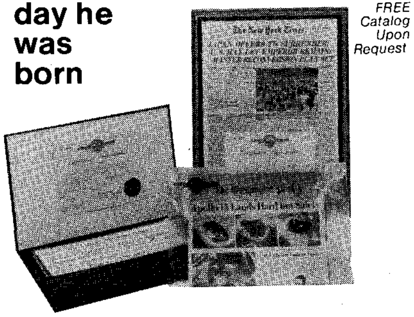

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his "economy" style of government was agreeable to men who felt that it was their taxes that paid for government services. Stevenson's campaigns, however, had been financed on the traditional Texas scale: a rough rule of thumb, occasionally violated, among Texas politicians in those years was that a respectable statewide campaign could be waged for between seventy-five thousand and a hundred thousand dollars. Johnson was thinking of money on a completely different scale. He always had. His first campaign for Congress, in 1937, had been one of the most expensive congressional campaigns—possibly *the* most expensive congressional campaign—in the history of Texas. During his first Senate campaign, in 1941, men had handed him (or handed to his aides, for his use) checks or envelopes stuffed with cash—checks and cash in amounts unprecedented even in the free-spending world of Texas politics—and with these contributions, of hundreds of thousands of dollars, he had waged the most expensive senatorial campaign in Texas political history. Now, in his last chance, he planned to use money on a scale unprecedented even for him.

He had it to use. After his 1941 Senate campaign, George Brown had delivered to him Herman Brown's pledge to finance a second Senate campaign as lavishly as he had financed the first. Since that time, the federal contracts Johnson obtained for Brown & Root had got bigger; profits had mounted from millions of dollars to tens of millions, and, at the same time, Herman Brown had glimpsed the wealth that could come to his company through the efforts of a senator rather than a mere representative. In 1947, the pledge was renewed: if Lyndon wanted to run, the money would be there—as much as was needed.

AMONG the ways in which Johnson was thinking of using money in the campaign were ways that would revolutionize Texas politics.

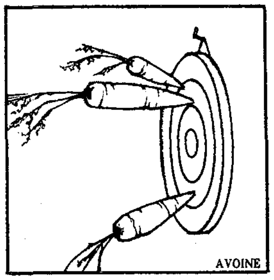
Politics was already changing, becoming more scientific, more technical, more media-oriented. Polling, for example, was growing more common. But no politician in Texas had ever used polls as Johnson wanted to use them. A statewide poll in the nineteen-forties cost about six thousand dollars, so politicians commissioned them sparingly—perhaps once a month, or three or four during a campaign, at most. Johnson wanted polling done not monthly but weekly, and each week he wanted nearly identical polls done not by one firm but by two or three. "He wanted to be able to compare them on every point," Ed Clark recalls. Johnson was talking about not three or four polls but thirty or forty. And, as Johnson explained to his advisers what type of polls he wanted, the more perceptive of them realized that their Chief was talking about something new to politics: he wanted polls that revealed not only voter preferences but the depth of those preferences, how the preferences were changing—and how they might be changed: "He was interested in what today we would call the degree-of-strength support, in trends and in interest in issues," John Connally says. Issues, to Johnson, had never been anything more than campaign fodder; in every campaign he had run, he had simply tested, and discarded, one issue after another until he found one that, in his word, "touched"—influenced—voters. ("We didn't care if the argument was true or not," Vernon Whiteside, one of his allies in a college election, recalls. "We just kept trying to find one that touched.") Now he would no longer have to guess which issues were "touching": a scientific measurement was available to him. Such in-depth polls would cost more than ordinary polls. At first, Clark blanched at the cost. "I didn't know where he was going to get the money for it," he says. But Clark was closely connected with Brown & Root; he soon realized that in this campaign cost was not a consideration: "Whatever was needed would be there."

Radio had been an integral part of politics in Texas ever since Pappy O'Daniel, a onetime broadcaster for a flour company, whose homey sermons and popular hillbilly band had livened the company's radio show, started selling himself instead of flour. But no politician, including O'Daniel, had ever used radio with the sophistication with which Johnson was planning to use it. In the past, radio politics had meant speeches, mostly by the candidate, occasionally by supporters. Johnson, whose KTBC activities had made him knowledgeable about radio, wanted not only speeches but slick, "produced" shows, with scripts and music, professionally written, directed, and narrated. And he wanted to use radio on a scale unprecedented in a political campaign. He wanted to be on the air himself every day—several times a day—over a statewide network of stations. He wanted key supporters—the noted stem-winding Judge Roy Hofheinz, of Houston, for example—

"To women—the gatekeepers!"

on the air frequently, also over statewide networks. Since a single statewide broadcast cost between five thousand and eight thousand dollars, Connally realized that Johnson was talking about an expenditure unheard of in Texas campaigning, which traditionally had placed considerable emphasis on a candidate's driving from county seat to county seat, speaking at each county courthouse, giving occasional radio addresses. Connally realized that Johnson was talking about revolutionizing Texas politics. Thanks to polling, Johnson would be able to discover exactly what issues "touched" Texas voters. And when he found one that "touched" he could hammer it into the voters' consciousness—through speeches on the radio, through ads on the radio, through ads in newspapers, through mailings—with a repetitiveness whose scale alone would be a significant factor in the transformation of Texas politics which he was planning.

And Connally also realized how money could specifically help against a candidate like Coke Stevenson. With the media politics that Johnson was planning, the influence of money would be magnified. "In politics you have to say something over and over and over to get voters to be aware of it," Connally explains. "One-day play—that's all you get out of any speech." But Stevenson, he felt, would go on making speeches at courthouses, and not making much use of the media. And even if Coke wanted to, Connally felt, he couldn't. Media meant money, and, Connally says, Coke Stevenson "didn't know how to raise money." Besides, Stevenson *wouldn't* want to; he had been campaigning the old way for so long, and so successfully, that he wouldn't realize the power of the new politics—until it was too late. "He didn't know how to advertise, he didn't know how to use the press," Connally says. Ol' Coke, Lyndon Johnson's bright young men felt, was not going to change. The 1948 campaign would therefore present a dramatic contrast: on the one hand, a lone campaigner travelling from town to town by auto, speaking on courthouse lawns to small audiences; on the other hand, a candidate whose words would be brought several times each day into homes throughout Texas. Ol' Coke would campaign in the old way; Lyndon would campaign in the new. And, Johnson's men believed, no matter how popular Coke was, no matter how snugly his views dovetailed with the views of the electorate, the new way gave Lyndon Johnson a chance. Talking about it almost forty years later, John Connally grew excited. "This [the 1948 Senate campaign] was the beginning of modern politics," he said. "You saw . . . the small level of money" that had been employed before. "And this was the first big election in Texas since 1941. It was the dawn of a whole new era." Other young politicians recall their excitement at the time. Joe M. Kilgore, who would later be a congressman from a district in the Rio Grande Valley, says that Connally and Johnson came to the Valley in 1947, when Kilgore was still a young state legislator from McAllen. For several days, Kilgore recalls, the three men drove around the Valley, and "the entire conversation was political. The entire conversation was how he would run the campaign." The possibility that Stevenson might run was explored. At the beginning of these long days in the car, Kilgore had not believed that any candidate could possibly defeat the beloved Cowboy Governor. But after those days Kilgore changed his mind. He says of Johnson, "He had a better understanding of campaign organization than Coke Stevenson did—of the use of radio, of the use of the press, of the organizing of local political people. He was fascinating. Knowledgeable. I felt, He can win!"



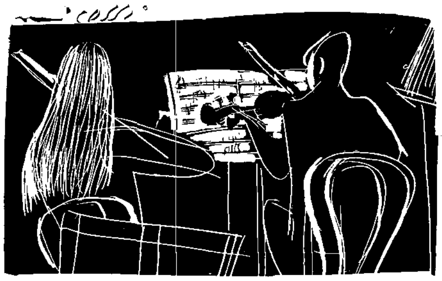
ALMOST every great crisis of Johnson's career had been accompanied by a crisis in his health, but he had done his best not to let it interfere, complaining endlessly, loudly, violently about the illness yet, even while complaining, refusing as long as possible to give in to it, fighting against pain and weakness with an endurance that was more than physical, spending his energy with a prodigality that would have exhausted the energy of a well man—and then finding more energy. In his first, desperate campaign as an unknown candidate for Congress, eleven years before, he had kept going for days while complaining of stomach cramps, unable to eat, gagging and vomiting when he tried to choke food down, doubling over in pain yet refusing to cancel a single speech or a single long day's campaigning over bumpy Hill Country roads. He had kept going for so many days while making these complaints that his aides no longer took them seriously—until, two days before the election, during a speech in a county courthouse, he could not, even by grasping the courtroom railing in front of him, hold himself erect any longer, and consented at last to be taken to the hospital, where doctors found his appendix on the point of rupturing and operated immediately. Now, in this the greatest crisis of his career, illness flared up again—and again Lyndon Johnson fought the weakness with his will.

For several days before he formally entered the campaign, on May 12th, he had been feeling the familiar dull abdominal ache, accompanied by nausea, that by now he knew signalled the formation of another kidney stone, and the pain grew steadily worse. Doctors advised a few days of bed rest, in the hope that the stone would pass, but Johnson said there was no time for that. Then, a day or two before the Saturday-night rally in Austin's Wooldridge Park that would open his campaign on May 22nd, the ache changed to the sharp, gripping, radiating cramps in the back and side of "kidney colic," a pain that comes and goes in waves so intense that medical textbooks describe it as "agonizing" and "unbearable"; one says that "few bodily complaints . . . demand immediate relief so urgently"; doctors class kidney colic as one of the three or four most intense pains that a human being can suffer. The nausea grew worse; he began gagging on food when he tried to eat; sometimes he vomited. More significant, he was running a fever—a sign that infection was beginning. His doctors increased the doses of painkiller (morphine or Demerol), which gave him temporary relief, but told him that this stone did not appear to be passing, and reminded him that as long as the stone passed within a few days probably no permanent damage to the kidneys would result but that if it did not pass the danger of irreparable loss of kidney function was real. It was time, they said, to consider an operation to remove the stone. The operation was a relatively simple one, but, Johnson was told, the recovery period would be a minimum of six weeks. Primary Day was nine weeks away. If he had any possibility of catching Coke Stevenson, an operation would end it. The campaign would, in effect, be over. His political career would be over.

Johnson refused even to discuss the possibility of an operation. He had had stones before, and he had always passed them, he said. He would pass this one, too, and then everything would be O.K. "I'll pass it, I'll pass it," he said. "I've had this before. Just leave me alone." Early on the morning of the Wooldridge Park campaign kickoff, however, both the pain and the fever became more acute, and every time he attempted to eat he gagged. The pain, and the worry about its effect on his campaign—on his last chance—combined with the fever and the tension that always preceded crucial public appearances to produce a frenzy that came close to hysteria. One of his speechwriters, Paul Bolton, arriving late that afternoon at Johnson's Austin apartment to give him the final draft of the evening's speech, encountered Dr. William Morgan, Johnson's physician, on the stairs. When he asked Dr. Morgan how Johnson was feeling, Bolton recalls, the doctor "just shook his head. He wouldn't say a word. My heart sank." And when Bolton entered the apartment the Congressman was standing in the middle of the living room, "mother naked—obviously sick, and obviously he had been shot full of painkillers." He began to rant, his arms flailing. Lady Bird was attempting to soothe him, and to get him dressed for the speech, but with little result. "I was aghast," Bolton recalls. "I was scared half silly." During the few minutes before Lady Bird shooed Bolton out, Johnson kept saying he was determined to give the speech, but the speechwriter remembers that he did not believe it possible. He drove to Wooldridge Park "very much in a turmoil." But then, right on schedule, Lyndon Johnson's car pulled up to the park, and the Congressman got out. As he waved to supporters and told Lady Bird to go up on the stage ahead of him, he was poised, smiling, "all dressed up," Bolton recalls, "in his well-tailored clothes, looked like he was feeling beautiful." He didn't merely walk onto the stage, which had been cleared of everybody except his wife and his mother (both dressed completely in white); he ran out onto it, "head thrown back," Bolton says, "hands in the air," and flung his Stetson into the crowd with a carefree, sweeping gesture. "He was a great figure of a triumphant warrior going to war."

The speech itself, broadcast over a twenty-station network, repeated themes ("Peace, Preparedness, and Progress") familiar to Johnson's supporters. Its tone was militaristic. "Preparedness" is the only weapon with which to halt the "surging blood-red tide of Communism," he said. "Only the narrow straits of the Bering Sea separate Alaska from the menace of Eurasia, and in frozen winters a man can walk those straits. Moscow is only eighteen hours in the air from Detroit." America "must not surrender to the barbaric hordes of godless men in Eurasia. . . . We must stand up to the war-makers and say, this far and no farther." On civil rights he attacked President Truman's attempts to create a Fair Employment Practices Commission ("because if a man can tell you whom you must hire, he can tell you whom you cannot employ") and to end the poll tax (because "it is the province of the state to run its own elections"). He was against proposed laws against lynching, "because the federal government has no more business enacting a law against one form of murder than against another." As in 1941, he was trying to act statesmanlike and senatorial, which meant that he bellowed the speech. But after he finished he shook hands with the audience—and didn't leave until he had shaken every hand offered.

Bolton's astonishment at Johnson's performance was no greater than that of Dr. Morgan, who said later that he had given Johnson "several shots of painkiller that day and that he didn't know how in the world a man could keep functioning in the pain that he was in from a kidney stone." During the night following the speech, Johnson's condition did not improve. But he was scheduled to leave his house at 7 A.M. for a four-day campaign swing through the Panhandle. It was a vital trip; the Panhandle was the first area targeted in the campaign because he was so little known there, and no time must be lost in trying to make a dent in Stevenson's support there. And tied in with the tour was an event—still secret—that Johnson believed would dramatize what he could do for Texas as a senator. Midway through the tour of the Panhandle, he was to break off for a trip to Dallas. There he would meet Air Force Secretary Stuart Symington, and, following the meeting, he would return to Wichita Falls to make a dramatic announcement—that that city's Sheppard Air Force Base, whose closing had been scheduled, would remain open. Symington had agreed to meet personally with Johnson in Dallas, so that the Congressman could say that in the meeting he had persuaded the Secretary to reverse the previous decision and keep the base open. If Johnson couldn't be there, the announcement would lose much of its drama. At 7 A.M. Sunday, Johnson was at the front door of his house, waiting to go.



Sunday was a long day. From Austin the candidate, accompanied by Bolton and Warren G. Woodward, a twenty-five-year-old wartime pilot, who was Johnson's devoted congressional aide, flew north to San Angelo and then on to Abilene and Lubbock, rushing to the telephone in each airport to call the local newspaper publisher and influential supporters; arriving that evening in Amarillo, he first gave a speech over the local radio station and then held a series of meetings with his press supporters and the key oilmen there.

Because Woodward was going to be Johnson's personal attendant, John Connally had been unable to avoid giving him some details of the candidate's physical condition, although, following Johnson's injunction to secrecy, he had told him as little as possible, and had certainly given the young ex-pilot no inkling of the possible seriousness of Johnson's illness. Prepared or not, however, Woodward soon knew that something was very wrong—and rapidly getting worse. By the time they arrived in Amarillo that first evening, he recalls, "I noticed him

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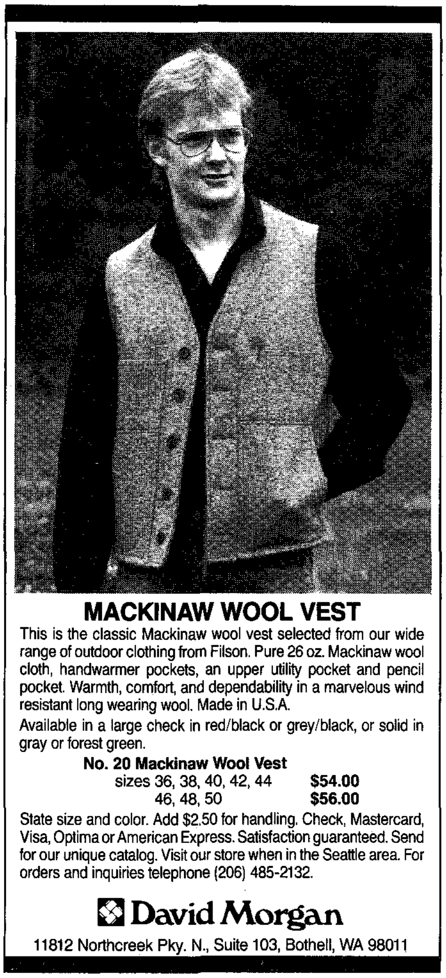

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beginning to perspire and look feverish. It was obvious that he was getting progressively more uncomfortable." He gave him the pills Dr. Morgan had sent along, and aspirin, and "he just kept going."

Monday and Tuesday were worse. The periodic waves of agonizing pain, which might last an hour or more, had begun radiating now from the back around into the groin, and then, finally, down into the testicles—a signal that a stone has passed from the kidney into the ureter, the narrow tube that connects the kidney to the bladder. Johnson's fever, moreover, was climbing; by noon on Monday, Woodward was worried about "having enough shirts"; Johnson's face seemed constantly covered "with beads of perspiration." Although he always perspired profusely, this was especially dramatic: Woodward gave the candidate a new shirt at every opportunity—six or seven a day—but it seemed to be soaked through almost as soon as Johnson put it on. Choking down even a few mouthfuls of food grew harder and harder, and finally he all but gave up trying to eat.

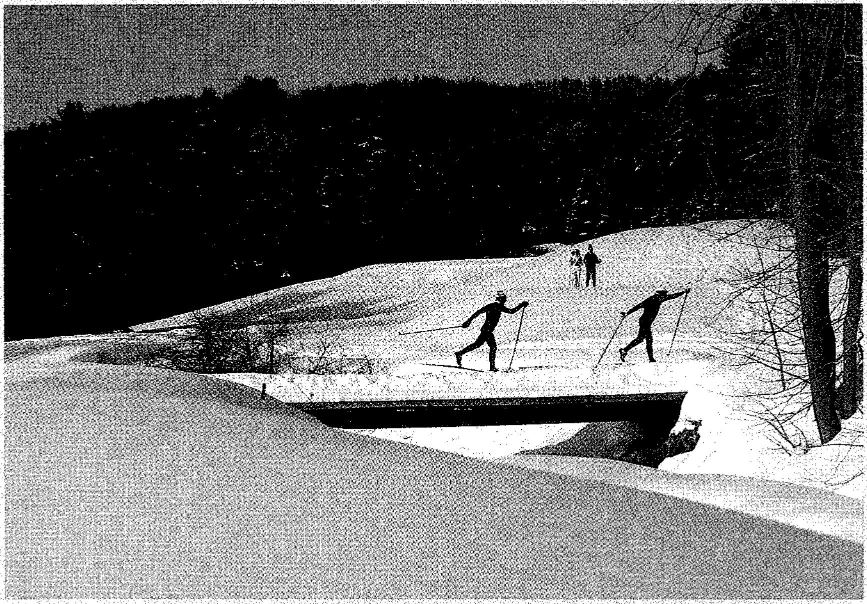
But he didn't give up campaigning. He could get some relief from the pain by lying down; the moment he stood up, it got worse. On Monday and Tuesday, however, not only did Lyndon Johnson drive hundreds of miles between the towns and small cities in the Panhandle—Borger and Pampa and Mobeetie and Floydada—in which campaign appearances had been scheduled; he spent hours walking the streets, shaking hands, and made speech after speech to chambers of commerce and service clubs. On Tuesday, the candidate's fever was clearly higher. The terrible cramps grew so bad that sometimes, in the privacy of a car or in a bathroom, he would double over, clutching his groin and gasping for breath. But that was only in private. In public, on speakers' platforms or on the streets of a town shaking hands, while voters might have noticed that the candidate was sweating a lot, the only expression they saw on his face was a smile, and his handshake was as firm and friendly as ever. Tuesday was a very long day. Johnson's first appearance was at 6 A.M., and at eleven that night he was still shaking hands. And from the beginning of that day to the end Lyndon Johnson never left a room until the last hand in it had been shaken. He cut not a single line out of a speech. The "unbearable" pain was being borne. Somehow, Warren Woodward says, "he got through those days."

All this time, of course, the young aide was first suggesting and then begging his Chief to see a doctor. Each suggestion was rejected. "It never entered his mind that he wasn't going to pass this stone," Woodward says. "Therefore, he felt it was a personal trial of his; he just had to tough it out until that stone passed. So all we could do for him was try to keep his fever down by aspirin and maybe some medicine for pain. That was it, and the rest was up to him. And that was his mood." Johnson ordered Woodward not to tell anyone at campaign headquarters back in Austin that he was sick—just to say he was fine.

Tuesday night, however, was, in Woodward's phrase, "a wild night." At about eleven o'clock, Johnson, together with his two aides, boarded a Pullman for the three-hundred-mile trip to Dallas and his meeting the next afternoon with Symington. Bolton disembarked midway, in Wichita Falls, to prepare for Johnson's return there the next night, when he was to give the speech announcing that Sheppard Air Force Base would remain open. Woodward's lower berth was directly across from Johnson's, and neither man got much sleep. By this time, his temperature soaring, Johnson was suffering alternately from what Woodward says were "the most severe fever and chills I had ever seen," and throughout the night Johnson would shout across the aisle, "Woody!" Jumping up, in his pajamas, Woodward would cross the aisle and open the curtains of Johnson's berth. "Get this window open!" Johnson would say, and Woodward would see sweat pouring off him from his fever. "Finally," Woodward recalls, "the fever would pass and he'd maybe doze off for a little bit." Woodward would close the window. Then a chill would come. The chills were very bad: "He was just shaking uncontrollably." Woodward got the porter to collect all his spare blankets and pile them on Johnson, but they didn't help. "I'm freezing, Woody! I'm freezing!" Johnson would cry. He asked Woodward to get into bed with him, and Woodward did, and wrapped his arms around him "to try to give some heat from my body over to his and try to keep him warm." Then, "when he would start the perspiring period," Johnson would say, "Get this window open!" and, after a while, shaking and shivering with cold again, he would order Woody to get back into his berth and hug him again. Sometimes Johnson would doze, and Woodward would return to his own berth, but he never got more than a few minutes' rest before Johnson's voice shouted "Woody!" across the aisle.

The next morning at nine, when the train arrived in Dallas' Union Terminal, Woodward, absolutely alone now with a desperately ill candidate, managed to get Johnson dressed and over to their suite at the Baker Hotel, where the Congressman went to bed. He asked Johnson if he could summon a doctor, or, at least, telephone headquarters back in Austin and tell them what was happening. "He said no, that he was still determined that the stone was going to pass." For some hours, Johnson lay in bed, "literally just racked with fever and chills." Although he had barely eaten for almost three days, he had no appetite. Woodward tried to get him to eat, but Johnson couldn't; he would have vomited, Woodward explains, "but there was no food in him, so he only gagged." Occasionally, he would groan. By this time, Woodward was convinced that Johnson could not possibly get back on a train, return to Wichita Falls, and make the scheduled speech. He asked whether he could at least telephone Bolton in Wichita Falls and tell him to cancel the speech, but Johnson, he recalls, "continued to believe" he would be able to make the speech, and refused to listen to any suggestion that he wouldn't: "He was going to Wichita Falls with an important message. The Air Force base was going to be kept open. There just wasn't any way he was going to miss this opportunity." Johnson was, in Woodward's careful words, "getting a little more irritable about this time." Woodward did not telephone anyone. But by the afternoon he could not bear it any longer. He felt that if Symington knew the situation he could persuade Johnson at least to get some medical assistance. "You have to remember I was a first lieutenant, and this was the Secretary of the

The four seasons of Woodstock, Vermont



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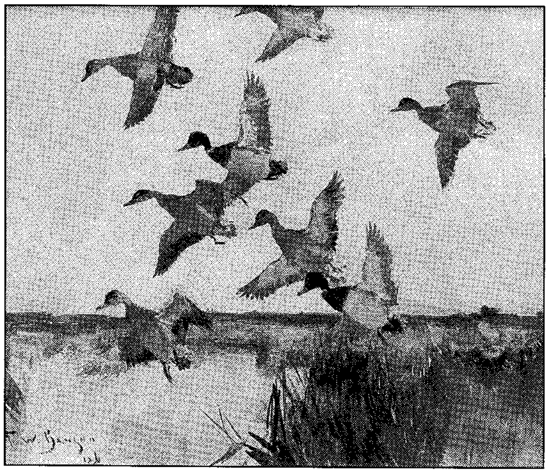

"At Sunset," Watercolor, 18" x 21", S.L.L. 1936

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Air Force, but I screwed up my courage.”

When the front desk telephoned to say that Symington was on his way up, with Brigadier General Robert J. Smith, Woodward gave Johnson a new shirt, met Symington and General Smith at the door, and, in the few moments before Johnson dressed and appeared, “poured out my problems to them. I told them, ‘I’m not able to convince him that we should get a doctor. He is a very sick man, and he’ll probably fire me for telling you this, but I’m here by myself; and I’ve just got to turn to someone, because I know when I see a sick man, and this is a very sick man. Yet he’s determined to go to Wichita Falls. He’s determined to have this conference with you, Secretary Symington. And I don’t know what to do.’ ”

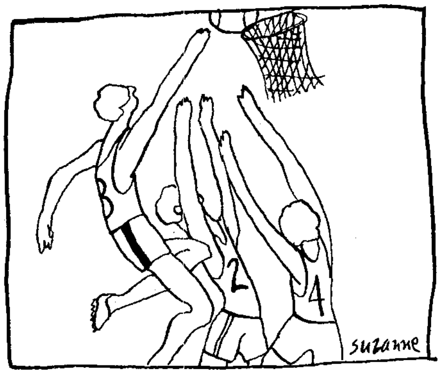
Had Woodward not told the two visitors that Johnson was sick, they would never have known. When the young aide finished whispering to them, he called, “Congressman, they’re here now!” The door to the bedroom opened, and there was Lyndon Johnson, beaming at his visitors. “He pulled the door open and sprang out with all the energy and vitality just as if nothing was wrong,” Woodward recalls. “Full of energy! Ready to go! My God! *Will!* ” Sitting down with Symington and Smith, Johnson “conducted the conference and they worked out all the arrangements.” And, Woodward is convinced, Johnson would not have said a word to the two men about his physical condition had not Symington, in a diplomatic way, “after the business was over, got the conversation around to his health obliquely: ‘How are you feeling, Lyndon?’ ” Gradually, some of the truth emerged.

Even then, the job of persuading Johnson to obtain medical assistance had to proceed by slow degrees. For some time, the candidate flatly rejected his visitors’ urgings that he see a doctor, insisting he didn’t need one. But the longer he sat talking the harder it became for him to conceal his pain, and he began to shiver uncontrollably. Even then, he would not agree to be examined by a doctor but only to talk to one over the telephone; he allowed General Smith to telephone a Dallas urologist with whom he was acquainted, to discuss the situation and ask if something could be prescribed to make Johnson feel better. The urologist, R. E. Van Duzen, refused to prescribe without examining the patient, and Johnson, by now trembling and barely able to hold himself upright in his chair, finally agreed to an examination. Arriving at the suite, Dr. Van Duzen, Woodward says, “took one look at him and said, ‘This is a sick man, a very sick man, and he needs to be in the hospital.’ ”

Woodward recalls, “The Congressman just said no, he wasn’t going to have anything to do with this at all and he wasn’t going to go.” Finally, Symington “talked him into doing this. Finally, he consented to going.”

But only for tests, and only for a few hours. “He envisioned it—‘Maybe I’ll get a shot and a couple of pills.’ ” He didn’t view it in the light that he would have to stay in the hospital longer than a few hours. “That was the only reason he agreed to go.” And only under what Woodward describes as “great-secret conditions.” Johnson authorized Woodward to telephone Bolton and order the speechwriter to deliver the speech he had written himself—but not to hint at the real reason for Johnson’s absence; Bolton was to announce that the candidate had been flying to Wichita Falls but had been delayed by bad weather. No one but Bolton was to be told *anything*, Johnson told Woodward. *No one!* Not his wife, not his campaign headquarters, not Alvin Wirtz, not John Connally—no one was to know that he was in a hospital. As for the hospital staff, of course, they were not to be told the identity of their new patient.

By the time he arrived at the hospital, however, Johnson was doubled over in agony, gasping for breath, retching and gagging, unable to stand for more than a few moments at a time. His temperature was over a hundred and four degrees. As attendants dressed him in a hospital gown and placed him in a wheelchair, he heard Dr. Van Duzen say he would have to remain in the hospital overnight, but he did not protest as he was wheeled down a corridor to a laboratory for tests. When the tests were completed, and he was being wheeled to his room, he vomited. (A few minutes later, there was a poignant postscript. As Johnson entered the hospital, he had said to Woodward, “Don’t leave me, Woody.” The faithful Woodward stayed at his side—except as Johnson was being wheeled to his room. A nurse had insisted that Woodward fill out the admittance forms, and Woodward had stopped—“maybe as long as five minutes”—to do so. But it was during those five minutes that Johnson vomited. When Woodward reached him, Johnson said, “Woody, don’t *ever* do that to me again!” The astonished Woodward didn’t know what he had done. “You left me,” Johnson said. When Woodward tried to explain that the nurse had insisted he fill out the forms, Johnson said, “I don’t care. You don’t work for her, you work for me. You stay with me. I called you and you weren’t there. I don’t want you to leave me. Don’t leave me when I need you.” Thirty-six years later, when Woodward was being interviewed, he was still laboriously trying to excuse his lapse: “He didn’t really need me. He had thrown up and soiled himself, and it was a sort of messy situation, but he had orderlies and nurses and all sorts of people to handle it, and he was well cared for. I was maybe gone as long as five minutes. It was indicative of the fact that he didn’t like to be left alone.”)



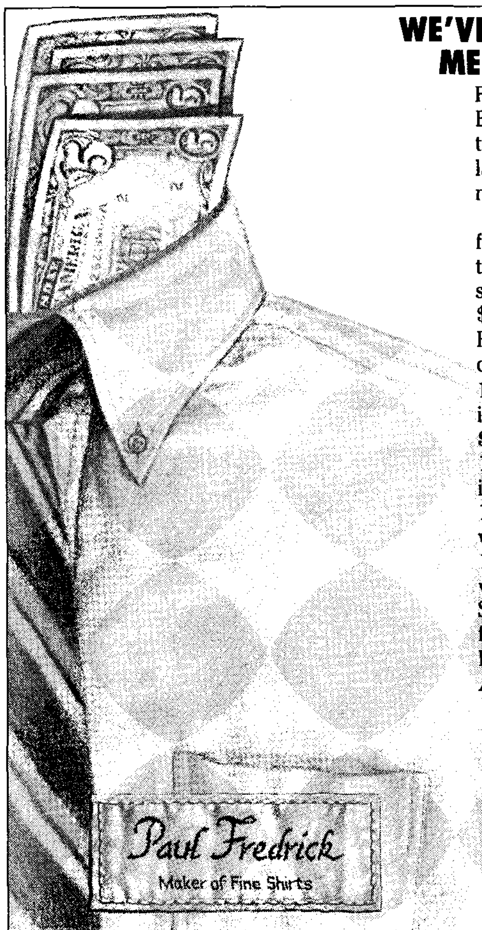
Woodward saw that keeping Johnson’s identity from the hospital staff was impossible. A small crowd of nurses, orderlies, and doctors had been following his wheelchair down the hall “because they knew Congressman Johnson, knew who he was.” Word was bound to leak to the outside world. Johnson was insisting he would be in the hospital only overnight. “I’ll pass it, I’ll pass it,” he kept saying. “I’ll be out of here in the morning.” But even if he was there only overnight, didn’t headquarters have to be told? Woodward asked Johnson if he could call Connally now, and Johnson said he could. But he told Woodward to tell Connally not to inform anyone else: “ ‘Tell him not to release it to the press, that I’m just going to be here overnight and they just want to run some tests. Just tell him not to say anything to the press about it. I'll pass this stone during the night. I am reaching the point, sort of the crisis, and I'll pass this stone and I'll be out tomorrow. We'll pick up the schedule. You tell John that.' "

Fearing that the conversation might be overheard by the hospital's switchboard operator if Woodward were to make the call from his room, Johnson told him to make it from an outside phone. Woodward did—from a nearby drugstore. Connally said one thing that gave Woodward a sense of relief: Mrs. Johnson would be on the next plane to Dallas. The youthful aide realized that when she arrived the load of responsibility he had been carrying alone would be shifted to Lady Bird's shoulders. But when Connally heard of Johnson's prohibition against telling the press his whereabouts he said, "That's just ridiculous." Woodward returned to the hospital to tell Johnson that Connally said there was no choice but to tell the press—that "he thinks you can't have a candidate for the United States Senate and a Congressman in a hospital in downtown Dallas," cancelling speeches and interrupting the campaign schedule, without reporters' finding out about it.

By this time, Johnson "really was not in complete control of his thinking," Woodward recalls. "There was an element of delirium from this high fever that he had." He told Woodward to tell Connally to do as he had been told: "You just tell him that I *order*." But when Woodward made this call Connally said, "Well, it's too late. I've already done it." Reporters had begun calling headquarters to ask why Johnson was cancelling the Wichita Falls speech that evening, Connally said, and he felt he had no choice but to give the true reason, since they were sure to find it out anyway.

Woodward had expected Johnson to explode over this news, but when Johnson heard it "a sort of calmness came over him, and a sort of resignation." He said, "Well, I guess I might as well withdraw. Get your notebook." Dictating a statement irrevocably withdrawing from the campaign, he told Woodward to telephone the Dallas newspapers immediately and read it to them. "Do it right now," he said. "I'm out of this."

The young man didn't know what



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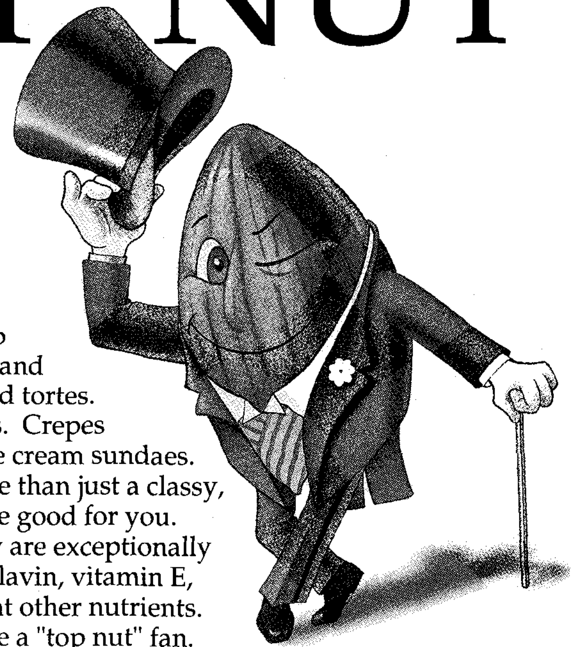

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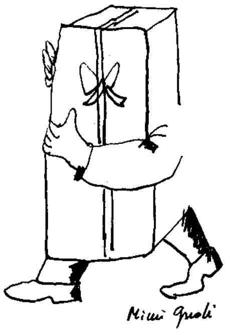
to do. He felt that his Chief was in no condition to make a decision that might well end his entire political career, but he knew he could not make Johnson change his mind. “I’d learned not to argue with him,” he says. And Johnson’s tone had been very firm. “He was out. He had made a decision.” When Woodward nonetheless screwed up his courage and tried to suggest that Johnson wait a bit, Johnson said angrily, “Do it right now.” Woodward recalls, “He was very, very firm in telling me to do it right that moment.”

Years later, Woodward said, “Can you imagine what would have happened if I had done that? The whole course of history—we might not even have had Vietnam or the Great Society.” But, he would say, “Every now and then the Lord takes care of you. God protects us kids.” As Woodward was walking out of the hospital room to carry out Johnson’s orders, he thought of something he could say to persuade Johnson to delay issuing the withdrawal statement—perhaps the only effective thing he could have said—and instead of leaving the room he said it, and, in so doing, performed what was perhaps the greatest service the dedicated young man ever rendered to his leader, although he was to be associated with him for another twenty years. He said, “Why don’t you wait until Mrs. Johnson gets here.”



“THAT bought some time,” Woodward recalls. “I told him that she was in the air right that minute, flying up to Dallas, and that it was, in fact, time for me to go out to meet her. I said, ‘Let’s go ahead and make the announcement, but let’s do it after she gets here. She would want to be here when you do it.’ That, in his fevered condition, seemed to ring a bell with him.” Johnson told Woodward to pick Lady Bird up; “then we’ll call the press in and we’ll announce this thing together.”

On his way to the airport, Woodward did something else of which he was to be proud. “Halfway out to the airport,” he recalls, “I suddenly said, ‘Oh my God! If some reporter calls him, he’ll probably tell him he’s withdrawing, and everything will be all over.’ I stopped the car, and ran into some store and called back to the hospital and I got the [nurses’] supervisor and I told her, ‘Absolutely no calls! Absolutely no visitors!’ Under no circumstances was he to have any phone calls put through to his room or any visitors of any kind until Mrs. Johnson got there. I said he needed his rest. I said, ‘He is to be isolated. No one is to see him or talk to him.’ And, you know, I put the stopper in the basin just in time, because, sure enough, the phone calls began to come in while I was at the airport, but no one was put through to him.”

And when Lady Bird arrived many of the problems suddenly seemed to vanish. “I had not had any sleep, I was about at the end of my line, and I was never so glad in my life to see anyone as I was Mrs. Johnson,” Woodward says. On the way to the hospital, he explained the situation. She didn’t say much, but “she was calm and understanding and seemed to know exactly what to do.” As soon as they walked into her husband’s room, “she took over very completely.” When Woodward slipped out, she was talking to Johnson “soothingly and quietly.” Woodward could see that “he felt reassured having her there.” And when, sometime later, Woodward reëntered the room, “somehow or other the notion of withdrawing from the race seemed to kind of fade into the background.”

In fact, what was on the Congressman’s mind now was not withdrawal but food. The bed rest and a very large shot of morphine had made him feel better, and, with the hospital’s kitchens already closed, he told Woodward, “Get me something to eat.” When Woodward returned with a warm “Dutch oven” from the hotel, he found that the Congressman was in some respects very much back to normal. Woodward had brought a big helping of bacon and eggs, and, he recalls, “it looked like a feast to me: I couldn’t remember when I had eaten last.” But Johnson, sitting up with the tray on his lap, looked up at him and said, “Well, you’ve done it again.” Woodward couldn’t see anything wrong.

“Now, Woody,” his Chief said, “Why? *Why*? Is this the way you want to do things all your life?”

“What’s wrong?” Woodward said.

“There’s no salt and pepper.”

THE next morning, the stone still had not passed. Johnson’s fever was up again. And reports of his hospitalization were in the Dallas newspapers, and Johnson had seen them and, in Woodward’s careful phrase, “he was concerned about that.” Finding that there had been little, if any, change in the position of the stone during the night, Dr. Van Duzen was saying that an immediate operation—the operation that would mean the end of the campaign, and perhaps of his career—was imperative.

During the morning, however, Woodward took a call in Johnson’s hospital room from Jacqueline Cochran, the famous aviator. She had flown to Dallas in her twin-engined Lockheed Electra to hear Symington speak at a meeting of the Air Force Association, and had learned from him of Johnson’s illness. In her brusque manner, she said that a friend, Dr. Gershom J. Thompson, was the chief urologist at the Mayo Clinic; that Dr. Thompson was a world-renowned expert at removing kidney stones through cystoscopic manipulation rather than through surgery; and that she was ready to fly Johnson to Rochester that afternoon.

An important consideration to Johnson was that there would be a familiar face at the Mayo Clinic: Dr. James Cain, Alvin Wirtz’s son-in-law, was on the clinic’s staff. But even that consideration faded before the political: he was afraid that a trip to Minnesota for medical treatment would be taken as a slur on Texas doctors. “I don’t want anyone to think that I can’t get all the medical attention I need right here in Texas,” he said, in Woodward’s recollection, and ordered Lady Bird to “call Jackie and tell her no.” But after a long conversation between Mrs. Johnson and Miss Cochran “it was decided” that he would go; “Mrs. Johnson played a large part in that decision.” Taken to Dallas’ Love Field in an ambulance, Johnson was placed on a bed that had been made up in Miss Cochran’s Electra, and flown to Minnesota. (Although being moved had intensified his pain again, Johnson remained in command of his staff—even if it consisted of only a single aide. During the flight, Miss Cochran came back to check on the patient, and told

Woodward, who had been chatting with her about the thirty-five missions he had flown over Europe during the war, to sit in her seat—the pilot's seat—while the co-pilot flew the plane. Johnson, who had been dozing, awoke and saw Woodward sitting in the pilot's seat. Rapping sharply on a table, he got Woodward's attention, and when the young man hurried back he snapped, "Woody, don't we have enough problems without you trying to fly this plane?" and told him to let Miss Cochran do all the flying.)

Hospitalization at the Mayo Clinic didn't solve the problem. Dr. Thompson was indeed expert at cystoscopic manipulation—inserting a cystoscope into the urethra, running it up through the urethra and into the bladder, and then passing a nylon loop through the cystoscope and into the ureter and using it to pull out the kidney stone—but only for a stone near the lower end of the ureter. It was general medical practice not to use this procedure on kidney stones high up in the ureter, because of the danger that the stone would tear the ureter as it was being pulled out. And the physicians felt, moreover, there was little chance that the procedure would work in this case. When Johnson explained the necessity in political terms of avoiding surgery, the doctors were sympathetic, but said that in medical terms surgery would shortly be unavoidable. A stone as large as Johnson's appeared to be was probably almost completely obstructing the kidney, and eventually such an obstruction can cause the kidney to stop functioning. In addition, the patient had been running an infection-indicating fever for more than a week, and an infection in the kidney can lead to an abscess and a condition similar to gangrene. The prognosis was rapidly becoming one in which there could be no more waiting; the situation was nearing a stage at which it might be life-threatening. A few more days was the outside limit of the time the doctors felt they could afford to delay. So for three days Johnson waited, doing everything he himself could think of to jar the stone loose: going out in a car, he had Woodward drive him over bumpy roads; in the clinic, he walked up and down the stairs; holding on to Woodward for support, he bounced up and down—even jumped up and down—as hard as he could bear to. These exercises produced no result except increased pain and weakness. Woodward says, "There was no change in his thinking. He was going to pass the stone. He wasn't going to *let* them take it any other way. He was going to pass it, he was going back on the campaign trail."

During the three days, he acted, in fact, as if he were still campaigning. He persuaded the doctors to have three telephones installed in his room, and, with the help of Lady Bird and Woodward, he worked them constantly, waving nurses out impatiently if he was talking—and, indeed, refusing to stop talking even while a nurse was actually giving him treatment. He telephoned not only Wirtz and Clark but supporters all over Texas, trying to convince them that he felt fine, that his physical problems were minor, that they were all but resolved, that he would soon be back on the trail, that in the campaign itself things looked good, that he was pulling up on Ol' Coke, that he was going to win; according to one report, he made sixty-four such calls in a single day.

But the reality was the stone—the stone that wouldn't move. The reality was the pain that morphine only partly dulled, the pain that wouldn't stop, the pain and the weakness. If the stone didn't move, all the telephoning in the world wasn't going to help him—and it wasn't moving.

Finally, on Sunday, May 30th, the doctors reluctantly agreed to attempt the cystoscopic manipulation as a last chance—the very last chance—to avoid surgery. Johnson was wheeled away and given a general anesthetic, and for forty-five minutes Mrs. Johnson and Woodward silently paced outside the operating room, lost in thought. When the doctors emerged, they announced that the procedure had been successful—just barely successful. They said that "had it been lodged any further up, they wouldn't have been able to do it." According to one report, no kidney stone as high in the ureter as Johnson's had previously been removed at the Mayo Clinic. With the stone gone, Johnson's recovery should be rapid, they said, and Johnson could return to the campaign in a week.

SEAFOOD
Sloppy Louie's
RESTAURANT
SEAFOOD
Sloppy Louie's
RESTAURANT
M. IAN

He would return to the campaign, of course, with almost two weeks lost. When he had begun the campaign, he had had nine weeks before the primary—a terribly short time to make up ground on Coke Stevenson. Now he had only seven. And he had made up little ground, if any. The news he was receiving in the hospital was not good. In the first place, there wasn't very much of it. His staff at his campaign headquarters, in the Hancock House, in Austin, was sending him all the newspaper clippings on the race, but on June 1st one of his campaign assistants, Roy Wade, was forced to report, "I have no clippings. There were none in the Texas press today," and Wade's June 2nd letter began, "Again, very little news."

Even worse, there had been little shift during the week Johnson campaigned before he entered the hospital. The last Belden Poll released—on May 16th, before the campaign kickoff in Wooldridge Park—had stated that Stevenson was the choice of sixty-four per cent of the state's voters; Johnson had twenty-eight per cent. Private polls taken now showed no significant change in these figures. The Wooldridge Park speech had not made much impact, nor had the series of talks he gave in the Panhandle; all the pain he had endured on the Panhandle trip had resulted in virtually no narrowing of the margin there, Johnson's private polls showed. "Peace, Preparedness, and Progress" wasn't working.

But Stevenson's campaign was. The former Governor was driving from one small town to another, accompanied only by his nephew, Robert W. Murphey, and, occasionally, a public-relations man, Booth Mooney. Arriving at each town, often unannounced, he would introduce himself to people on the main street or in the courthouse square, chat with them, ask them if they had any questions he could answer, and, if they did, stop and answer them. He told the people he met that he would say a few words before he left, and in every brief talk ("I've never been very strong on making political orations. I'd much rather listen to

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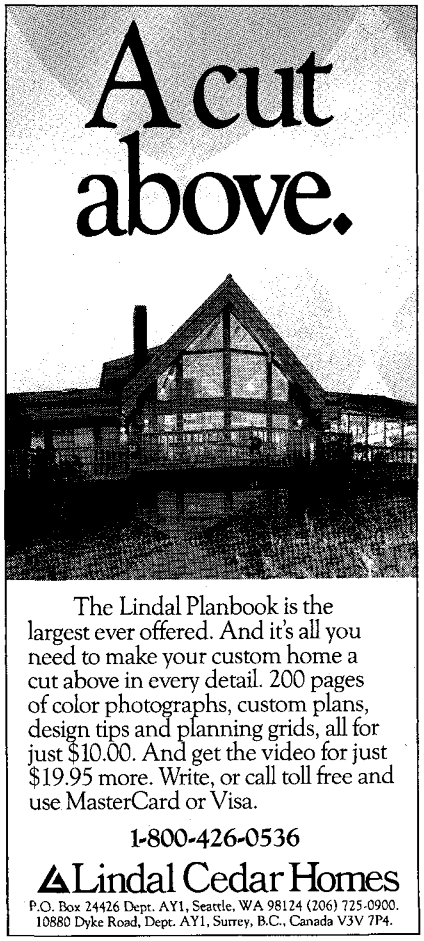

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you") he repeated that if they sent him to Washington he would do as he had done in the past: uphold constitutional government; make sure that America remained strong enough to be secure against Communism; oppose extending federal controls over individuals and businesses; encourage free enterprise and "economy" in government. "You know what I did in Austin to keep your state taxes down"; in Washington, too, he would try to eliminate "waste" and "extravagance." There was no news in such a campaign, of course; newspapers, as one Texas historian points out, "could give no account of the various conversations into which the candidate entered daily with the hundreds of people whose hands he shook as he introduced himself. . . . The Stevenson campaign dropped from sight." The meagre newspaper coverage it attracted was couched in the mocking tone customary when "sophisticated" journalists discussed the Stevenson campaign style. "Candidate Stevenson was in Tyler Saturday, according to a message from his press agent," one reporter wrote, alluding to the fact that the press was often not quite certain of his whereabouts. But Johnson, who knew small towns, was more aware than the reporters of the effectiveness of Stevenson's quiet handshaking. And the former Governor had been out shaking hands all the time Johnson was lying there in Minnesota.

Then, on May 31st, Stevenson made a radio speech, his first of the campaign, and Johnson was able to pick it up in his room at the Mayo Clinic. Without mentioning Johnson by name, Stevenson discussed his references to "the barbaric hordes of godless men in Eurasia," and said, "There are men in this nation today who go about over the country as apostles of fear. They tell us another war is just around the corner. They are prophets of doom, howlers of calamity. We must —they tell us—be afraid." Such men, Stevenson said, were trying to manufacture an "emergency" based on fear. Such hysteria was not necessary. America must build up its defenses, he said; it must help Europe rebuild from the effects of the war, because a rebuilt Europe would be a bastion against "economic and propaganda assaults" from Russia, and America must always be vigilant. But, he said, America should not get hysterical about a Red menace. "We can be vigilant without being frightened." And, Stevenson said, "I don't believe you are afraid. We are descendants of men and women who have fought and won both the battles of war and the battle of peace."

Part of Johnson's reaction to that calm, sincere voice that he knew was so effective with voters was rage; his harassment of nurses increased in intensity, and he brought up the withdrawal statement with Woodward. "I know you didn't send that," Johnson snarled at him. "And I won't forget." Part was something else, particularly after Woodward had been sent back to Houston to make preparations for a speech that Johnson was planning to give there following his release from the hospital. With his departure, there was no longer a need for Johnson to keep up a front of optimism. All Mrs. Johnson would say of this week was, "He was depressed, and it was bad."

But there was no way out now. The deadline for filing for election to his House seat had passed, and he had not filed. He had burned his bridges. It was going to be the Senate or nothing. "I just could not bear," he said later, "the thought of losing everything." But he *was* losing everything.

OUT of his despair, he emerged with a new strategy. It was unveiled in the first speech he made after returning to Texas—an address over a statewide radio network. It was delivered from a Houston radio studio instead of in Hermann Park, the customary site of political rallies, "because he had been out of circulation," Woodward says, and his advisers felt there was now so little interest in his candidacy that attracting a crowd would be impossible and a rally in the park only an embarrassment. Woodward had to "work like a dog" even to get fifty or so people to the studio. (One of them, invited to fill out the crowd, was Woodward's mother.)

It was very different from Johnson's earlier speeches. Previously, he and his advisers had agreed that attacking Stevenson personally would be a mistake. Because of the respect—indeed, almost reverence—in which the former Governor was held, such attacks had always boomeranged in the past. But now, in desperation, Johnson attacked. Stevenson had said he opposed a Truman plan to provide federal aid to raise teachers' salaries, because of provisions that Stevenson feared would increase federal control of schools. On this stand, popular in Texas, Stevenson could not be criticized, but Johnson used Stevenson's statement to bring in another issue, so that he could criticize the ex-Governor on *that* one. "While I was sick at Mayo's," Lyndon Johnson said, "a calculating, do-nothing, fence-straddling opponent of mine, who three months ago said he had no platform, got off the fence for the first time to oppose the teacher-salary increase. I challenge my calculating opponent to tell Texans tomorrow if he favors withdrawing federal aid from five hundred thousand World War veterans, men who did not sit at home when Old Glory had to be carried to every corner of the globe."

Two aspects of Johnson's attack were significant. First, its implication—that Stevenson might be opposed to federal aid to veterans—was totally false. As Johnson was well aware, Stevenson was in favor of such aid, and, indeed, had already proposed that it be increased. Equally significant were the words in which the attack was couched: "calculating, do-nothing, fence-straddling"—and, as the speech went on, with Johnson elaborating on his falsification of Stevenson's record, he referred to him directly: "Mr. Calculator," "Mr. Do-Nothinger," "Mr. Straddler."

Johnson's advisers were appalled. "Taking on Coke Stevenson was a very tricky thing to do," Jake Pickle recalls. "He was very popular." When, in dismay, local Johnson managers throughout the state got in touch with Claude C. Wild, a veteran Texas politician who had been given the largely honorary title of campaign manager, Wild assured them there would be no repetition. But Wild was wrong. By the end of the week, Johnson was attacking "Mr. Fence-Straddler" 's courage. "A man ought to have the courage to stand up and say what he believes in," he said. Then he orchestrated attacks on Stevenson's honesty, having allies charge that the former Governor had pardoned a record number of criminals. Johnson hoped this charge would be effective with voters who remembered alleged sales of pardons by a previous governor, Jim Ferguson, which had become part of Texas political folklore. Throughout his career, Stevenson had made a practice of refusing to reply to personal attacks. He refused to reply to this

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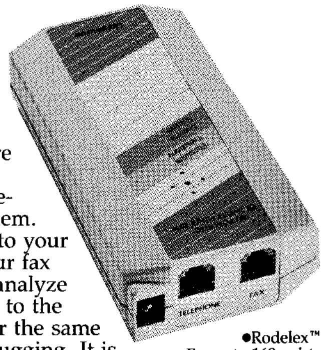

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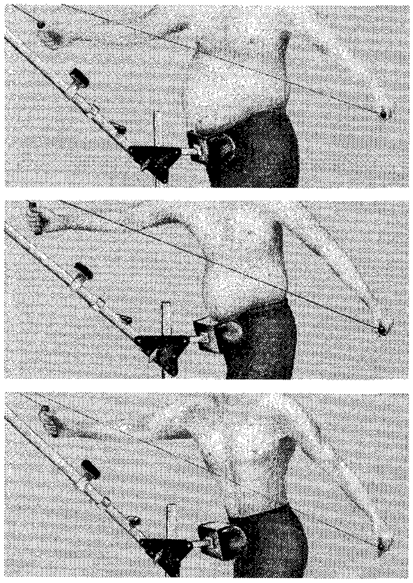

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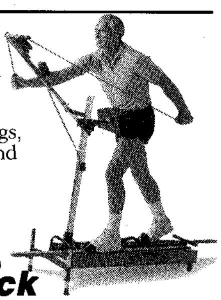

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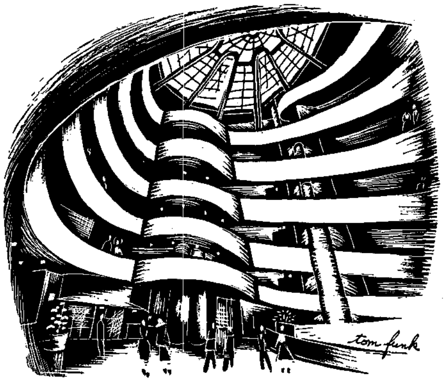
charge, but state prison officials, queried by reporters, explained that the Johnson camp had arrived at the number by lumping together with true pardons three- or five-day passes given to convicts to attend the funerals of family members or to visit sick relatives—and pardons faded away as a campaign issue. Then Johnson circulated charges of corruption in an option that the Magnolia Petroleum Company had purchased to test for oil on land that Stevenson owned. Stevenson refused to reply to this charge, too; when reporters asked for an answer, he said he would not attempt to defend his honesty, "as my private life is an open book and my record of public service is too well known to the people of Texas to require repetition. . . . If my record does not warrant my election to the Senate, then I ought to stay at home. The people know enough to make their own choice." At the annual dinner of the Austin press corps, however, Stuart Long, one of Johnson's allies among the journalists, shouted a question at Stevenson about the Magnolia option while he was speaking, and Stevenson lost his temper. Turning to Long, his face set in what had become famous as his "stone stare," his voice so low it could hardly be heard, he explained the circumstances of the lease. Since everything said at the dinner was off the record, his reply was not preserved, and the details are not remembered, but reporters who were there—even Johnson supporters—remember how ashamed Long looked when he sat down. He whispered to Horace Busby, "Well, I was sure wrong about that." And that issue, too, thereupon dropped out of the campaign. But Johnson simply continued trying other "issues" that were nothing more than attacks on Stevenson's integrity. Coke Stevenson's strongest point was his reputation. Lyndon Johnson had decided his only hope was to destroy it.

TOGETHER with the new strategy came a new weapon—a helicopter.

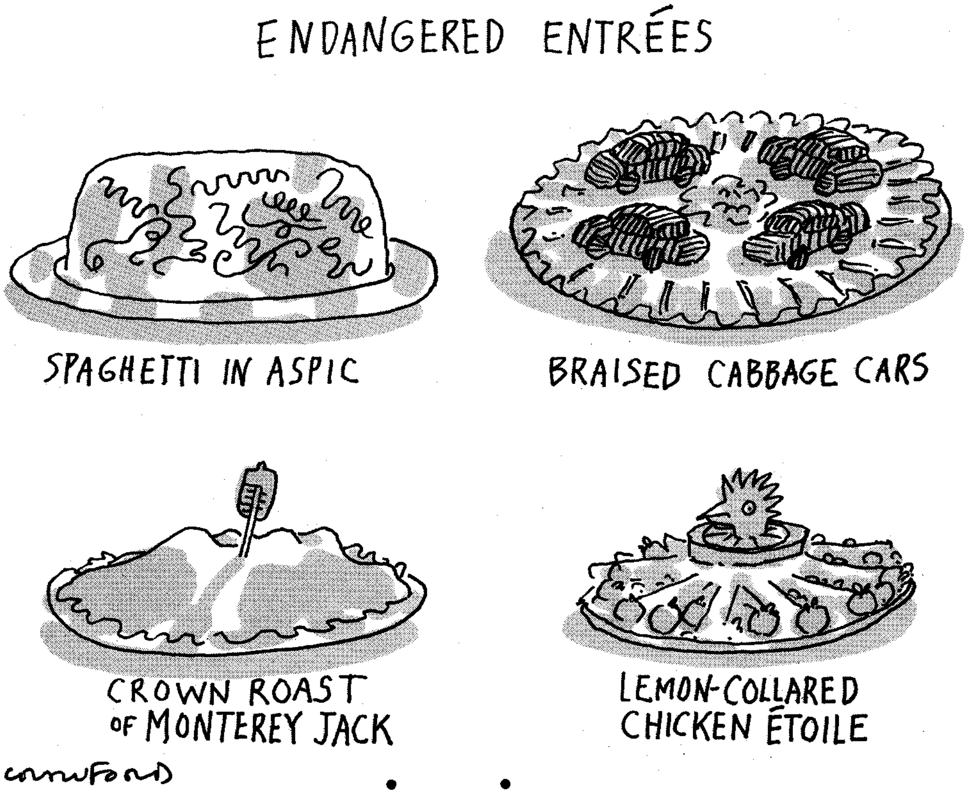
Despite their use in the war, helicopters were still almost unknown in civilian life; so far as Johnson could ascertain, no candidate had ever campaigned for political office in one. But some months earlier Woodward, familiar with them from his Air Corps service, had suggested that Johnson do so, because its use would ease one of the greatest difficulties in campaigning across a state eight hundred miles long and almost eight hundred miles wide, in which half the voters still lived in small towns to which roads were often inadequate and which were so far apart that much of any campaign was wasted in travelling between them. Attending a demonstration in Washington staged for congressmen by the Bell Aircraft Corporation, Johnson had perceived an additional advantage: few Texans had ever seen one of these strange-looking airships, and its arrival in a small town would be an event. Drawing crowds to campaign speeches was extremely difficult in Texas, not only because of the people's distrust of politicians but because of the long distances they had to travel to reach a "speaking" and because the time these trips took was too precious to farmers and ranchers to be wasted. Politicians had tried everything from barbecues and watermelon feasts to a special train chartered by one candidate to haul voters to a speech from all across the state, but the only attraction that had ever worked was Pappy O'Daniel's famous hillbilly band, with whom he toured the state during his campaigns. Maybe, Johnson felt, a helicopter could be a drawing card for him the way the Hillbilly Boys had been for Pappy. Returning from the demonstration, he had told Warren Woodward, "Woody, that's the best idea I've ever heard!"

As Johnson weighed the idea, however, he had come to feel that its advantages were outweighed by its drawbacks. The logistical difficulties of keeping an aircraft in operation over so vast an area were formidable. Most of that early generation of helicopters could carry fuel enough for only about a hundred and fifty miles of flight, which would necessitate several refuellings every day. Helicopters could use only ninety-octane gas: some airports stocked it, some didn't—and most Texas towns didn't have an airport anyway. The helicopter would therefore have to be refuelled from trucks, which would carry the gas in fifty-five-gallon drums. If the helicopter missed its connection with the truck, it would be forced down: the candidate could find himself stranded in a town or a field, an object of ridicule in the press—ridicule that could be fatal to a candidacy.



Fuel was only part of the problem. It was unusual for helicopters to be in the air more than an hour or two a day, and campaigning obviously demanded far more daily flying time. Not only fuel trucks but a mechanic would have to follow the craft back and forth across Texas, in case it broke down. And what if it broke down and couldn't be repaired? What if, in some remote part of Texas, a needed replacement part wasn't available? That, too, could strand a candidate. Each night, the helicopter would require servicing. So many things could go wrong in the daily hurly-burly of even a traditional campaign; why add to the normal difficulties the problems of travelling in a still largely unfamiliar form of transportation?

Safety factors had been the decisive consideration. Since the idea was to attract people, landings would have to be in or near populated areas; people unfamiliar with a helicopter might stray into its path or, once it had landed, might wander into the whirl of its rotor blades and be injured or killed. "CANDIDATE'S HELICOPTER KILLS FARMER"—that would be the end of the candidate's hopes. It was fine to say that the landing area would be roped off and guarded, but among the crowd would be children—how could you be sure that a child might not dart out between the guards and be injured? As more and more such problems presented themselves to his imagination, Lyndon Johnson had decided that using a helicopter was simply too risky a gamble. But things had changed. Now he was losing—losing everything. He took the gamble. On June 10th, a big, four-passenger blue-and-white Sikorsky S-51, sixty feet long and with three twenty-four-foot blades on its main rotor, piloted by James E. Chudars, an Army Air Corps veteran who was one of the few pilots with substantial helicopter-flying time, and carrying an ace mechanic, Harry Nachlin, left the Sikorsky Aircraft



plant, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and headed southwest. Cruising at about ninety miles an hour, it arrived at Love Field, in Dallas, three days later. The next day, a public-address system was installed in the baggage compartment behind the seats, a large speaker was lashed to one of the landing-gear struts, "LYNDON JOHNSON FOR U.S. SENATOR" was painted on both sides, and the day after that Chudars' passenger arrived for a test flight. Chudars noticed that Johnson seemed to have remarkably little interest in the machine to which he was going to be entrusting his life. When they were up in the air, what Johnson was watching was not the control panel but the faces of people on the ground. He was watching to see if their faces lifted to look at the helicopter.

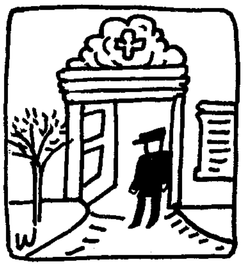
And they did.

THE week before the helicopter arrived had been a bad week—one of the worst, his aides say, in Lyndon Johnson's political life. His attacks on Stevenson had dismayed many of his advisers, and, even worse, had failed to arouse interest among voters. Stevenson was shrugging off the attacks, and so was the press. The press was, in fact, less and less interested in the senatorial race. On June 13th, Margaret Mayer, of the Austin *American-Statesman*, reported that with only six weeks to go voters were still reacting to the candidates' efforts with "a withering lack of enthusiasm." Johnson's announcement during that week that he would be "the first candidate to use a helicopter in political history" (to defuse the issue of its cost, he said that it, and its pilot, had been chartered and donated to his campaign by a group of "a hundred and seven Dallas war veterans") had been greeted with misgivings from most of his staff, and with lack of interest in the press—except for occasional bursts of ridicule: a typical headline on a typically brief article about the announcement said, "JOHNSON TO GIVE 'EM PIE FROM THE SKY." Under the headline "LOOKEE, MAW—THAR'S THAT CONGRESSMAN," a Houston *Post* article said, "Asked what would happen if the sudden arrival of the helicopter stampeded some neighbor's cows through his kitchen, a spokesman for Johnson's headquarters said after a moment's thought, 'no comment.'" Peddy, who had been campaigning, said only, "I hope he doesn't get hurt and have to go back in the hospital." This reaction, however, demonstrated only that in politics, as in other fields, a revolutionary innovation may not be immediately recognized as the stroke of genius it is.

On June 15th, the Tuesday following his brief test flight, Johnson took off at dawn, flying east out of Dallas. At his first stop, in Terrell, the landing site that had been selected by the advance man was a baseball diamond so far outside town that the crowd was small. Johnson, Busby recalls, "just *flogged* the man with his tongue." But at the next town to the east, Canton, the site was a vacant lot adjacent to the courthouse square, and the crowd was better—and at the next, Lindale, over in East Texas now, Johnson told Chudars to try circling over the little town several times before landing. As the pilot did so, and the roar of the helicopter's Pratt & Whitney engine filled Lindale's streets, people poured out of their houses and stores, staring up at the sky. Then, when Chudars was over the Lindale High School football field, Johnson told him not to descend immediately but to hover above the field, holding the helicopter as stationary as possible, so that people would realize where he was going to land. And, as the helicopter finally settled gently down, Johnson could see latecomers running through the streets to see it at close range.

Wednesday morning's newspapers carried stories about the senatorial candidate who, as one paper put it, was "flitting around in a strange sort of flying machine" that could go straight up and down and stand still in midair, and that looked like a "flying windmill" (because of its tail rotor, with three five-foot blades); and there had been time now to place spot announcements on local radio stations. The word was also being spread by telephone, as East Texans who had seen the helicopter on the first day called relatives and friends in towns Johnson was to visit Wednesday to tell them not to miss it. All that day, Johnson flew back and forth near the Louisiana border, over the thick pine forests that covered the rolling hills of the East Texas counties of Upshur, Cass, Lamar, and Marion, before heading off to Texarkana, at the northeasternmost corner of the state. When he passed over a town too small to merit a landing, the helicopter would hover over its main street while he shouted down through the loudspeaker, relying on notes from his advance men, "This is Lyndon Johnson, your candidate for United States senator! How's the gang at Morgan's Drugstore?" or "Give my regards to Will Overton!" And as he neared a town where a landing was scheduled he could see below him not only people running through the streets toward the landing site but, in the countryside outside the town, plumes of dust moving along the dirt roads. Farmers had loaded their wives and children into their cars and were racing to see the helicopter land.

By Thursday, the Associated Press had given the helicopter a name, "the Johnson City Windmill," and the Windmill was flying west, leaving the pine forests behind as the land below changed into blackland prairie; for hours, Chudars and Johnson flew along the broad Red River Valley, on the state's northern border, hovering over some towns while Johnson shouted down from the air and, at intervals, cutting south to land for speeches in Omaha, Mount Pleasant, Mount Vernon, Bogota, New Boston, Clarksville, and Detroit. The last stop of the day was Paris—in Texas terms, not a town but a small city, with twenty-four thousand residents. The streets of Paris, laid out following a fire that had all but levelled the city, in 1916, were unusually wide. Wide as they were, however, when the Johnson City Windmill settled to its landing they were jammed, not only the sidewalks but the streets themselves, with people waiting to see it. That evening, Johnson gave a radio speech from a Paris station. Afterward, back in his hotel room, he made his nightly telephone call to his headquarters at the Hancock House. Claude Wild had something to tell him. All that day, telephone calls had been pouring in from mayors and other public officials, not only in East and Northeast Texas but all across the state, requesting that the itinerary for the Flying Windmill include their towns. Communities that generally had little interest in a visit from a politician were asking—in some cases, almost pleading—for a visit from Lyndon Johnson.



WITH the exception of Coke Stevenson, candidates for the United States Senate did not generally travel with only one or two assistants—and certainly this candidate didn't. He needed at least one secretary, more than one speechwriter—he was, after all, giving both morning and evening radio addresses daily—as well as a man (Woodward) to carry his suitcases, his boxes of monogrammed shirts and Countess Mara ties, his travelling case crammed with throat sprays and lozenges, skin ointment and pills. Now he needed, in addition, a helicopter mechanic and someone familiar with the aircraft's landing requirements to be on hand at each stop to arrange vital crowd-control precautions. The microphone he used for speeches on the ground had proved unsuitable for mid-air speeches, because it picked up too much noise from the helicopter motor, so a second, more sensitive microphone was installed and hooked up to the loudspeaker lashed to the landing gear; a radio engineer—from the Johnsons' own station, KTBC—was needed to keep both microphones in working order. And he wanted, he now decided, a radio announcer—he selected KTBC's Joe Phipps—to announce his arrival from the air as the helicopter was coming in to land. He wanted *everything*—everything included, of course, sound trucks to tour towns to prepare their inhabitants for his coming. ("You could do every street in these little towns twice in an hour," an aide recalls.) And, to the astonishment of even his most hardened aides, he wanted a band—a hillbilly band. Was a helicopter a drawing card? Well, so was a band. A band playing at the landing site for an hour or so before the landing would help attract a crowd. He wanted a band. And, whereas Phipps and perhaps one other person could fit into the helicopter, the band, the mechanic, the speechwriters, and the rest of the entourage would have to travel by cars, cars that could not keep up with the helicopter. A score of unanticipated problems further complicated logistics, and although the red-and-blue tank trucks of the Humble Oil and Refining Company (counsel: Alvin Wirtz) were supposed to be positioned along the helicopter's route, they were continually missing connections. Inability to prevent children from swarming around the helicopter and turning its valves necessitated a safety check after each stop.

But the helicopter was worth all the trouble. By the second week, the routine of "advancing" it had become more thorough. Residents of each town it was to visit could hardly have avoided reading about it, either in their local weekly newspaper, which would be filled with advertisements and articles (often written by the Johnson staff), or in their mail (for each delivery seemed to contain a reprint of another newspaper article on the Flying Windmill or another letter or postcard reminder of the time of its arrival), or in the flyers that seemed to be pressed into their hands on every shopping trip to town. They could hardly have avoided hearing about it, either on the radio, in spot announcements that were repeated over and over on the local station, or on their telephone, for Johnson advance men, arriving in a small town, simply went through the skinny local telephone directories name by name until every resident had been called. Or from their children, who would come home to announce that school was being let out for the day so that they could see this modern aeronautical marvel, or from Johnson campaign workers who came to their door to tell them about it. People could hardly avoid seeing Johnson's picture, too, for Johnson was dispatching men to place posters in shopwindows and on trees, urging his workers on with the same phrase he had used in previous campaigns: "I want it so you can't wipe your ass on a piece of paper in that town that hasn't got my picture on it." One of these campaign workers recalls, "He said he wanted posters up on every light pole—and he meant *every* light pole. I was driving with him once, and there was one pole—just one pole—without a picture of him, and, my God, I have never heard one human being talk to another human being like he talked to that poor guy who had missed that pole."

By the day the Flying Windmill was scheduled to arrive, these small towns, in which there was so little to disturb the ordinary round of life, and the surrounding countryside had been made to feel that its visit would be an extraordinary event. As a sound truck roamed the town that day, reminding its residents, "It's coming at three o'clock! The Johnson City Windmill! The Flying Windmill! The plane that can stand still in midair! The plane that can fly backwards! It's going to be landing on the high-school field. Come meet your next senator, Congressman Lyndon Johnson," small boys would ride their bikes over to the landing site and leave them sprawled on the ground while they played and waited; the old men who ordinarily lounged around the courthouse square would saunter slowly over, determined to be unimpressed; the town's businessmen, and farmers and ranchers from the countryside, would arrive in twos and threes, standing talking with their hands on their hips and their big hats pushed back on their heads; and mothers would come carrying their babies. There would be quite a crowd.

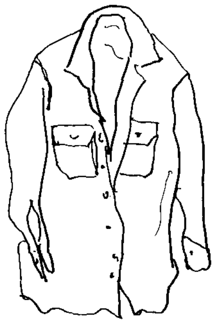
And then people would hear the hum in the sky. They would generally hear it some minutes before they could actually see the helicopter, but finally someone would shout "There it is! Over yonder!" and someone else would shout "Look, it's coming!"—and people would begin pointing to the dot in the sky that was growing rapidly larger. As it drew closer, the hum became the distinctive rhythmic, beating, chopping sound of the rotor blades flailing the air, and then the helicopter was overhead—the roar of its engine filling the sky, the long blades whirling—gleaming blue and white in the sun, seemingly as big as a house (and, indeed, sixty feet long and fourteen high, with those three long rotor blades, about as big as many of the stores in those little towns). And, as it slowly descended, the roar of its engine, revving up to full power to hold the chopper steady, would become even louder, and the onlookers would be caught in the wind from those long, whirling blades. Men would grab their hats to keep them from blowing off; women would put one hand to their head to keep their hair in place, and would hold their skirts down with the other; mothers clutched their babies in their arms; fathers reached for their sons' hands and held them tight. The helicopter would settle to the ground in a last roar, a swirl of dust and pebbles swept into the air by its blades; a flurry of advance men would rush to guard the tail rotor, and then the motor would be cut off—and for a moment there was silence. The reporter Margaret Mayer says, "Coming down on those rural people in those little towns who had never seen anything like it, with that tremendous roar and the dust swirling up, it was an awesome thing. As it was approaching, there was a lot of hurry-up: latecomers rushing to get there. But as it actually started to come down, there was silence—the silence of awe." And then the door of the helicopter would slam open. A long arm would swing out into the silence holding a broad-brimmed light-gray Stetson hat, and, in a sweeping gesture, would fling the hat into the crowd. And out into the silence stepped Lyndon Johnson.

The people, except for the small boys running to retrieve the hat, would be standing as if stunned, but Johnson didn't wait for them to come to him. In three or four long strides, while the rotor blades were still slowly revolving above him, he would be out among them, reaching for hands, and after he had shaken a few he would step back to the side of the chopper, where a wooden box would have been set up for him as a platform, don his microphone harness, and begin his speech, standing beside the machine, which looked even bigger close up, and beside the huge white letters of his name.

After the speech, Phipps, the announcer, would take over the microphone and talk—"Come meet Congressman Johnson. He's been a friend to the people of his district. He got them lights. He got them roads. He will be a friend to all the people of Texas"—while Johnson circulated through the crowd, shaking hands. Men and boys would walk over to the helicopter. Watching them, Harry Nachlin saw that "they all wanted to put their hands on it." To the mechanic's astonishment, many, not knowing what to do with the aircraft, did what they would have done with an unfamiliar automobile: kicked the tires as if testing them for soundness. The boys and girls crowded around Nachlin asking questions: "How fast does it fly?" "What makes it go forward?" "Can it really go backward?" "Can it really go sideways?" "What does the tail propeller do?"

There was drama in the takeoff, too. "The blades of the tail rotor came down pretty close to the ground," Nachlin recalls, so Phipps "would be shouting through the helicopter's public-address system, 'Get back! Get those kids back! Watch out for those blades!' " When a space had been cleared, Chudars would start the engine and the roar would begin, and the blades would begin to creak and turn and beat the air again. The dust would

Not Lawrence of Arabia's shirt.



There is no evidence that Lawrence of Arabia ever wore, at any time, a shirt like this. But consider the facts.

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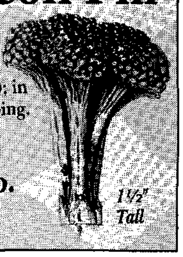

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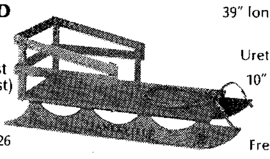

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lift and swirl, and the townspeople would back away. The Johnson City Windmill would lift off the ground in a roar that was one of the loudest noises they had ever heard, rise straight up about ten feet, and then circle higher into the sky. As the crowd watched, Chudars would put on a little show over their heads: making three-hundred-and-sixty-degree turns on a dime, wheeling the craft sharply to the left and the right, flying backward or sideways. "They were the most modest of maneuvers, really," Woodward says. "He wasn't doing any trick stunts or anything. But to see an airplane fly backwards . . ." When Woodward was a little boy, his grandfather had taken him to see Charles Lindbergh land in Abilene during his triumphal tour of the United States in the Spirit of St. Louis, the plane in which he had flown the Atlantic. "Today, with television and all, kids don't get thrilled anymore. But then—that helicopter was new and revolutionary and different. These small towns—they had so few events in their lives. And this was an event. To see that helicopter come in thrilled those kids the way I had been thrilled to see the Spirit of St. Louis. It was a real *event* in their lives." And then the little show would be over; suddenly, the helicopter would whirl and clatter away across the sky, a tiny dot, disappearing, leaving behind comments that seemed to be the same in every town. Nachlin and Woodward and other men who followed the helicopter could remember them decades later: "Did you hear that chop-chop? That's why they call it a chopper." "Did you feel that wind? Boy!" In those fundamentalist small towns, people were reminded of something in the Bible. A Blanco woman recalls, "After it left, a Bible student said that the Bible says that people will float through the air. He said, 'This is just the beginning. This is the beginning of a new era. We will see all sorts of changes from now on.' "

THE sound truck had left as soon as the helicopter appeared, racing off, not for the next town—two or three trucks were "leapfrogging" towns in order to keep up with the helicopter—but for the town after that or the one after that. Some of the cars carrying advance men would have left before Johnson finished shaking hands, to get a head start. But other drivers, including most of the reporters, would wait until the helicopter took off. Then they would pull out in a cloud of dust, trying frantically to keep up with the machine roaring overhead, not wanting to lose it. Because, between his stops in towns, Lyndon Johnson was putting on quite a show.

When, flying over the largely empty landscape between towns, he saw ahead of him a group of men—five or six members of a repair crew working on a railroad track, for example—he would jab a forefinger downward, and Chudars would land beside them. Johnson would jump out, run over to them, shake their hands, hug them, and give them his campaign leaflets, and then run back to the helicopter and roar up into the air again, leaving the men staring after him.

Sometimes the reaction of such targets of opportunity to the totally unexpected roar from the sky and the abrupt descent upon them of the weird-looking machine was not one of unbridled enthusiasm. In East Texas, for example, a dozen cotton-field workers, seeing the Flying Windmill suddenly wheel and head for them, dropped their hoes and ran in terror for the shelter of a nearby wood. Such reactions did not, however, deter the candidate. The helicopter was too fast for the workers; before they could reach the wood, it was above them. As they froze in their tracks, he shouted down over the microphone, "Hello, down there! This is your friend Lyndon Johnson, your candidate for the United States Senate! I hope you'll vote for me on Primary Day. And bring along your relatives to vote, too!"

The targets did not have to be as large as these groups. As the helicopter charged across the vast plains of West Texas, in particular, anything moving on the flat, featureless brown landscape below could be seen for miles, and Lyndon Johnson sometimes seemed to be following the rule that if it was moving he shook its hand. The pilot, asked once how often Johnson made him land for a handshake, replied, "Whenever we saw more than two people and a big dog."

Nothing in his path could escape. Was there an isolated farmhouse ahead? Into the midst of a peaceful farm setting—wife in her kitchen, baking, perhaps; farmer milking under a tree—the S-51 would suddenly swoop with the Pratt & Whitney roaring. "The chickens thought it was a bird coming down to get them," Busby recalls. "They would go berserk, flying up and hitting the fences." Cows would gallop awkwardly away in panic to the farthest end of the pasture, the milk bucket having been kicked over. Horses would squeal and rear in their stalls. And there in the front yard, a broad smile on his face, campaign brochures in his hand, would be a man saying, "Howdy, Ah'm Lyndon Johnson, your candidate for United States senator. Just droppin' in to say good mornin'."

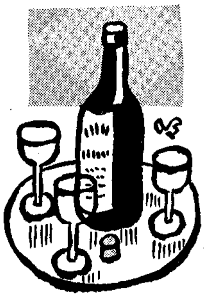
FOR the press, of course—or, at least, for those members of it willing to drive fast enough to keep up—this made good copy. "Hovering his helicopter close to the red farm land," a reporter wrote, "Johnson exchanged greetings with many workers in the fields. Flying low over a dusty road near Montgomery, the 'Johnson City Windmill' caused an old-fashioned buggy to burst into a spirited trot. Not since Pappy's hillbilly band had the folks in the piney woods had such a show." After a day racing along the Rio Grande, another wrote, "Johnson brought people rushing out of their homes and places of business as he circled cities in the thickly populated Valley, waving his hat and urging the people to come and see him speak." Seeing the helicopter start to descend between scheduled stops, reporters jammed on the brakes, pulled over to the side of the road, ran across the fields to be on hand when Johnson talked to a farmer or to a group of field workers, and that night wired details of the conversation to their city desks. Coverage became more and more dramatic. Articles talked of his "fast-moving campaign," "his whirlwind campaign," of the "great excitement" and "crowds blocking the street" when he landed in a town, of the people "gaping" as the "whirlybird" went through its routines. The datelines—"With the Johnson City Windmill at Ballinger," "With the Flying Windmill at Dermott"—picked up the spirit; the headlines got bigger and blacker: "JOHNSON'S COPTER HEADS FOR GEORGETOWN"; "JOHNSON STUMPS COTTON PICKERS VIA HELICOPTER"; "JOHNSON AND HELICOPTER TO BE IN TARRANT TODAY"; "JOHNSON IN 24 PUBLIC APPEARANCES IN DAY." In a campaign that had made little news, there was big news now: not the import of the candidate's speech but the vehicle in which he arrived to deliver it. The helicopter was, in fact, national news: *Time*, for example, reported (in an article headed "Hello, Down There"), "Long Lyndon Johnson, one of Texas' most ebullient congressmen, has introduced the first new gimmick in Texas politics since the hillbilly band and the free barbecue." The pro-Stevenson Dallas *News* acknowledged that the Senate race had become "the campaign of the Flying Windmill."

And, of course, the bigger the headlines became, the bigger the crowds became, each fuelling the other. On the final day of June, Johnson's first stop was in the Central Texas town of Bangs. The population of the town was eight hundred. Reporters, making a person-by-person count of the attendance, found "more than 700" people waiting when Chudars set the S-51 down in the middle of Bangs' main street. And, the Austin *American-Statesman* reported, "that was the smallest crowd of the morning."

"At small towns and large towns, Johnson crowds far exceeded expectations," the *American-Statesman* said. In Coleman, where twenty-five hundred of the town's sixty-five hundred people jammed onto Main Street to see the helicopter, sheriff's deputies and Johnson's advance men had to push people back into stores to clear enough space for it to land. Day after day, rural Texans were coming to see the Johnson City Windmill in numbers such as had come to see no previous candidate in Texas history—no candidate, that is, except one. Pappy O'Daniel had drawn such crowds, and Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy had won every race he entered. Thanks to the helicopter, statewide campaigning in Texas, which had always been a candidate's nightmare, had suddenly become a candidate's dream. All at once, those terrible Texas distances had virtually evaporated; now all at once you were freed of those rutted, bumpy rural roads and were cutting effortlessly cross-country, over hills and rivers and lakes. And now when you approached a town, a town in which a campaigner would once have been apprehensive that no one except a handful of campaign workers and a score of voters would be waiting to hear him, now, as your helicopter neared the town, you would suddenly see—on the single main street, or around the patch of green which from the air signified the courthouse square or the high-school football field—not scores of people but hundreds. And these people wouldn't be standing around with the traditional studied, blank-faced small-town indifference that ordinarily made speaking to them difficult. Circling the town, Johnson would see people running through the streets so as not to miss his arrival, and as he hovered and began to descend he looked down on a sea of upturned faces—people waiting for him.

What politician—what human being—would not have been exhilarated by such a response? Lyndon Johnson, always elated by the slightest sign of respect or affection from the public, was exhilarated, particularly after a day of touring his own Tenth Congressional District, flying over the Hill Country in which he had spent a youth of anxiety and shame and humiliation that made respect and affection so necessary to him.

Heavy rain fell all that day in the Tenth District, but rain couldn't keep the people away. A hundred people were waiting for the Johnson City Windmill on the lawn of the high school in Bastrop, on the plains below the Hill Country, a sizable crowd for Bastrop, and there were about two hundred in the courthouse square in Giddings. Before the next stop, at Brenham, the helicopter was delayed for half an hour because a fuel truck didn't arrive on time, but when he reached Brenham the crowd was still there. Then the helicopter headed west, toward the Pedernales Valley. Along the roads—roads on which Johnson as a young man had worked as a laborer, harnessed to a grader like a mule—a long caravan of cars raced after him, for the regular entourage had been supplemented by some dozen campaign aides who had driven out from headquarters in Austin. The caravan sped through the hills blowing its horns, every car bearing, tied to its radiator, a big picture of Johnson, and overhead the helicopter circled each town it passed: Stonewall, where his father had lost the Johnson Ranch forever; Johnson City, where young Lyndon and his brother and sisters had lived out the rest of their youth in dread of losing their home there, too; Fredericksburg, where Lyndon had been beaten up at the dance; San Marcos, where Carol Davis had refused to marry him. The big helicopter circled each town again and again, the aircraft banking so that as the townsfolk came out on their front lawns and into the streets they could not miss the name "Lyndon Johnson" written in such big letters on its sides. The rain was heavier now, and visibility was limited, but when he got close enough to Taylor to see the high-school football field he saw some three hundred automobiles parked there. The helicopter came down on the far side of the field, away from the cars. The people waded through the mud to reach him. Another crowd—huge by Hill Country standards—was waiting in Georgetown, and at the end of his speech there he held a little press conference. Did flying in the helicopter make him uneasy? one reporter asked. "No," Johnson replied. "It gives me confidence." Was he tired from the long day's campaigning? "Happy tired," Johnson said. "I know I am sweeping up votes like a whirlwind. I just feel it in the crowds." Heading back to Austin, where he was to spend the night, he passed over the little town of Round Rock. Ordering Chudars to circle lower and then lower still, and then to hover over Main Street, Johnson picked up the microphone and leaned out the window. The helicopter was low enough so that he could see the individual faces of people he knew staring up at him, mouths agape, and he called to them by name. He had invited the Houston *Post* correspondent Jack Guinn to ride this leg of the trip with him, and, Guinn was to report, "We were close enough to witness smiles of astonishment on the faces of the citizens." Landing at Municipal Airport, in Austin, Johnson was greeted by a roaring crowd of supporters. Among them was his fellow-congressman John Lyle, of Corpus Christi. "That thing sure makes a lot of noise," Lyle said.



"That thing sure gets a lot of votes," Lyndon Johnson replied.

THE helicopter was not the only cause of Johnson's elation as June drew to a close and the primary campaign entered its final month. The other was a mistake—a grave one—made by his normally cautious opponent. The Texas chapter of the American Federation of Labor, meeting in Fort Worth, endorsed Coke Stevenson for senator—and Stevenson did not repudiate the endorsement.

The A.F.L. endorsement was to prove one of the major ironies in Texas political history. It was given not out of enthusiasm for the ex-Governor, who had tacitly supported the Brown & Root-backed state anti-labor bills, but out of deep hostility toward Lyndon Johnson. For years, Johnson had assured Texas labor leaders that he was a New Dealer, "a hundred per cent" for labor's great friend Roosevelt; then, believing that Johnson was what he said he was, the embattled, struggling unions of Texas had gone to him for help, and had found no help at all. Since F.D.R.'s death, moreover, Johnson, in his stance against Truman's Fair Deal and his support of the Taft-Hartley Act, had openly opposed their aims. And his alliance with the hated union-buster Herman Brown had convinced them that, while Stevenson had resisted them, Johnson had deceived and betrayed them. They saw their endorsement now as an opportunity for revenge.

But their action backfired. So weak were unions in Texas—utterly unable, even in the cities, to mobilize their members—that their support could not help, could only hurt, a candidate. Anti-union sentiment ran deep in rural Texas, which identified unions with labor racketeers, big-city corruption, big-city ethnic groups; a widespread theme in the state's monolithic press, expressed in two hundred and ninety-five editorials during a four-month period in 1948, was that strikes should be abolished, because they were part of a Communist conspiracy to overthrow America. When Stevenson learned by telephone of the unexpected endorsement, he was so shocked that, the reporter Charles Boatner, who happened to be travelling with Stevenson and Bob Murphey that day, recalls, after the former Governor returned to the car "he just seemingly for ten minutes didn't say a word, and [then] he said, 'Well, I'm going to accept it; it will do me less harm to accept it than to fight it.' "

Attempting in later years to understand Stevenson's failure to repudiate the endorsement, Murphey and advisers such as Ernest Boyett would speculate that his reasons were less political than personal. Every time he switched on the radio in the car, it seemed, he heard a Johnson speech or a Johnson advertisement calling him a "do-nothinger" or "an old man." "He never said a word," Murphey recalls. "Just sometimes he'd roll down the window and spit." But those few men who had an opportunity to observe Stevenson during the campaign saw that his contempt for Johnson had been confirmed, and that dislike for his opponent had turned into something deeper. "He felt there was no way he could lose much of the conservative vote," Boyett says. "And he thought that maybe with it [the endorsement] he could pick up some of the liberals as well, and really rub it in. And by this time he really wanted to rub it in to Lyndon." Whatever the reason, Stevenson's failure to repudiate the endorsement gave his opponent's campaign something it needed: an issue. "Peace, Preparedness, and Progress" hadn't caught on, and neither had anything else that Johnson tried. A helicopter could draw people to see a candidate, but he needed an argument to convince them that they should vote for him. Now he had one; in the previously invulnerable armor of Coke Stevenson there had appeared a chink.

Lyndon Johnson's college debating partner, Elmer Graham, could have warned Stevenson what would happen next. The strong point of Lyndon's debating style, Graham says, was his devastating instinct for the jugular, his "knack of finding a weak point in the other team's argument" and, once he'd found it, making the most of it.

Johnson issued a statement charging that the endorsement was the result of a "secret deal." "Labor leaders made a secret agreement with Calculating Coke that they couldn't get out of me," he said. "A few labor leaders, who do not soil their own clothes with the sweat of honest toil, have met in a smoke-filled hotel room in Fort Worth and have attempted to deliver the vote of free Texas workingmen. . . . I think the laboring men should ask their leaders . . . why they wanted the unions to . . . endorse a candidate who did not have the courage to sign or veto the state's vicious anti-labor law when he was governor." The "labor leaders" made it worse—by rising to Johnson's bait. The A.F.L. convention had not endorsed Coke Stevenson because of any "deal," one A.F.L. leader—Wallace Reilley, of Dallas—said the next day; it had endorsed him because his opponent was Lyndon Johnson, and Johnson, by his years of support of anti-labor bills in Congress, had "disqualified himself in the eyes of the working people of Texas." After Reilley offered a resolution terming Johnson's statement "a deliberate lie," the Dallas *News* reported, six hundred "boiling mad" delegates jumped to their feet, roaring in anger and shaking their fists as they approved it. But the headlines that reported their action—"INFURIATED AFL DELEGATES VOW TO GET JOHNSON"—only helped the man they hated.

Then Johnson sharpened the charge. The "secret deal" to which Stevenson had agreed in return for A.F.L. support, he said, was that if Stevenson was elected to the Senate he would vote to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act —the act that was almost sacred in Texas as the symbol of the state's flaming anti-union sentiment. In speech after speech, over the radio and in the small towns to which the helicopter was carrying him, he demanded that Stevenson "tell the truth" about this "secret deal" he had made "with labor dictators." Stevenson, Johnson said, had sold his soul for the labor vote: "He's a yearling with the labor boss brand on his hip." Johnson's charge was untrue. Coke Stevenson was not opposed to the Taft-Hartley Act; he was in favor of it. From the time it was first proposed in Washington, he had explained to supporters, in his slow, painstaking way, that although he was in general opposed to legislation increasing government regulation of any institution, he was in favor of such regulation when an institution became a monopoly and thereby gained power so great that only government could check its abuses in the interests of the public. Organized labor, he had told intimates, had become a monopoly and was abusing its power. And Johnson *knew* his charge was untrue; says Paul Bolton, who, under Alvin Wirtz's guidance, was writing most of Johnson's speeches on the labor issue, "We knew it wasn't true, and I almost felt ashamed of what I was writing sometimes; Coke was so honest, you know."

Moreover, there had been no "secret deal"—or, at least, none involving Coke Stevenson. The gulf between Johnson's charges and the truth was deepened by the fact that Lyndon Johnson *was* receiving "secret" support from labor leaders. The support came in the same form it had taken during Johnson's first campaign for the Senate, seven years before, because he had maintained his ties to the labor movement in the Northeast. As in 1941, substantial amounts of labor cash were raised there and either sent to Texas by Jim Rowe and his fellow Washington insider Tommy Corcoran or brought in person by Welly Hopkins; on his return trips Hopkins carried recordings of Coke Stevenson speeches that had been carefully edited by Johnson's aides to make Stevenson sound more conservative than he was, and that therefore helped Corcoran and Rowe raise still more money from labor and other liberals in Washington and New York to defeat this "Neanderthal." Once Hopkins, Senior Counsel for John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers, arrived in Texas to hear Johnson excoriating John L. Lewis. "He was saying things that kind of hurt my ears, and that I hated to hear," Hopkins was to recall. "I knew the political reasons for it, but it made me feel a little badly." But he had been sent to Texas to help Johnson, and he did so, contacting U.M.W. supporters, and bringing papers, which he will describe only as "various documents that Corcoran and Jim Rowe had helped me get—a copy of some sort of document, a government document or some correspondence—not for public use but that were informative to Lyndon." But these labor connections were kept secret—Hopkins was to recall that he went to Texas "just informally and quiet as I could" and "purposely stayed away from Lyndon's headquarters." So Johnson was free, in a violently anti-labor state, to make the most of labor's endorsement of his opponent.

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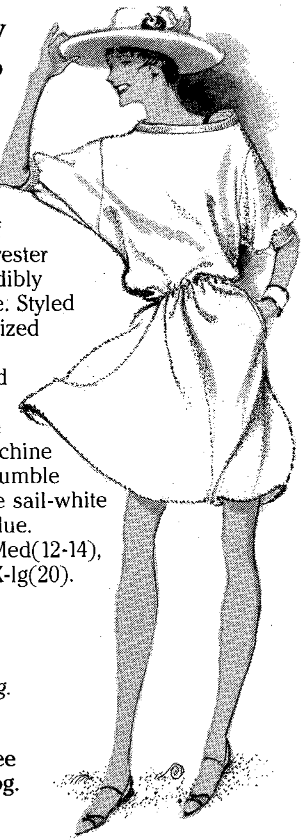

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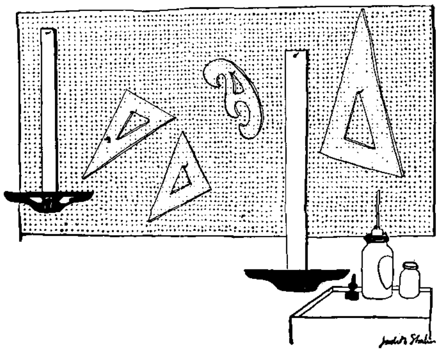
swer the charge, although he did so as he had always answered questions in the past, not making a short reply but explaining the political philosophy that had led him to his decision. In an interview with the Abilene *Reporter-News* on July 3rd, he said, "My policy is to let everyone alone unless he needs regulating. But when any segment of society becomes a monopoly, it needs to be regulated. I think the Taft-Hartley Act is all right as far as it is needed to keep down a monopoly." When Boyett and other advisers suggested that the last sentence might need clarification, Stevenson refused to issue any. One reason was that he felt he had been making statements with similar careful qualifications during his entire public career, and the people of Texas had always understood them, particularly in light of his consistent record. The people of Texas would understand this one, he said; of course people knew where he stood on Taft-Hartley, and on organized labor, he said. Who could possibly believe he would vote to repeal that act? And he did not repeat his statement before the first primary. It appeared in the press—in just a few newspapers, really—only once.

But behind Stevenson's refusal to repudiate the A.F.L. endorsement lay also Lyndon Johnson's genius at "reading" men. Johnson had read Coke Stevenson now, and knew his weakness: his pride, particularly a pride in his reputation for honesty and truthfulness. Stevenson, during his entire public life, had tried not to utter a single word of reply to personal attacks. So Johnson, to keep him from replying, made the attacks personal. Not only did Johnson himself, and his supporters, in broadcast after broadcast, continue to attack the "old man," ridiculing his lack of courage, impugning his honesty; not only did they "demand" that Stevenson "tell the truth" about his "secret deal" on the Taft-Hartley Act but the demands were deliberately couched in language that, Murphey says, "anyone who knew Governor Stevenson knew he would never reply to." For example, Johnson backer Ed Leach, editor of the Longview *Morning Journal*, wrote to Stevenson "demanding" that he speak out: "I would like to ask you to . . . break a precedent by stating your position on anything, but particularly on the Taft-Hartley Law." Johnson had read his man: Stevenson responded just as Johnson had known he would respond. Since the personal attacks concerned his "refusal" to say whether he was for Taft-Hartley, it became a matter of pride for him not to say whether he was for it. He said he would not "be drawn into a name-calling exchange." Voters knew his views on organized labor, he said; he hadn't changed, and they could be sure he never would. And, because his support of Taft-Hartley had not been widely publicized, Stevenson's stand allowed Johnson to claim that Stevenson had never disclosed his views; indeed, newspapers would state repeatedly that the former Governor had made no statement about Taft-Hartley.

Stevenson's response was based not only on philosophy but on the buttressing of that philosophy by a lifetime's experience. Time and time again during his long career, candidates had attacked him personally and he had been advised to reply, and time and time again he had refused, always giving the same reason: his record would speak for him—the voters knew where he stood; he hadn't changed; the voters would therefore know that the charges were false. And, naïve and unrealistic though this reasoning had seemed, time and again it had been proven correct. Attack after attack had shattered against his image, in part because his image was so close to the truth that there were no cracks in which the charges could lodge. The charges had indeed been false, and the voters had indeed not believed them.

But Stevenson didn't understand that, as Boyett puts it, "Lyndon Johnson wasn't like other candidates." He didn't understand that Lyndon Johnson's campaign wasn't like other campaigns, that it was something new in Texas politics. Never before had attacks against Stevenson been repeated day after day, week after week, not only on the radio—that powerful medium now, for the first time in Texas, being exploited to its fullest—but in weekly newspapers, in daily newspapers, and in campaign mailings, so that voters heard and saw the charges against him, it seemed, every time they turned on the radio, read a newspaper, opened their mail. Never before had there been a campaign in which the same phrases were drummed into voters' consciousness all through June and July. "Secret deal"? Perhaps Coke Stevenson felt he wouldn't dignify the charge by denying it. But dignity was a luxury in a fight with Lyndon Johnson, a luxury too expensive to afford. Perhaps Stevenson had too much pride to deny the charge. Pride was a luxury that an opponent of Lyndon Johnson could not afford. Once Johnson found an issue, true or untrue, that "touched," he hammered at it—until people started to believe it. He had one that touched now; he had found the jugular, and he wasn't letting go. The charges that Johnson was making against Coke Stevenson were false—manufactured out of whole cloth, in fact. They were as false as any charges that had been made against Stevenson in the past.



But this time people were beginning to wonder whether they might not be true. Even the former Governor's strongest supporters were beginning to wonder, as was shown in a column that expressed the views of the Dallas conservatives. "Mr. Leach's letter to Mr. Stevenson was a trifle discourteous, it is true," a columnist named Lynn Landrum wrote in the Dallas *News*. "But it seems reasonable to expect that Mr. Stevenson in his own way will inform the public of his views on this matter, which now seems to have become a critical issue in the race. The people of Texas are . . . substantially in favor of the Taft-Hartley Act. . . . They will want to know Mr. Stevenson's views."

Within a startlingly short time after Johnson had begun campaigning by helicopter, his private polls had shown him cutting into Stevenson's lead, and every day that gap had narrowed. On June 20th, a new Belden Poll had been published. Stevenson was no longer leading him by sixty-four per cent to twenty-eight, but only by forty-seven to thirty-seven, with Peddy having twelve per cent (minor candidates had a total of five per cent). The erosion in Stevenson's popularity, Johnson's more experienced advisers had realized, was not as great as it seemed at first glance, since Peddy had had only an insignificant three per cent in the May poll, and his backers, conservatives, would return to Stevenson once Peddy was out of the race. But now Johnson's polls showed that since the A.F.L. endorsement the gap had closed still further. After weeks in which it had seemed that nothing could erode Stevenson's popularity, there was an erosion at last.

THANKS to his helicopter and his issue, Johnson's mood veered from depression to elation. His euphoria was intense. Often, when his aides came at 5 A.M. to wake him they found him already awake, and if he wasn't he woke the moment Woodward gently touched his shoulder. And, Woodward recalls, "he started at full speed. The minute we woke him up, he hit the ground running," giving orders and gulping coffee while he shaved. As he headed out of his room for his daily 6:45 A.M. broadcast, one staffer would call "He's moving out!" to alert the others downstairs, for they would have to scramble to keep up. As he passed them, his strides were long and his arms were swinging; he was, in the words of the faithful Woodward, "a general moving out in front of his troops."

After the broadcast—as stilted and stentorian as ever, the engineers in the studios of the little local stations frantically turning dials in an attempt to modulate his voice—he headed for the chopper. Charging from morning to night across the bare brown plains of West Texas, the Johnson City Windmill was landing in eight or nine towns each day now; Johnson was speaking in towns that few candidates for statewide office had ever visited. The helicopter was enabling him to do on a statewide scale what he had done in the Tenth Congressional District during his first campaign: to go to the people "at the forks of the creek." Many of them—perhaps most of them—had never seen a candidate for the United States Senate before. But they saw Lyndon Johnson, saw him and heard him talk.

He talked, for example, about his combat experiences—or what he said were his combat experiences. His service in the war was, in fact, one of the major themes of his campaign. One of Woodward's assignments was to transfer the Silver Star bar to the lapel of

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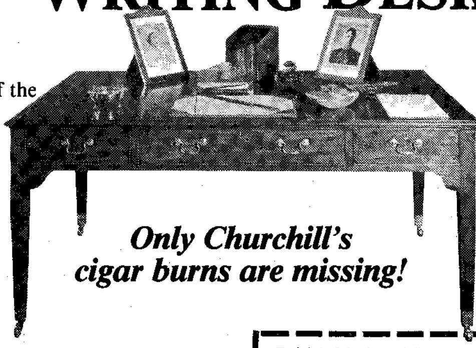

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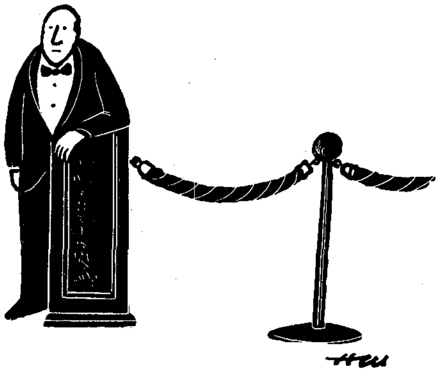
whatever suit jacket Johnson was wearing that day. When possible, Johnson wanted to be introduced by a veteran—preferably one whose service, and sacrifice, had been dramatized by the loss of a limb; in Spur, for example, he would ordinarily have been introduced by his most powerful and prominent supporter, a dentist named Malcolm Brannen, but it was arranged that Brannen would introduce Jake Varnell, a veteran who had lost a leg in the war, and Varnell would be the man who introduced the candidate. So successful was the Johnson campaign in locating pro-Johnson amputees for this task that the percentage of men introducing Lyndon Johnson who still possessed all their limbs was surprisingly small. And the introductions stressed the war service: "Congressman Johnson was fighting in the Pacific until he was recalled to his congressional duties." Particularly effective was a broadcast over a statewide radio hookup by veterans who told of their own war exploits and tied them in with Johnson's—or what they thought Johnson's were. Typical of the newspaper coverage of the broadcast was the lead in the Austin *American-Statesman:* "Seven World War II heroes, young men new to politics, told why they are supporting Congressman Lyndon Johnson [who] was awarded a Silver Star by General MacArthur for gallantry in combat action."

But no one else could talk about Johnson's exploits the way Johnson could talk about them. "I shared your boys' experiences," he would say in those small towns in which war heroes were revered and in which so many families had lost a son. "I said that if war was declared, I'd go to war beside them, and I did." He would point to the pin in his lapel or wave the lapel back and forth at the audience (or, when carried away by enthusiasm, would yank off his jacket and hold it over his head, with the lapel stretched out). "That's the Silver Star. General MacArthur gave it to me." He had made sacrifices just as their boys had, he said. He had intended to run in the Senate election in 1942, he said, "but when that election came around I was in the jungles of New Guinea."

And, he said, he knew what it was to see boys die, because he had had a friend die. "He was the boy I roomed with," Lyndon Johnson said. "He was a country boy, too. He was a pilot, and he flew a B-17, and he was a colonel. His name was Francis Stevens, but we all called him Steve." They had been on a mission together, Johnson said, and Stevens' plane had been shot down, and he had perished in the crash. And to him, Lyndon Johnson, had fallen the task of collecting Steve's personal effects and mailing them to his mother. "I sat in that little room we had shared together, and I got all the letters his mama had written him, and I tied them up to send back to her. And I packed up his clothes. I remember I rolled up his socks. They smelled bad, but they were his, so I sent them to his mama, too."

And though his wartime experiences were somewhat exaggerated, the telling was tremendously effective—particularly when he tied the experiences in with his pleas for "preparedness." "Peace, Preparedness, and Progress" might be the words he used during his stilted radio broadcasts, but here, face to face with the people whose votes he needed, he used different words. "It cost us a lot of lives because we weren't prepared when the Japs attacked," he said. "I'd rather save lives than money," he said. "It's either your boys' lives or tax rebates for millionaires."

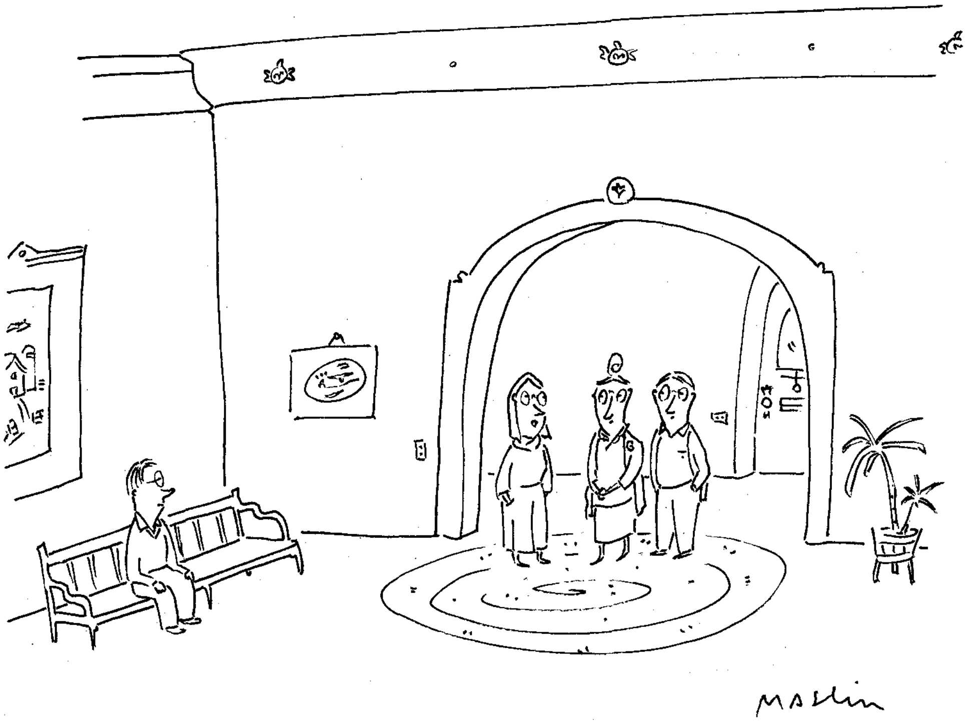
Those words touched a chord in his listeners. One of the hands he shook after his talk at Graham was that of a farm wife. "My boy died on Iwo Jima," she said. "I know what you mean." At Sweetwater, an old man approached Johnson and tried to say something, but had to stop when he began to cry. And the press coverage of his war record was all that could be desired: talking about Lady Bird's concern for his safety in a helicopter, the Port Arthur *News* reported that Johnson said that "his wife didn't show particular concern when he was flying in B-29s, helping bomb one Japanese island after another into submission three years ago. His flights over jungle wastes and the limitless expanses of the ocean 'were all right by her, for she realized the job had to be done,' the Congressman says. 'But when she heard that some of my old wartime buddies were volunteering to fly me all over Texas to meet the voters in a helicopter, she threw up her hands.' "



AND he talked about his opponent. He had emerged from the hospital determined to try to destroy Coke Stevenson's reputation, and he had been concentrating on doing so in his formal speeches, with attacks that grew steadily more personal. He kept calling his sixty-year-old opponent "an old man." Stevenson had retired to his ranch, Johnson said, and the only reason he was running for the Senate was that he had discovered that senators were paid fifteen thousand dollars a year. Stevenson wasn't planning to do any work for that money, just collect it as if it were a pension, Johnson said. "I am not for the fifteen thousand dollar pension you'll be giving this old man if you elect him." And then, somewhere near the end of June, Lyndon Johnson changed his mode of attack—in a stroke of pure political genius.

Washington had learned some time back of Lyndon Johnson's gift for mimicry, of the accuracy with which he could capture a man's traits and imitate and exaggerate them in a devastating form of mockery. Now he began to use that gift in the small towns of Texas on the man who had for so many years been a hero in those towns.

The people's very familiarity with the former Governor, and with his well-known mannerisms and phrases, made him a good target. Johnson's mimicry took the form of an interview in which he played two parts: a reporter and Stevenson. First, playing the reporter, he asked a question—perhaps "What are your views on federal aid to education?" Then, taking a step away, he turned, as if facing the reporter, and played Stevenson. Out and up came Lyndon Johnson's jaw, in an imitation of Stevenson's. His hands went to his hips, in the former Governor's habitual stance when answering questions. And he rocked back and forth on his heels, as Stevenson did while thinking, and paused for a while before answering. "Ah believe in constitutional government," he finally said. Then the "reporter" might ask, "Are you for or against the seventy-



"I found the settee and Dave exactly as you see them now—I didn't have to do a thing to them."

• •

group Air Force?" Jaw out, hands on hips, heels rocking, in flawless imitation. The long pause that had given Coffee-Coolin' Coke his nickname. Finally: "Ah believe in constitutional government."

"It was perfect," a reporter says. "It was Coke to the life." The only element missing was Stevenson's ever-present and famous pipe. And then, suddenly, Johnson had an inspiration. While performing his imitation one day, he noticed a farmer right in front of him smoking a large corncob pipe. Reaching out, Johnson grabbed it, stuck it in his own mouth, and added it to the act. Now, after the "reporter" asked, "How do you stand on the seventy-group Air Force?," the "Governor" hurriedly stuck the pipe in his mouth, as if panicked by the question, and drew deeply on it, puckered up his eyes in mock concentration until he finally removed it, studied it for another long moment, and then said, "Ah believe in constitutional government." At every stop thereafter, Johnson would borrow a pipe from some man in the crowd. "With one eye on the labor bosses in Fort Worth and the other eye on the millionaires in Houston, he sits and smokes," Johnson would say. He would place the pipe in his mouth, stick out his jaw, put his hands on his hips, and rock back on his heels until he had the crowd giggling. Then he would mutter through the pipe stem, "Ah'm for states' rights." "And what do you think about federal aid for veterans?" Long pause. "Well, I don't want to move the county courthouse to Washington."

Then, having made the crowd receptive, Johnson could launch into a stronger attack. These savage personal onslaughts were directed against perhaps the most deeply respected public official in the history of Texas. They were a great gamble, part of the great gamble that Johnson was taking in the whole campaign. From Jacksonville, Horace Busby reported to campaign headquarters, "The Congressman has gone berserk. He is using a satire on Stevenson." But, Busby added, the satire "seems to be going over with the crowds fine."

PEOPLE who had known him for years said they had never seen Lyndon Johnson so "high." He had always deeply needed crowds and the feeling from them of acceptance and warmth and respect—now, thanks to the helicopter and to his own gifts, he was getting that feeling. "When he got in a crowd of people, that was when he was at his happiest," Woodward recalls, and "these were very special crowds for him." The Austin reporter Margaret Mayer says, "He really *thrived* on the helicopter, and on the crowds that would come out. . . . He was energized; he was really charged up."

He was, in fact, carried away, at times all but out of control. A key to his handshaking method of "taking their hand first" was to reach for the people coming toward him to shake his hand, and in effect pull them past him. Shaking hands on the flatbed truck after the speech, he would sometimes be so excited that he not only would forget the pain in his cracked hands but would pull on voters' arms so enthusiastically that the voters needed all their alertness and physical strength to avoid being yanked off balance as Johnson pulled them past. "He was just *throwing* little old ladies past him," Busby says. "Woody and I stationed ourselves below the platform, in case any of them needed to be caught." Margaret Mayer recalls, "When he was shaking hands, that was when he got most charged up. It was just like he was plugged into electricity." During the handshaking, of course, Joe Phipps, the KTBC announcer, was delivering over the helicopter microphone a non-stop spiel about the Congressman's accomplishments, and sometimes the Congressman became absolutely carried away by enthusiasm as Phipps' voice boomed out, "Come meet Congressman Johnson. He got roads for the Tenth District. He got lights for the Tenth District. If you elect him, he'll get lights for *you!* He'll get roads for *you!*" Sometimes, as Phipps' voice was filling the air, his subject, shaking hands on the truck, would shout to the announcer across the heads of the crowd, "Tell 'em about me, Joe! Tell 'em about me!"

Then the helicopter would take off, and Lyndon Johnson would be up in the air again, charging across the face of Texas, circling closer and closer to farmhouses to the accompaniment of pandemonium in the chicken coop and panic in the stable, landing beside railroad-repair crews and little groups of farm workers so he could hug them and give them leaflets. (Occasionally, the pilot would simply circle the workers while Johnson bellowed down to them and showered them with great handfuls of campaign literature, but only occasionally. "He would rarely pass [a

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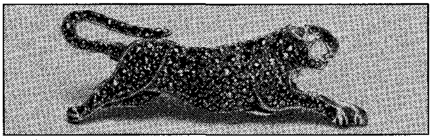

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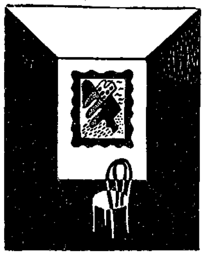
group] without going down,” Busby recalls. “I would say, ‘Hell, they’re not going to vote.’ He drew himself up in one of his more noble poses, and said, ‘Son, they’re *people!* ’ ”) Seeing a train roaring along beneath him, he insisted on Chudars’ dipping low above the flat prairie and then racing the train for miles, the S-51 gradually passing the long line of freight cars as the engineer tooted his whistle in excitement. Circling a town where he was to land, he would lean far out of the helicopter window, waving his gray Stetson at the people below while he shouted, “Come to the speaking! Come to the speaking!” Above larger cities, he went wild. Coming into Port Arthur (where, the next day, under the headline “IT LANDS ON ROOFS AND IN PASTURES!,” the Port Arthur *News* proclaimed that “Candidate Lyndon B. Johnson’s ‘flying windmill’ is probably the greatest political innovation since the invention of the ballot”), he circled the downtown shopping area again and again at a height of three hundred feet, leaning out the helicopter window and yelling down through a megaphone (the helicopter’s public-address system was broken that day), “Hello, Port Arthur! Hello, Port Arthur! You look wonderful down there! Hello, Port Arthur!” while showering the city with his leaflets. Between cities, he urged Chudars to fly faster. And, in his enthusiasm, Lyndon Johnson leaned out of the helicopter and, in the words of one reporter, “whipped his Stetson on the plane’s flanks as though it were a bronco.”



Accompanying him was quite an experience, too. Advance man Sam Plyler would leave each stop as soon as the helicopter touched down, because he had to be at the next stop in time to make sure the landing area had been cleared, and he needed all the head start he could get. “Sam drove wide open, as fast as the car would go,” Chudars recalls. Even so, if the town was some distance away Plyler couldn’t be sure he would make it in time, and as he sped along he would keep darting backward glances into the sky to see if the black dot had come into view behind him. The other cars would wait until the helicopter lifted off and then race out after it. There was quite a line of them. One car carried the mechanic Nachlin and the radio engineer—and a two-way radio linked it with Chudars, so that Nachlin could be summoned without delay in case engine trouble forced the helicopter down. Another carried a secretary and a speechwriter (generally Paul Bolton) and his typewriter. Another carried Busby—and *his* typewriter. Then there was a car for Woodward, and his suitcases filled with the candidate’s shirts, ties, pills, lozenges, and hand creams. Sometimes there was a car for the band. Their absences for the campaign had cost the band’s four members radio-station jobs, but Johnson had told them not to worry: “Someday you’ll sing on the steps of the White House.” And then there were the reporters’ cars, more and more of them as the Flying Windmill became bigger and bigger news. Quite a caravan careened across Texas that summer—advance men, secretaries, speechwriters, aides, reporters, band members, sound-truck operators—all of them, in the words of the Houston *Post’s* Frank Oltorf, “driving like hell” along highways or narrow country roads, going just as fast as they could, while scanning the skies and hoping to make the next town before the Windmill landed.

State troopers stopped them. Once, waved over by a trooper, Plyler pleaded that he had to get to the schoolyard in the town up ahead because the helicopter was going to land there and he had to make sure no children got hurt. The trooper said, “O.K., I’ll follow you. If that helicopter doesn’t come in there, you’re going to jail.” And Plyler roared off again, the trooper flooring his gas pedal to keep up.

Tires blew out. Oltorf remembers a blowout while he was doing eighty on a bumpy narrow road, and how he was almost unable to get the car under control. Engines blew out. When a car was disabled, the driver simply abandoned it, like a dead horse by the side of the road, and flagged down another; the important thing was not to miss the Windmill’s next landing. (For the rest of their lives, these men and women would tell stories about the summer they followed Lyndon Johnson and his Flying Windmill around Texas. Oliver Knight, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, would write about one trip, “That mad dash from Navasota to

Conroe in which I dodged stumps at 70 MPH just to keep up with that contraption will ever be green in my memory.") At the landing site, there would be a brief respite while Johnson gave his speech and shook hands. Then he would clamber back into the helicopter, and the advance men would push back the crowd to clear enough room for the takeoff, and the mechanics, secretaries, speechwriters, advance men, aides, and reporters would run back to their cars and screech off again.

When his secretary Dorothy Nichols was asked what she remembered about the 1948 campaign, she replied, "Three hours of sleep." And she remembered wet hair. Like the rest of the staff, Mrs. Nichols recalled, she had to be awake every morning at five and after the early-morning broadcast would spend the entire day racing frantically from town to town trying to keep up with the helicopter, at each town being given a long list of telephone calls to make or memos or speeches to type at the noon or evening stops:

> We tried to make every speech, but at any rate we had to get to the noon rest stop ahead of him, because we had his luggage. . . . We . . . had to get the hotel all in order for him to come in, unpack his suitcase, because he would get into his pajamas and get in bed and have a rest. So, that was my job. I was valet, in other words. Then, at night, there would always be a meeting after dinner, a local meeting. So it was late hours. I . . . had to tuck him in bed and give him his pills and try to remember whether he had taken them or not, which sometimes was hard. I'd get to bed about three-thirty every morning and roll up my hair. Those were the days when we put pin curls in our hair, wet, and I would wake up at five o'clock every morning and comb it out, and it was still wet, but I did it again the next night. I took a book to read . . . a whodunit . . . and read the same sentence on page thirteen every night.

The original plan had been for Mrs. Nichols to stay with the candidate as secretary for the whole campaign, but that plan survived only until the campaign's first weekend, when she arrived back in Austin with the candidate and reported in at the Hancock House. "They took one look at me at headquarters," she recalled, "and realized that I couldn't take it all the time." It was decided that for the rest of the campaign, she and her fellow-secretaries Mary Rather and Dorothy Plyler would alternate on the road—one week on and two weeks back at headquarters, where the pace was less inhuman. Even

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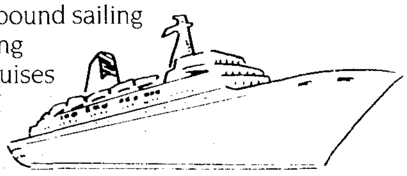

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with this schedule, however, by the end of the campaign the three women would be exhausted. "And," as Mrs. Nichols was to point out, "we were only doing it one out of every three weeks. He was doing it all the time."

Even when he was supposed to be resting, they came to realize, he wasn't. At the noon rest stop, Lyndon Johnson would indeed get into bed. But when someone came to wake him after an hour or so, he would almost invariably be awake—awake and ready with a long list of things to be done, things he had thought of during the hour. He had been "on the phone the whole time," Mrs. Nichols said, or "he had somebody—local people or somebody on the staff—in there planning."

The afternoons would be long—hour after hour of flying across country, hovering over towns and speaking from the air, landing at farmhouses or in cotton fields, and, eight or nine or ten times a day, delivering a speech in a town, then shaking the hand of every member of the crowd. And evening brought no respite; often, Johnson would arrive at the town in which he was to spend the night just in time to race to his hotel, strip off his wringing-wet clothes, take a quick shower, dress, and head out for the evening's event—a rally or a Rotary Club or a chamber-of-commerce banquet—at which, after a reception, he would give a formal speech. And after the dinner (and the handshaking) would come an informal reception for prominent local supporters and financial contributors—identified as "F.C.s," for "Fat Cats," in briefing memos for the day—either in Johnson's hotel suite or at the home of one of the fattest of the cats. And these receptions were quite important because they gave Johnson an opportunity to meet new supporters or to cement relations with those he knew only slightly, and to allay the fears of so many of them that he might secretly be a liberal after all.

In his initial instructions to his schedulers Johnson had been very firm about the necessity for ending his evenings early. "You don't make any converts after ten o'clock," he had said. Before ten, therefore, Woodward and other aides would begin trying to move visitors out of the room. But after the visitors had left there would be a long list on yellow legal notepads of people who had been trying to reach him that day, and the calls would be returned—every one. "He did not spare himself," Woodward recalls. In Washington, the importance of callers was weighed, and many calls were not returned. Now, however, every name represented someone he needed. And before he went to bed every name on the list would have a line through it and a brief notation for a follow-up letter to be sent in his name by headquarters. Sometimes a name on the list would represent a potential gain of only a single vote. The call was made.

And as soon as he hung up the telephone, it seemed, it would ring, and it might be Alvin Wirtz or Ed Clark or Claude Wild or John Connally with some matter that had to be discussed and thought through—and the thinking had to be clear, no matter how tired he was, for calls from these men were important. And the candidate would be telephoning headquarters himself—making call after call, every time he thought of some item, no matter how minor, that might help his campaign. Wild, who was a veteran campaign strategist, urged him to stop. "Worry yourself about as few of the details of the campaign as you possibly can," he wrote in a hand-delivered memo. "You can't run an organization with the perfection you might like to see with volunteer and scattered help." Wild had heard how exhausted Johnson was, and he said the important thing was to "keep yourself physically in shape to continue your fine campaign." The others knew better than to try to stop their Chief from worrying. Eleven o'clock would pass, and then midnight, and then, often, one o'clock, and two—and Lyndon Johnson, gaunt and haggard under his tan, would still be lying in his underwear on the bed in a sweltering small-town hotel room, cigarette in one hand, telephone in the other, trying to do "everything." Woodward came to wake him at five, and often Johnson was already awake, with more items on a list, more things his restless mind had thought up during the few hours in which he was supposed to be sleeping. And when he left the hotel for that early-morning broadcast, which was to be followed by the breakfast speech, and then by the gruelling day in the helicopter, he left with those long strides and swinging arms. "He groused about no breaks," Woodward would recall years later, "but if there came a day when every minute wasn't filled," then he was furious.

THOSE who knew Johnson realized the toll being exacted by his frantic pace. Walter Jenkins had seen his Chief drive himself to the verge of exhaustion before, but now, Jenkins saw, "he was more tired than he had ever been." Others saw frenzy.

One reporter, interviewing him, watched Johnson sit in a chair for a few minutes, jump up, sit in another chair, jump up again, pace around the room, lie on the bed, jump up, and sit in a chair again, and wrote, "He's just too nervous to remain still." And as he moved restlessly from chair to chair he puffed cigarettes, lighting one from the end of another; he rubbed big gobs of salve into his hands; he tilted back his head and sprayed his throat with a vaporizer and his nose with an inhaler; he gulped pills from a variety of bottles on the dresser; he stuck lozenges in his mouth and in his nervousness chewed instead of sucked them, so that he had to keep putting new ones in his mouth.

Intensifying this "nervousness" was the cocoon of optimism in which he was wrapped. In town after town, the report from his local campaign manager was glowing: he was pulling up on Ol' Coke; he was ahead of Ol' Coke; they had never thought anyone could give Ol' Coke a run for his money, but by God, Lyndon, you're doing it! This, of course, is standard in any campaign, for local leaders are prone to be overimpressed by the aura of excitement which surrounds the candidate on his visit to their area, and are anxious, moreover, to let the candidate know how well they are doing in his behalf, but it was intensified in Johnson's case by the well-known violence of his reaction to any news that was not good; no one wanted to be the one to give him such news, and as a result he did not receive much of it. And while ordinarily his keen political instincts would have helped him to give such optimism its appropriate weight he was even further charged up now by the peculiar nature of this campaign—both his and Coke's. Crowd size had always augured political success in Texas; thanks to his helicopter, he was

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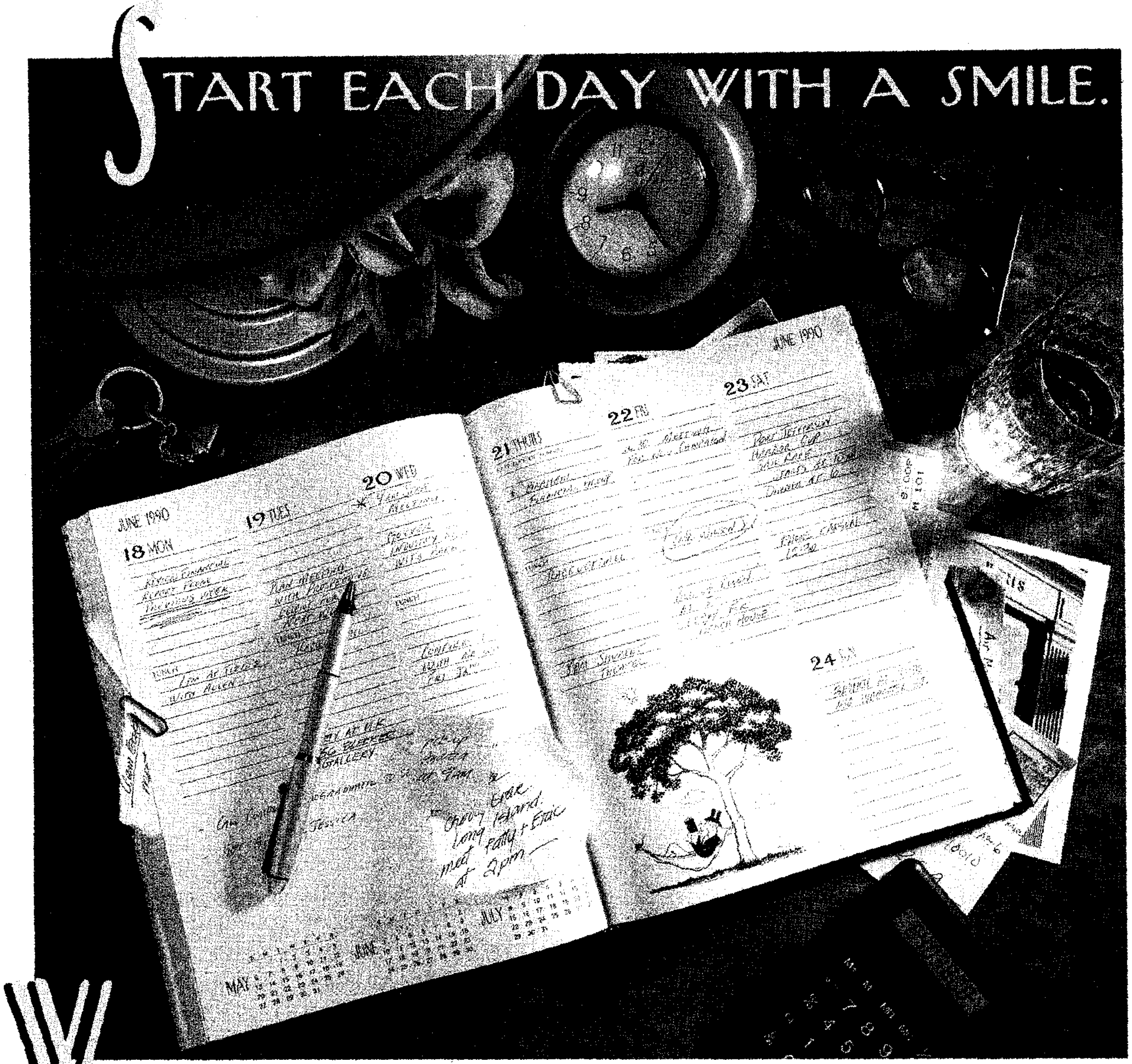

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in many areas drawing unprecedented crowds, and their response was good.

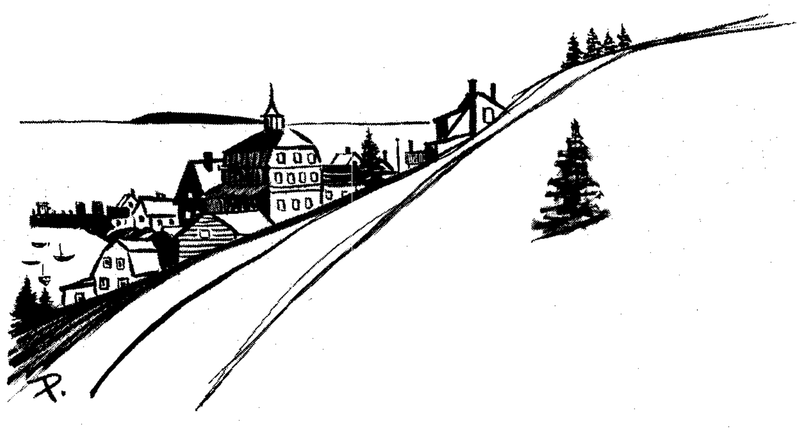
And it was not merely the testimony of his own managers and of his own eyes that contributed to Johnson's euphoria but what he read: the results of that last poll, which showed such substantial gains; the articles about his opponent's candidacy. Even Peddy was blanketing the state with radio speeches and developing a surprisingly strong campaign organization in Houston and some East Texas counties—and what was Coke Stevenson doing? Still, as in the past, interrupting his campaigning to attend to the shearing or the branding on his ranch, still driving from town to town, shaking hands, chatting with people, seldom giving a formal speech, and when he did make a short talk, saying the same old things; as for radio talks, when Stevenson took to the air on July 16th it was only the third speech he had given in three months. In it he said he would "do as I have done in the past": uphold constitutional government and be a good steward of public funds. He said he favored aiding the Western nations of Europe and keeping America strong, and opposed extensions of federal control. "The people of Texas know me," he concluded. "I don't have the money to hire an army of paid workers all over the state or to write a letter to every holder of a poll tax. But I have something more valuable. I have friends and supporters in every county in Texas who know the principles I stand for and who like those principles." Reporters said that there was no news in the speech, that it was essentially the same talk he had been giving, several times each day, in the small towns to which he travelled. The scant coverage he received was not infrequently tinged with ridicule; a typical article described one of Coke's campaign days as "five towns and 95 handshakes." Johnson was seeing thousands of people each day, shaking hundreds of hands, was on the radio morning and night—and, often, noon. By all the standard indices of campaigning, he was doing well—and Coke was doing very badly.

Also playing a role in Johnson's feelings, it may be, was the depth of his need to believe what he was hearing and reading, to feel that he would succeed in his last chance. One of the typical violent alterations in Lyndon Johnson's moods had occurred. He was as euphoric in late June as he had been depressed early in the month. The prospect of victory always made his conduct as overbearing as the prospect of defeat made it humble to the point of obsequiousness. And now he was confident of victory. By the end of June, he was so euphoric as to be all but hysterical, a candidate on the point of irrationality.

He found it impossible to control himself, it seemed, even before the public he was trying to court. The slightest thing that went wrong triggered explosions of a kind with which his aides had long been familiar but which could only antagonize voters. Once, he arrived at a meeting where he was not supposed to give a speech and learned that the organization expected a short talk. Wheeling on his hapless advance men, he screamed, as the club members looked on, "I thought it was just gonna be coffee, doughnuts, and bullshit!" On another occasion, advance man Cliff Carter had arranged to have the principal of Robstown High School and a delegation of teachers and students on the steps to greet him. Pleased, Johnson told Carter he wanted to shake the hands of every student in the school—in fact, every student in the whole city. That would take hours. "We don't have time, sir," Carter said, and produced the list of all the stops he was already scheduled to make. Johnson didn't even look at the paper; instead, he looked at Carter. As the principal observed the intensity of Johnson's glare, the hand he had extended to welcome the candidate slowly dropped to his side. The smiles faded from the faces of the delegation. There was a long silence. Then Johnson said, in the low, threatening tone that his aides feared more than any other, "Are we gonna join the Can't Do It Club right here on the steps of Robstown High School?"

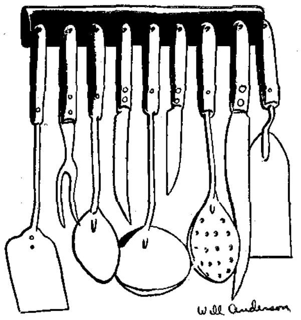
Hotel lobbies became stages for violent scenes. There might be a brief delay in registration or a bellboy might be slow in arriving to take the candidate's bags. Johnson would shriek at the desk clerk or bellboy in public as he screamed at Woodward or Mary Rather in private, while other patrons stared in astonishment. Hotel suites became stages, too. "He never got a meal that he didn't find fault with," Horace Busby recalls. "I just couldn't stand it—the way he'd beat up on the waiter or waitress. He would send back the food. 'Tell the cook I never saw so much fat on a piece of meat.' He would ring the bell and tell the desk clerk, 'This may be the worst hotel I've ever stayed in.' " The suites became stages even when the audience was the audience he most needed to impress favorably: local political leaders and their wives. "I'm talking about explosions, tirades," Horace Busby explains. "Especially explosions against the women who worked for him: 'Everyone in this outfit is against me!' That kind of thing." Local politicians "would come into his hotel suite with their eyes all aglow over the opportunity to meet him—all enthusiastic—and you could just see the light turn off." "His behavior was hurting him with local politicians," Busby says, and with their wives, whom they had often brought along to meet the great man, and who were even more shocked than their husbands at his abusiveness, particularly toward his female secretaries. If Johnson realized the effect his conduct was having, however, he seemed unable or unwilling to change it. And, Busby says dryly, "his nudity was inappropriate."

Nudity? Rooms in many small-town hotels had only hand basins, with communal toilets at the end of the hall. These bathrooms were small and hot, and it was cooler if the door was left open, so often Johnson left it open. Not a few voters therefore saw the candidate for the United States Senate sitting on



the toilet, and described that sight to relatives and friends. Once, in Corsicana, Busby says, several key local supporters arrived at his suite with their wives for a private social hour following a speech. "He received them nicely, but then it was time for them to leave, and they didn't. He kept looking over at me to get them out of there," but the supporters were oblivious of Busby's hints. "They were lost in rapture." So, Busby says, "right in front of them, he just starts undressing." When he had taken off his tie and shirt and they still hadn't left, "he started taking off his pants. The ladies started looking at the ceiling," and someone said maybe it was time to let Mr. Johnson get some rest.

He couldn't control himself even with—or in front of—the press. He cultivated the reporters covering the campaign, at times with exaggerated flattery, at times with touches of unique political genius. One device he employed, and perhaps invented, was to introduce the members of the press to the audience at small towns. This impressed audiences and gave the townspeople a sense of identity with his campaign—in the case of an Allen Duckworth, of the Dallas *News*, or a Jack Guinn, of the Houston *Post*, whose names were familiar; "when you're in a town of eight hundred or nine hundred people, why they like to . . . see the face of the byline they read," Charles Boatner of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* explains—while at the same time making the reporters feel like celebrities. But the flattery alternated with harsh tongue-lashings over the slightest hint of criticism in their stories. He even ridiculed them for no reason at all, displaying as he did so that keen insight into other men's feelings that enabled him to wound them so deeply. Dave Cheavens, of the Associated Press, his fellow-reporter Margaret Mayer recalls, was "a fat, chubby little fellow . . . a sweet man, a great fellow, but really fat and sensitive about it." At one town, Cheavens was scheduled to board the helicopter after Johnson's speech and ride to the next town with him. The helicopter was parked on the far side of a broad plowed field from the speakers' platform. After the speech, Johnson was hurrying across the field, his long legs enabling him to stride over the furrows. Cheavens, scrambling awkwardly after him, was falling farther and farther behind. Johnson shouted over his shoulder, "Come on, Cheavens! Won't those little fat legs of yours carry you any faster than that?" "It was the type of thing that Johnson seemed to think he was entitled to say," Mayer says. "He could be quite mean to the reporters. . . . He thought he could get away with things like that." And, indeed, he could, because, in Mayer's words, "Johnson had courted favor with publishers all over the state." Reporters whose coverage of the campaign displeased him were transferred off the campaign—or fired.



Some reporters got their first view of Lyndon Johnson's relationship with subordinates during this campaign, and it upset them so deeply that occasionally one would attempt to intervene. One evening, the candidate had some of the top state political reporters in his suite, "talking to them, stroking them." But he "wanted something from Mary Rather and he spoke roughly and crudely to her . . . using obscenities that shocked even these hard-bitten reporters." After a minute or two, Felix McKnight, of the Dallas *News*, burst out, "You can't talk to her like that! Apologize to her!" But "Johnson was totally oblivious to what he had done"—and, it appeared, "Mary was, too. She was used to it." The moment passed away without an apology. But almost none of this feeling showed up in so much as a hint in the reporters' articles.

He could not control himself even when onstage before the voters he was wooing. As his confidence grew, he seemed to feel that he had them in his grasp, as he had his subordinates—and he began to treat them the same way. Circling a town in the S-51, as Phipps urged over the loudspeaker, "Come to the speaking. Come to the speaking," he would grow irritated if the response was below expectations. Snatching the loudspeaker from Phipps, he would do the urging himself, and, even through the loudspeaker's distortion, what Busby calls the "umbrage" in the voice was clear as it bellowed, "Come on out to the *speaking!*" During his speeches, anything less than total attention from his audience evoked the same reaction. Most politicians display affection for children. Although the presence of children was necessary to attract their parents, Johnson didn't intend to tolerate any nonsense from them. If there were childish antics in the crowd, the candidate would stop talking. And, Busby says, "I learned one thing: if he stopped—*hide!* You weren't going to like what happened next." Busby took his own advice—literally. Once, when Johnson stopped and stared down into the crowd at a little boy who was "talking or something," Busby says, "I went behind a tree. He kept staring and staring at the boy, and finally said, 'Ah'm not going to go on until the mother of this squirt comes up here and dusts his britches.' "

Receiving reports of Johnson's behavior, Alvin Wirtz attempted to calm him down, and his telephone calls worked for the first hour or two each day, but by midmorning his quiet counsel had faded before the visions of victory dancing in Johnson's head. He had added to his speeches now a chant in which he asked audiences to join, and if the participation of the public wasn't always enthusiastic there was usually enough of a claque on hand to make things sound as if it were. "Ain't gonna be no runoff," Johnson would say. "I'm gonna win without a runoff. Now let's hear it!" And the crowd—led by the claque—would chant, "Ain't gonna be no runoff."

Whatever the young men in the Hancock House may have believed, the older, more experienced men in the Brown Building knew there was no realistic possibility of that prediction coming true. Johnson might do far better than had been expected, they felt, but as for polling more than half the vote?—the chant, they felt, was a campaign device; no one could seriously believe it might happen. But Ed Clark, talking one night in late June to the candidate, a candidate utterly in the grip of euphoria, came to a shocking realization: Lyndon Johnson believed it.

AND then, on the Fourth of July weekend, came the Texas Cowboy Reunion.

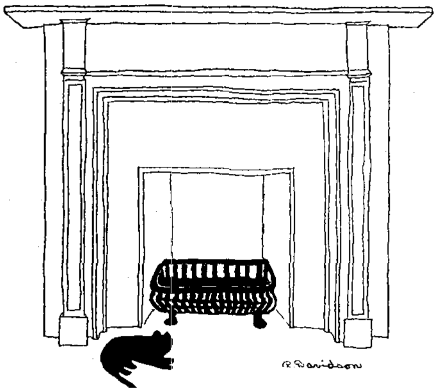
The Reunion had been begun in 1930 by Texans concerned about "the thinning ranks of true cowboys," the embodiment not just of a way of life but of the spirit and principles that made Texas so special. Its sponsors had picked a perfect site—a little town, Stamford, that sat on the vast, rolling plains of West Texas like the set of a Western movie, right down to the headquarters of a working ranch, the Swenson Ranch, which was situated on the town square, with its façade bearing the ranch's famous SMS brand with two backward "S"s. Stamford stood in the very heart of what had been the land of the "mustangers"—the men who captured wild horses and drove them to Northern markets. Children in the area grew up to the stories of the mustang stallions—Black Devil, Star Face, the Pacing Wild Stallion, and, best remembered of all, Midnight, the great black herd leader who for years had outwitted men to keep his mares and foals free. By 1948, the mustangs had gone the way of the buffalo, but the great herds of cattle stretching to the horizon were still there, and so were the cowboys who herded them, sitting lonely guard against the horizon, and so was the cowboys' way of life; as one writer put it, "throughout this part of Texas the atmosphere of the West prevails" so strongly that automobiles almost look out of place. The Reunion's founders had designed it to preserve and revitalize the cowboys' traditions and skills by holding bunkhouse dances, chuckwagon meals, and a rodeo in which participation was limited to "nonprofessionals," to insure that only "true cowboys"—men who were still actually working the range—would compete; ranches sent their top hands to the three days of roping, cutting-out, and riding contests that were held over each Fourth of July weekend. During the war, the young men of the ranches— the sons of the ranch owners and their cowboys—had gone off to fight, and the Reunion's founders had feared that the event would die away, but after the war it actually became bigger than ever. In 1948, the attendance was more than twenty-five thousand.

Coke Stevenson arrived on a morning during which, as Bob Murphey drove him across the plains, he had listened to Lyndon Johnson assailing him; in his radio broadcast that morning, Johnson had said, "Old men killed Woodrow Wilson's plan for the League of Nations, old men in the Senate. I could say pipe-puffing old men, but that might look like a reference to one of my opponents." He himself had fought in the last war, Johnson said, unlike his opponent: "I didn't sit and puff my pipe when our country was at war." On arriving at Stamford, Stevenson was told that a big crowd of reporters was on hand—not to see him but to see Johnson's helicopter, which was scheduled to land at the rodeo site later that day. A Johnson sound truck was driving through the town taunting him, "Coke, if you've never seen a helicopter, now's your chance." The reporters crowded around Stevenson, asking him to hold a press conference. "I'm not here for politics," he replied. "I'm here to be with my friends." Since he would be riding in the parade, he had brought along his black boots, and he bent down and tugged them on.

TWO riders carrying huge flags, one the Stars and Stripes, the other the Lone Star, were first in the parade, and behind them came six pretty girls in cowboy regalia on six white horses, leading the famous Cowboy Band of Abilene's Hardin-Simmons University, also in cowboy regalia, playing Sousa marches. And then came the riders—hundreds of them, who had been milling around in giant corrals waiting for the parade to start —in a long column of threes. There were so many of them that even over the music you could hear the thudding of hooves.

Coke Stevenson led them out.

He had felt it was not right for a candidate for office to be leading the parade, and his old friend Bill Swenson, of the SMS, the president of the Reunion, had promised to ride beside him, but as the parade began Swenson reined in his horse so that he was a few steps behind, and Stevenson was alone.



He was riding Pal, a big, magnificently muscled Palomino, but Stevenson, with his great shoulders and the erectness with which he held himself in the saddle, seemed almost too big for him. He was wearing a brown business suit and a gray Stetson hat without a wide brim, but the crowd watching him come saw a man riding like the cowboys behind him, sitting easily, deep and back in the saddle, with a lot of leather showing in front, the way most comfortable for the horse. Made nervous by the music and the excitement, Pal shied and pranced at first, but Stevenson calmed him down.

There were no cheers, but as he rode people called out to him: "Hello, Coke." "Hey, Coke!" "Howdy, Coke!" He called back: "Hello, Jack!" "Hello, Bill!" A reporter realized that what he was seeing was "an exchange of greetings from old friends." At first, the calls were scattered, but as he rode along there were more and more of them, until they were almost a continuous chorus; along the whole line of march, what you heard between the noise of the band fading ahead and the noise of the hooves mounting behind was, one reporter wrote, "one constant [greeting] from the sidewalk crowds," a quiet but immense outpouring of affection.

And there was a gesture, too. It was a cowboy gesture, a peculiarly Texas gesture, in fact, for cowboys do not tip their hats except to ladies. As men said "Hello, Coke," they would touch one or two fingers to the brims of their Stetsons and then point the fingers toward the big man riding by. Even men who didn't call out made that gesture; every man in the crowd was making it, it seemed. To Murphey, standing on the porch of the hotel watching his uncle ride toward him, it looked as if hands were rising and touching hat brims in a long wave as Coke Stevenson passed by, "almost in a kind of salute."

And it wasn't only old men making that sign of respect. The young men in the crowd—the sons and grandsons of the old ranchmen who had settled this range—were making it, too. Their fathers and grandfathers had told them the story of Coke Stevenson: how as a young boy he had started a freight line and had studied by firelight during overnight stops in the lonely hills; how as a young rider he had herded cattle up on the Continental Divide; how he had founded his famous ranch; how his young wife, Fay, had believed that her husband should be governor; and how the rancher who became Speaker and lieutenant governor and governor had never become a politician, had never betrayed his standards, which were, of course, their standards, too, and had been their beloved "Cowboy Governor"—their own governor. And as he came closer, the big man sitting so erect and calm on the prancing horse, the young men, too, touched the brims of their hats in salute. Behind the crowd—wherever there was space—were pickup trucks parked in a long row. Their owners, mostly young couples, stood in the backs of the trucks with their children, so that they could see over the heads of the crowd. But often the children couldn't see, so, as Coke Stevenson approached, fathers and mothers would pick up their children and put them on their shoulders or hold them up in the air, so that they, too, could see "Mr. Texas" passing by.

After the parade, the five-thousand-seat grandstand was filled to overflowing for the rodeo. Stevenson was sitting in the judges' box. Five other state officials and candidates for office were with him, and before the rodeo began the master of ceremonies introduced them, one by one. The first five introductions were greeted by a polite but unenthusiastic sprinkling of applause. Then the announcer began, "Our beloved former Governor." And suddenly, before the announcer could finish, everyone was cheering. They were giving the rebel yell. They were throwing their hats in the air. Four or five riders who had been waiting on horseback against one wall to help in the events, caught up in the excitement, spurred their horses into a gallop across the arena, came to a rearing halt before the judges' box, and waved their hats toward Stevenson. Everyone was shouting "Coke! Coke! Coke!"

Bob Murphey remembers how moved his uncle was by what had happened. Driving away from Stamford that night, Stevenson said, "Bob, the kind of people you saw today, remember them. The ranching business is changing; that kind of people—you won't see them again."

And Bob Murphey remembers what he thought when his uncle said that. "I didn't say anything," he recalls, "but I thought, Uncle Coke, we won't ever see your kind again, either."

The reporters who were waiting for Lyndon Johnson's helicopter at the Cowboy Reunion were disappointed. At his last scheduled stop before Stamford—the town of Aspermont, twenty-seven miles away—Johnson had received a telephone call describing the reception Coke Stevenson was being given at the Reunion. He decided not to attend. Using the excuse that his helicopter was low on fuel because a truckload of gasoline had missed connections, he flew instead to Abilene.

Bad news was waiting for him there, too: the result of the latest private poll he had commissioned, and advance news of the latest Belden Poll, which was even then in progress and would be completed the next day. In the previous Belden Poll, Johnson had pulled closer to Stevenson: Stevenson had led Johnson by only forty-seven per cent to thirty-seven per cent among voters whose preference had been decided; twenty-three per cent of all voters had not decided. In Belden's new poll, the percentage of undecideds had dropped from twenty-three to eighteen, but Johnson's gains had all but come to a halt. Among voters with a preference, Stevenson still led him, forty-seven per cent to thirty-eight per cent. (Peddy had eleven per cent, the eight minor candidates a total of four per cent.) The results, which Belden summarized as "almost the same" as the results of the poll the month before, were disquieting. During the month just past—the month of the great excitement over his helicopter—Johnson had picked up exactly one percentage point, and Stevenson had lost not even one. The results of Johnson's private poll cannot be found, but men connected with his campaign recall that its findings were even more unfavorable than Belden's.

For a candidate as sophisticated as Johnson in interpreting polling figures, the news was discouraging: since all the excitement about his campaign during the past month, the massive money poured into it, had not cut further into Coke Stevenson's strength, cutting further might well be impossible. Most ominous of all, of course, was the fact that with eighteen per cent of the voters still undecided, Coke, with forty-seven per cent, was very close to 50.1 per cent, the majority that would

The small island of Dominica vs. "progress."

A person could embark, exactly like a wine connoisseur, upon a review of the "top notes" and the "finishes" of perfumes, after-shaves, colognes, skin bracers, arriving finally at the not uninteresting subject of pheromones, or human sexual attractants.

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make the first primary also the last. Lyndon Johnson's prediction—"Ain't gonna be no runoff"—might prove accurate, but not in the way he had intended. With only three weeks to go before the first primary, there was a strong possibility that despite Peddy's presence in the race, the first primary would be the last. Lyndon Johnson might well have only three weeks in which to overtake Coke Stevenson. And study the poll results though he might that night in his hotel room in Abilene, they contained no indication that he could do it. They told him that he was on the verge of losing his last chance.

AFTER that night in Abilene, the euphoria was gone. It was replaced by desperation.

The next day, by coincidence, Johnson got a new helicopter. The S-51, having reached the limit of mileage it could fly without a major checkup and overhaul, left on its return trip to Connecticut, and was replaced by a 47D—furnished, at Stuart Symington's request, by the Bell Aircraft Corporation. Dramatic as Johnson's campaigning had been before, now the drama was heightened. The 47D was much smaller than the S-51—little more than a Plexiglas bubble. Five feet wide, five feet long, and five feet high, barely big enough to seat a pilot and a passenger in front of a thirty-three-foot-long fuselage, it looked like a toy in comparison with the Sikorsky craft. Because it required so much less space in which to land, it could get in closer to the centers of population, where the landings were most effective, and its pilot, a thirty-two-year-old test pilot called Joe Mashman, could use its greater maneuverability to perform new crowd-pleasing stunts before and after landings. Its engine generated a meagre hundred and seventy-eight horsepower at best, and less in hot weather, so that with a load of any size, Mashman was to recall, "that little engine had to strain just to keep the aircraft airborne."

Hardly had Mashman landed in Austin when KTBC radio engineers arrived with an amplifier and a microphone, which they told him the helicopter was going to have to carry—and which weighed a hundred pounds. Next, cars drove up with bundles of campaign literature for the candidate to distribute at unscheduled stops. And then the candidate himself arrived. (He displayed no interest in the little craft, Mashman recalls, but "just got on and said, 'Let's go!' "). No one had told Mashman how big Lyndon Johnson was, and he was "dismayed" to find out; one look at him, the pilot was to recall, and "I knew I had a problem." Exacerbating the problem would be the necessity—caused by the candidate's insistence on landing as close to the center of town as possible—of taking off from constricted areas, which required rising steeply, often almost vertically, and thus using more power than if the helicopter could, as was normal, rise in a shallower climb. Although Mashman would keep the weight down by never filling the gas tank to capacity, for the remainder of the campaign, as the "Little Brother of the Johnson City Windmill" toured small towns all across Texas, almost every takeoff was an adventure. Mashman would lift off a few feet above ground, and then inch a little higher, hovering while studying his instruments to determine if he had sufficient "reserve," or unused power capacity, "to safely climb on out." Often the instruments would show that he was using all the power the engine could generate just to hover, and he would have to return to the ground. The pamphlets would be unloaded and put in a car, which would meet the helicopter outside town, at a location at which there would be more room, and less power for takeoff would be required. But sometimes that wasn't good enough to let the helicopter climb. "Mr. Johnson, we've got to take the doors off," Mashman would say. If the fifteen pounds thus saved still wasn't enough, the only remaining jettisonable item would have to go. Mashman would set the helicopter down again, the candidate would disembark, and a car would drive him to the site outside town. After a day or two, Mashman learned to evaluate the situation in advance. As he circled a town, with Johnson using the bullhorn to round up the populace, Mashman, if he "saw it was going to be tight," would tell his passenger he would be able to land with him but not take off.

Johnson turned these difficulties to advantage. In the past, some of the people attracted to the landing site by the helicopter would drift away before his speech. Now Johnson devised a tactic to keep them from doing so.

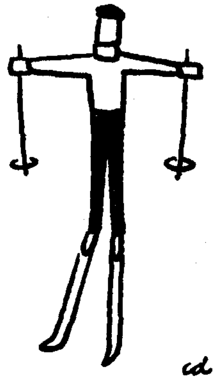
After the helicopter had landed, and he had told the audience to "come on around, and look at the whirlybird," he would, before beginning his speech, say, "My good pilot Joe tells me it'll be too dangerous if I take off with him, because we wouldn't have enough power to clear those thirty-thousand-volt high-tension wires over there. He's going to have to take off alone. And it's going to be mighty tight. I just hope and pray he'll be able to make it." Then, having, as Mashman puts it, "told the people of the impending daredevil feat," he would launch into his political speech. If people started leaving anyway, Johnson would ask them not to. "Now, folks, I want you to stay here and wait until Joe tries to get the Johnson City Windmill off the ground. He's going to need all the help he can get—he's going to need your prayers to get through this safely. We're all hoping that the good Lord sees that Joe gets over those high-tension wires over there. I know we'll all be here helping to pray for him." And, indeed, as the pilot lifted off at the end of the speech Lyndon Johnson would, in an effective climax to his little rally, lead the crowd in prayers for his safety: "Let's pray for Joe now. Good luck, Joe. We're with you, Joe. Help him, O Lord. Help this brave man make it out of here safely."

But Johnson was aware now of the limitations of helicopter drama. The polls had revealed them. The helicopter could lure people out to meet him, it could even keep them around to listen to him. It couldn't persuade them to vote for him—not over Coke Stevenson.

Only he could do that.

Hard as he had worked before, now, during the three remaining weeks between the Fourth of July weekend and the primary, he worked harder.

The summer of 1948 was a summer, day after day, week after week, of a laconic one-word weather forecast: "*Hot.*" That summer, the summer of Lyndon Johnson's last chance, was, in fact, one of the hottest summers of the century in Texas; it was a summer of terrible drought and, in bone-dry East Texas, of widespread forest fires. Day after day, all across the vast state, the thermometer rose to near one hundred degrees by midmorning and stayed there until sunset. Sunset brought only minor relief; the nights were little cooler. Few small-town hotels had air-conditioning; after ten or eleven hours out in that blazing sun each day, Lyndon Johnson had to sleep at night in steaming-hot rooms. During the day, moreover, in the tiny Bell, there was no shade—nothing around Johnson and his new pilot but the curved Plexiglas bubble, which intensified the sun's rays. Mashman, who had flown helicopters in Brazil, had considered himself inured to heat, but that was only because he had never experienced the Rio Grande Valley during a drought. Even removing the helicopter's doors didn't help. "With the high humidity in the Valley, or Galveston or Houston, and the temperature in the nineties, the wind [from the open doors] didn't help because our perspiration wouldn't evaporate. We would be just dripping in there." Most landing sites were without shade, of course, since they had been selected because there were no trees or buildings on them. After landing the helicopter, Mashman could hunt up a tree or a house and take advantage of its shade. Johnson couldn't. Sometimes so brutal was the sun that Mashman, before leaving the helicopter, would slowly rotate the rotor blades until one of them was between the candidate and the sun, and Johnson would try to speak while remaining in that sliver of shade, but an eight-inch-wide rotor blade provided pathetically little protection. Campaigning in Texas during the summer of 1948 was, in the memory of those who were there, like campaigning in an oven.



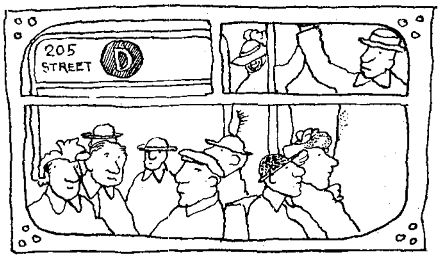
Behind in the race—watching his last chance fade—Lyndon Johnson was campaigning longer and longer hours now, but no matter how long the hours were they weren't long enough for him. There was no more talk about "breaks" in the schedule. Johnson wanted more speeches, more "hoverings" over towns too small for speeches, more handshakings—a break meant minutes lost, possible votes lost; he knew now that he needed every one. Woodward had thought that eight or nine speeches a day—plus the morning and evening radio talks—would be the limit of the endurance even of Lyndon Johnson; now, in the first two days after the Fourth of July revelation, touring in the merciless heat of the Texas Gulf Coast, Lyndon Johnson delivered, in addition to his radio broadcasts, thirty-one stump speeches—and made fifty unscheduled stops to shake hands with cotton-pickers, farmers, or just a lone man driving a tractor. On the second day, he couldn't seem to tear himself away from Robstown, where, as a teen-ager who had run away from home, he had worked eleven hours a day in a roasting-hot cotton gin. (In that gin, where the air was so thick with dust and lint from the cotton being pounded into bales that men working in it often found themselves gasping for breath, his job had been tending a big steam boiler, and he had been constantly terrified that it would explode, as other boilers had exploded in Robstown gins that year.) By the time he arrived in Corpus Christi on that second day, it was just before dark; Mashman, who had been watching shadows close in around his craft, breathed a sigh of relief when he had it on the ground before total darkness. Johnson, jumping out of the helicopter and into a waiting car, raced into the downtown area of the city and shook hands with passing pedestrians for hours. The next day's campaigning was summarized by a headline in the Houston *Post*—"JOHNSON IN 24 PUBLIC APPEARANCES IN DAY"; he had campaigned, the article said, from "sunup to sundown." On the following day, Thursday, July 8th, thunderstorms hit the Gulf Coast as Johnson was flying along the coastline for a scheduled stop at Bay City. Ahead of the helicopter was swirling blackness. When Mashman said he couldn't land in the storm, Johnson ordered the pilot to circle the storm as close to it as possible so as to lose the least time on the way to the next stop, at West Columbia.

The speeches he was giving were different, too. He was scared now—as scared as he had been in his 1937 campaign. No longer the well-tailored "senatorial" candidate of the first few weeks of this campaign, now he was the Lyndon Johnson of 1937 again, awkward, nervous, frightened—and one of the greatest stump speakers in Texas history.

He wasn't trying to act like a senator now. He wasn't trying to act like a statesman. He was trying to win. The people in front of him held his fate in their hands. He told them he was one of them. "I'm a country boy, too," he told them—a statement that wasn't hard to believe as he stood there, tall and skinny, in a soaked-through shirt and bedraggled tie and wrinkled, baggy seersucker trousers, his face grimy and sweat-streaked. "I chopped cotton, I hoed my daddy's fields." And because he was one of them, he said, he understood how city people—like the people in Houston and Dallas who were backing Coke Stevenson—looked down on them. "They're saying I was a goatherder," he said. "That's right, I was. But there's sure nothing wrong with that. I've had calluses on my hands. I worked on the first roads that ever got built in my county—with these hands. And I'm not ashamed of it. I'm proud of it." When he was young, he said, he had gone through the trials their sons had gone through. He had shared their sons' dangers, too, he told them. In the South Pacific, "this boy I roomed with—he was a country boy, too."

He had shared *all* their hopes and fears. As a boy, he said, he had lived on a farm that did not have electricity, and had seen his sainted mother down on her knees every washday scrubbing clothes in a washtub, and "standing all day over that red-hot cookstove" and ironing clothes with those heavy "sad irons" in a steaming-hot kitchen in midsummer, "so that I and my brother and my sisters would be neat like the other kids." And as a congressman, he said, he had helped the people of his district to realize their hopes and dreams. Getting electricity for his district hadn't been easy, he told them, and he told how the Rural Electrification Administration officials had told F.D.R. that the population wasn't dense enough, and how F.D.R. had replied, "Oh, they breed pretty fast down there," and how the R.E.A. had then said, "Those people are too poor—they won't pay their bills." "The interests and the trusts—they were against us," Lyndon Johnson said. "The power companies and the utility barons, they said, 'You can't take lights out to those people. You can't sink poles in that granite.' Well, we got the holes in, and we got the poles up, we put lights in twenty thousand farm homes. And do you know how many bills were delinquent? Not one. We can put R.E.A. lights in every rural home in Texas. We can build a blacktop road to every farm. We can pay our elder citizens a pension of fifty dollars a month. We can pay our teachers an extra four hundred dollars a year. We can guarantee the farmer minimum prices on farm products. We can build hospitals in every county."

When he talked about foreign affairs now, the phrases he used were phrases to which these listeners could relate. He played on their fears as he played on their hopes. America was in great danger, he told them. It was in danger from "the red tide of Communism," which was constantly planning a sneak attack. "Houston or Galveston could easily be the next Pearl Harbor," he said. "This is off the record," he confided, "but I can tell you that in 1951 another nation will have the atomic bomb. Twenty bombs in twenty places in twenty minutes could immobilize the United States." And, he said, it was not just the atomic bomb that Americans must fear. The next war, he said, would be a war not only of bombs but of germ warfare—whose horrors he vividly portrayed. Therefore, he advised his audience, they should pray. "From the time you say the blessing before breakfast in the morning until the last child is tucked in at night, pray that we will find the solution to the problem of peace." But prayer was not the only answer to the problem, he said. America must also be prepared. It must be strong. "Nobody would walk up and give Jack Dempsey a punch in the nose," he said. "And nobody is going to give us a punch in the nose if we're strong enough, too." That was the reason that he was for a seventy-group Air Force, he said. Seventy groups? "I wish it were a hundred and seventy groups." We need "the best atomic bomb that money can buy." And we must have a policy of not yielding an inch to the Communists. America must "draw the quarantine



Anne Burgess

OUR HEAVEN'S WORDS

Our heaven's words are wind, farther
by far than "the language
of love"

Dangerous weather's
a play on that sound
With you I rounded

corners
never speaking the truth
Past stone walls
made without mortar

with daughters

of our fathers' daughters

with storms & vines
& little woodland talkers:
silence

On a grave in Vineyard Haven
I caught my laughter next to yours
and held it under

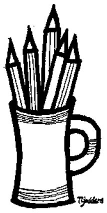
So heaven is a word

for wonder
and a term for separation's horror.
—FANNY HOWE

• •

line, and we would rather have it on the Mediterranean than on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico." The Communists, he said, are ready to move in on Berlin if America yields one inch. "One inch," he would shout, shaking a long finger in warning. "One inch!"

He would say whatever they wanted to hear. To rural audiences, he shouted, "The day is over in Texas when people will work for sheepherders' wages while a few rich men skim all the cream!" But to wealthy listeners—businessmen and oilmen in the Petroleum Club of Dallas or the Ramada Club in Houston—his vocabulary was not populist but plutocratic. The cream—increasing the cream—was what he emphasized. He didn't merely say the oil-depletion allowance should be continued; he said it should be increased, immediately, from twenty-seven and a half per cent to thirty per cent. In labor districts he was pro-labor, in anti-labor districts he was anti-labor, and in both sets of districts he was very effective.



And when he talked about his opponent he was just as effective. His listeners' respect for Coke Stevenson was the main obstacle between him and his dream. It had to be destroyed. And no one could destroy a reputation better than Lyndon Johnson.

Mimicking his opponent had become a staple of his appearances, of course, and it invariably got a laugh. But making his listeners laugh at Coke Stevenson was no longer enough; he had to make them angry at him. And, as the sight of a corncob pipe in a farmer's mouth had given him inspiration, so, now, did the sight of faces in a window.

The window was in the second story of the county courthouse in the North Texas town of Weatherford. On July 17th, both candidates campaigned in this town. Stevenson had shaken hands and toured the courthouse in the early morning and then had driven off to the next town. Some hours later, Johnson landed and was speaking in front of the courthouse. The temperature that day was a hundred and six degrees, and candidate and crowd were sweltering as he talked—when suddenly Johnson glanced up at the window, and saw courthouse clerks and county officials peering out, and noticed that the window was closed and that there was an air-conditioning unit protruding from it. "Look up there!" he shouted. "Look in the window. There's Coke up there. Folks, I'm out here talking to you man to man in the hot sun, and that's where Coke is—standing up there in that air-conditioned courthouse looking down at us." Stevenson, of course, wasn't at the window; he wasn't even in Weatherford any longer. But the people in the crowd didn't know that. Mashman recalls, "He pointed up there, and, sure enough, there were people behind the window looking down. You couldn't see them clearly, and I'm sure everybody thought one of them was Coke, all nice and cool while they were sweating."

Thereafter, the heat and air-conditioning—the blazing sun and the fact that he, Lyndon Johnson, was out there in it with them—were staples of his speeches. "My opponent does his campaigning in the Ramada Club and the Petroleum Club, where it's air-conditioned," Johnson would say. "He does his campaigning at buffet lunches, with millionaires who think they're the bosses of this state. Well, I'm out here in the hot sun campaigning with you. Because I know who the bosses of this state really are! *You!* *YOU!* You, who I meet in the squares and the fields, you, who I meet out here in the hot sun—you're the real bosses of this state!"

The mimicking got laughs. These words touched a deeper chord. "That's right, Lyndon!" someone would shout. "You tell 'em, Lyndon!" And suddenly other voices would be shouting, too. "Tell 'em, Lyndon! Tell 'em, Lyndon!"

"Yes, you're the bosses!" he would shout to men and women who had to work every day—in fields or farmhouse kitchens—in stifling heat. "You're not sitting up in any air-conditioned rooms. And neither am I. I'm out here in the fields and the squares. And it's the people in the fields and the squares who are going to elect the next senator of this state. He's going to be elected by *you*."

"You tell 'em, Lyndon!" a voice would shout. Another voice would shout, "A-men, Lyndon! You tell 'em, Lyndon!"

He told them more. In one speech he said, "I'm not going to sling any mud in this campaign." Then he said that Coke was sixty-one years old (actually, he was sixty) and was campaigning for a job that paid fifteen thousand dol-

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lars. "Old" was a word he drummed into his listeners. "He's an old man," he said. "A big-bellied, pipe-smoking old man." And it was the "old men of the Senate" who had kept the United States from being prepared for the war. "We don't need any more big-bellied old men in the Senate." "Isolationist" was another word he drummed into his listeners—until he started using a stronger word: "appeaser." "Stevenson is an umbrella man," he said, and "He talks Chamberlain talk," and "He wants another Munich," and "You can put this in your pipe and smoke it: Texas is not going to send either an appeaser or an old man to the Senate, because the immediate job is not of appeasement but preparedness." Another word was "stooge." The proud Stevenson would pick up newspapers to see headlines like "STEVENSON STOOGE OF AUSTIN LOBBYISTS, JOHNSON CHARGES." As governor, Johnson said, Stevenson had been the tool of the big oil companies and the "trusts and the interests," and now, Johnson said, "these same men—who sit with Coke in air-conditioned hotel rooms—want to put their stooge in the United States Senate." The attacks grew harsher and harsher. Coke's refusal to make specific campaign promises, Johnson said, was designed to deceive the voters. "For too long, the voters have been deceived by candidates who spoke to you in glittering generalities, but who secretly engaged in double talk," by "this man with the slick tongue."

So powerful were Johnson's speeches now that even reporters and aides sometimes found themselves stirred by passages they had heard hundreds of times before. Talking about the need for preparedness, from a flatbed truck in a little park in Canton, he had gone through the routine about Colonel Stevens' "smelly socks" and was telling his audience that "never again must we send our boys through flak-filled skies unprotected." In the audience was Warren Woodward. He was ready to start the applause at the high points, but this wasn't necessary, so caught up was the crowd in what Lyndon Johnson was saying. Woodward himself was so moved that when Johnson said, "I've got this young man working in my campaign who flew thirty-five missions over Europe and his plane was hit thirty-five times, and I don't want him to ever have to go over there again unprepared—we have to give him the tools he needs," Woodward applauded and cheered along with the farmers and ranchers around him. And when Johnson unexpectedly added a new line to the routine Woodward cheered that, too, without at first grasping its connection with him. "I want that young man to come up here!" Johnson shouted, and Woodward shouted, "Yes, send him up!"—not understanding, he was to recall, that Johnson "was talking about *me*." "Come on up here beside me," Johnson kept shouting, and Woodward kept shouting, "Yeah, go on up! Go on up!" until finally Johnson caught his eye, and "it dawned on me that I was the one that was supposed to go up," and that he had been shouting and leading the applause for himself. But when Woodward clambered up in the truck, "mortified" that he had been calling for his own appearance, he realized that no one had noticed him shouting, for the whole crowd had been as moved as he was by the words of the tall, haggard, grimy, perspiration-soaked man on the truck. The crowds were caught up in speech after speech now. "You could see the rapport building between himself and the crowd," Horace Busby says. Rural audiences, normally so reserved, would "start out at a distance, in a semicircle," he says, but, as Johnson spoke, "almost every time, the semicircle would edge closer and closer to him."

Lyndon Johnson knew how to make the most of such enthusiasm, how to play on it and intensify it. He wanted his audiences to become involved. He wanted their hands up in the air. And, having been a schoolteacher, he knew how to get their hands up. He began, in his speeches, to ask questions. The first ones he asked of the kids who had been so enraptured by the helicopter. "How many of you are going to tell your folks to be sure to vote?" he would ask, and then, "How many of you are going to tell your folks to vote for Lyndon Johnson?" A reporter wrote, "The hands would fly up as if Superman himself had asked it." Then he directed questions at the parents. "I'm travelling to places to see folks where no other candidate has bothered to go," he would say. "Am I the first candidate who's been here? Raise your hands if I'm the first candidate you've seen." The hands would go up. And he could build on his questions, too. When he was speaking in a town that he knew Stevenson and Peddy hadn't visited, he would say, "I keep reading about how many counties [the other candidates] have visited, how many miles they have travelled. Has anyone here seen another candidate?" If no hands went up, he would say, "Come on, raise your hands if you've seen another candidate. Surely someone here has seen one of them? No one? No one has even seen another candidate. Well, you're seeing me. I'm here with *you*." Or if, when Johnson asked if anyone had seen another candidate, someone *did* raise his hand, Johnson would ask, "Where did you see him?" And no matter what the reply Johnson had a line ready. If, for example, the responder said he had seen Stevenson in a hotel, Johnson would say, "What did I tell you? I'm out here in the hot sun with you people, and my opponent—my big-bellied, pipe-smoking opponent—spends his time campaigning in air-conditioned hotels."

As good as he was while he was speaking, he was better after the speeches. For after the speech came the meeting and greeting.

"He never just stayed on the truck or the platform, or, if the speech was indoors, on the podium," Woodward recalls. "He would finish a speech, and then he would *hurry* to the back door so he could shake hands. He didn't want anyone to leave before he had shaken their hand."

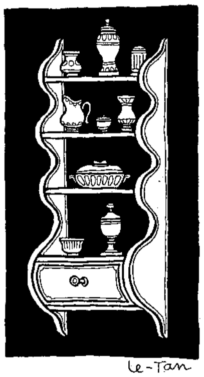
During the first weeks of the campaign (until, perhaps, that terrible Fourth of July weekend), he had rushed through the handshaking—in the description of Woodward and Busby, all but "throwing" people past. There was no throwing now.

The things he had been saying in the speech had made these rural Texans feel he was one of them. "They felt he was approachable," Woodward says. "They didn't hesitate to come over to him." And in a surprisingly large number of towns—not only in his own Tenth Congressional District and in the Fourteenth, for which he had worked for almost four years as a congressional secretary, but in other districts as well, through his activities as state director of the National Youth Administration or his 1941 senatorial campaign—he knew personally one or more of the people crowding around him, and through the "favorable" list his staff had compiled for each town he was able to put names to faces. And, when he saw someone he knew, Lyndon Johnson's face would, in the words of one observer, "just *light* up" with pleasure. He would reach out for him, and call the man's name. "Old Bob," he would say. "How you comin'?" He would put his arm around Bob's shoulders. "How *are* you?" he would ask. "Ah'm awful glad to see you. Well, the last time Ah saw you was when you came up to Washington to see Dick Kleberg. Ah hope you haven't been up again without comin' by to say howdy to me? You haven't? Well, Ah hope you'll come up again, and we can chat for a while."

"At almost every stop," Woodward says, "there was someone he had done something for." The "favorable" cards—and that remarkable memory—enabled him now to make the most of what he had done. Someone would introduce himself, and say, "Lyndon, do you remember my boy, John? You helped him get his disability." "Ah sure do. Ah'm glad Ah could help him. What's he doin' now? How's he comin'?" And when the man had told him he would say, "That's *good!*" Or "Is there anything Ah can do for him?" And "How's your missus?" Or someone would ask him for new favors. "Lyndon, my boy—you know he was in the service, and he was hit in the leg. I need him to help out on the farm, but, Lyndon, he can't plow, and they say he can't get any disability, and I don't think they're doing right by him." And Johnson would turn to Woodward, who would be standing there with his notebook, and say, "Woody, get that boy's name, and we'll look right into it."

The rapport was cemented—or, if there had been no previous connection, created—with physical affection, with hands and eyes, or, in the case of women, quite often with kisses. He would call older women "Mother" or "Grandma" even if he had never met them before, and hug and kiss them, and say a fond, respectful word to them. Often, when he would reach out to hug a woman she would giggle and back away, and when he had kissed one, and the other women saw what was coming, they would retreat out of his path. But "he would come after them," recalls a man who watched this. "He'd go across the room after them," and when he caught them Lyndon Johnson would take one of their hands in his and put his other arm around their shoulder and bend down and kiss their cheek, and these elderly farm women would receive the kiss scrunched down a little in embarrassment with their faces turned away, but the faces of these elderly women would be aglow, and, as this man says, "you could see they just loved this attention."

With men, the rapport was cemented with a handshake—and a handshake, as delivered by Lyndon Johnson, could be as effective as a hug. "Now, July 24th is Primary Day," he would say, "and I hope you will lend me your helping hand." And he would reach out and grasp the farmer's hand, looking down into his eyes. "What's your name?" he would ask. "Where you from? What's your occupation?" And he would always have a relevant sentence or two ready to add. If the farmer said he had two sons, Lyndon would ask what they were doing, and if the farmer said they were studying agriculture at a college Johnson would say, "Well, they're learning a lot of good things there, but people like you who know the land know stuff they can't learn from teaching, don't you?" Sometimes, in the midst of a crowd of strangers, he would stop and concentrate on a single person, as if he were back in a little Hill Country town again, running for Congress for the first time and talking to a man he knew. He wouldn't take the man's hand at first. "Listen," he would say, standing before the man and looking into his eyes, his own face glistening with perspiration, his cheeks hollow with fatigue, and the shirt clinging to his body. "Listen, you know why I'm running for the Senate. I want your support. I want your vote. I hear tell that all the people down in your neck of the woods will listen to what you tell them. Will you tell them to vote for me? I need help. Will you help me? Will you give me your helping hand?" As he asked that final question, Lyndon Johnson would raise his own hand and hold it out in a mute appeal. When Johnson was only twenty-one, participating in his first political campaign, state-senatorial candidate Welly Hopkins had concluded that the tall, gangling college boy had a "gift"—"a very unusual ability to meet and greet the public." Time after time now, Lyndon Johnson's hand would reach out to a voter—and the voter's hand would reach out in return. Time after time now, when Lyndon Johnson started to withdraw his hand, the voter was reluctant to let it go.



THE hands with which he was doing this were terribly cracked now. Dry and scaly as they had been before the campaign because of his eczema, the sun had baked them drier. They looked almost like cracked leather marked with narrow lines of blood, for new cracks, deep, painful little knifelike slits, were constantly appearing in the skin. And many of the hands he was shaking were the hands of farmers, hard and strong—the hands of men who had worked with their hands all their lives. "Without meaning to, they hurt," says Horace Busby. Once, Busby was standing on the ground next to a flatbed truck, with steps on both ends, on which Johnson was shaking hands with members of the audience as they came up on the truck and filed past him. "All of a sudden, I heard the damnedest yelp, like a dog had been hit," Busby recalls. He looked up, and Lyndon Johnson "was down on one knee," he says. "He had been shaking hands with a big old guy in coveralls and a white shirt." But, as the young speechwriter watched, Johnson recovered himself and smiled at the farmer, and turned with a smile to the next person in line, and the next, and the next. At every stop, no matter how much it might hurt him to shake hands, he shook every one. He shook even hands that were not offered to him. In small towns there was usually a little group of elderly men, the domino players from the courthouse square, who would stand at the back of the crowd during the speech and afterward would not approach the candidate, showing by the reserved look on their faces that *they* were not impressed by any politician. (Of course, elderly men like these were almost invariably

Stevenson supporters.) But when Johnson noticed such a group of elderly men he would, after he had shaken everyone else's hand, walk over to where they were standing to shake theirs, his cracked hand held out, and a broad, pleasant smile on his face. His voice was cracked, too, and the throat sprays were not helping much more than the ointments were helping his hands. By the end of each day, it was a hoarse croak, but every time it seemed to be about to give out entirely it would come back.

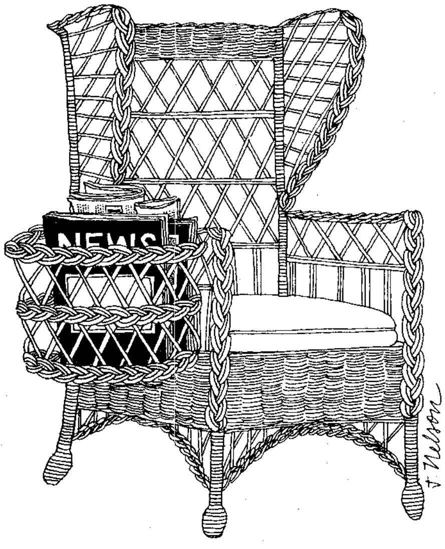
He was so tired. After spending July 15th accompanying Johnson on a tour of the Fourth Congressional District in Northeast Texas, the district chairman, Fred Meredith, asked campaign manager Claude Wild to show the candidate mercy. "He had a mighty hard schedule that day," Meredith wrote in a letter, and he went on:

> Upon arrival in Greenville that evening, we noticed the telling effects of this hard drive upon him. I don't know but what it would be well for John [Connally] and you to try to have him make fewer appearances for the balance of the campaign . . . because you are driving him to death.

In his reply, Wild didn't even respond to the suggestion about fewer appearances. What would have been the use? It wasn't his campaign manager who was driving Lyndon Johnson. In these final weeks before the July 24th primary, Johnson gave up any attempt at a noontime rest, but once he was so tired that during his noon stop at a hotel he decided to take a half-hour nap; changing into pajamas, he went to sleep. His aides, who had been watching with concern the toll being exacted from him, did not awaken him for two hours. When they did, Lyndon Johnson's first look was at his wristwatch. His face tightened. He didn't take a nap like that again. Thereafter, as before, napping was something he did in the helicopter.

He would shout at Mashman over the roar of the engine, "Joe, I'm just too tired. I've got to rest." A moment later, he would be asleep. He slept sitting up, of course, since that tiny cockpit had no room in which to lie down. As Johnson sat cramped in his seat, one set of the dual controls was between his knees, so that as he slept, held upright by his seat belt, and with his head slumping forward on his chest, his long legs were "sort of wrapped around the controls," his right arm all but out the open door. "There was so much noise and the cockpit would be shaking and vibrating, and the doors were off so the wind was whistling through it." The sun shining through the unshaded Plexiglas made the inside of the "bubble" glaringly bright. But Johnson would be sleeping, sometimes with his Stetson pulled down over his eyes for shade, sometimes with the hat still on the floor where an aide had placed it. Mashman found it incredible that anyone could sleep in such conditions, but he realized his passenger was just too tired to stay awake.

Sometimes Johnson, in the moment before he went to sleep, would tell Mashman, "We're going to fly over this town and, if you want to, slow down there and you can just say whatever you want, but I'm just too tired." He had found that Mashman could speak over the microphone, and the quality of the sound system insured that no one on the ground would be able to tell who was really talking. So when the helicopter reached the town, Johnson would go on sleeping, and Mashman, circling and hovering, would say into the microphone, "Hello, down there, this is your friend Lyndon Johnson, asking you to vote for me in this forthcoming election. This is Congressman Lyndon Johnson speaking, hopefully your next senator. . . . We're sorry we can't land, but we're thinking about you." The blare of the public-address-system amplifier, lashed to the helicopter only a foot or two behind Johnson, had no more effect on him than the roar of the engine, or the vibration. As Mashman proclaimed, "This is Lyndon Johnson speaking," Lyndon Johnson slept on.



Having completed his spiel, Mashman would climb and soar away. Glancing over at the exhausted man beside him, he noticed how the sun pouring down on him made even sharper the grooves clawed into his cheeks by fatigue and deepened the dark, almost purple, shadows under his eyes. It glinted off the slits of blood on his hands. But as Lyndon Johnson slept in that cockpit filled with sun he never blinked.

Johnson would never sleep for more than half an hour, Mashman recalls. Then, in an instant, he would be wide awake, and his first question, shouted over the engine noise, would be "Are we on schedule, Joe?" or "How we doin' on time?" or "When are we going to get there?" And if the answer wasn't satisfactory—"Well, come on. We've got to get there, you know. *Come on!*"

DURING those three weeks from the Fourth of July weekend to Primary Day, Mashman had a unique view of what he calls Lyndon Johnson's "single-mindedness, his concentration, his determination": words that are inadequate to describe either the intensity with which his passenger was focussing on his goal—an intensity that left no room for other considerations—or the ferocity with which he was fighting to reach it. Mashman's view was unique because he alone flew with Lyndon Johnson during these weeks. He had been surprised—as had his predecessor, Chudars—by Johnson's total lack of interest in the helicopter; by the way, in an era in which helicopters were so new and "unproven that even many seasoned pilots shunned them," the Congressman had "just got on and said 'Let's go' " the first time he had seen the aircraft, burying himself in his briefing papers and staying buried in them. Flying in the Bell was a substantially different experience from flying in the far larger Sikorsky: it vibrated much more, and was noisier; moreover, instead of sitting in a cockpit that resembled the cabin of a small airplane, a passenger was sitting, surrounded only by glass, as if he were simply perched five hundred or a thousand feet up in the air. But Johnson seemed not to notice.

During these weeks, Mashman feels, he came to understand the Congressman's lack of interest. The helicopter, he says, echoing the same words that Chudars uses, was to Johnson "only a means to an end"—the end being victory. This end, Mashman came to see, was so all-consuming that the means mattered not at all; no consideration that might interfere with victory could be allowed to intrude.

Not even personal safety. Because of Lyndon Johnson, during those three weeks Mashman flew constantly on a razor-thin margin of safety.

"He would urge you on," Mashman says. "He had a knack of getting everything there was to get out of you. And in the field of aviation that's a very dangerous thing." Mashman says, "If he pushed you to the point whereby he was definitely wrong in doing so, and you definitely couldn't do it, if you just stopped and laid it on the line and said, 'I don't think this is a safe thing to do'—that we just can't do it, period—then he would back down and say, 'All right. You're the boss.' " Nonetheless, as day followed day, and Johnson pushed harder and harder, the point at which Mashman stopped edged closer and closer to the limits of safety.

The very act of "inching off" from inadequate landing sites with a too heavy load—wavering in the air a few feet above the ground and then a few feet higher, and then struggling up into the sky—might have been disconcerting to the average passenger, but Johnson's only concern during such moments was weighing the waste of time involved in this experimenting against the waste of time involved if he told Mashman to set down and let him out, so that he could be driven to a rendezvous with the helicopter outside town: his only concern was which method would get him to the next town—the next audience of voters—faster.

The margin of daylight was another source of concern to Mashman—and, under Johnson's prodding, the pilot was constantly slicing that margin thinner and thinner. Since the helicopter was not equipped with night-flying instruments, Mashman had at first insisted that the campaign schedule allow him to be on the ground well before dark. Johnson was determined to cram the maximum number of campaign appearances into each day, and often he would run behind schedule; as the afternoon drew into evening, aides would warn him that daylight was running out, but the warnings were ignored, and Mashman found himself landing later and later, often in the dusk, just as darkness was becoming

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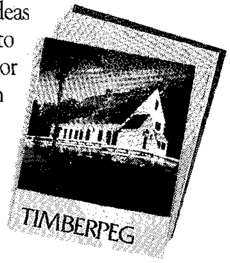

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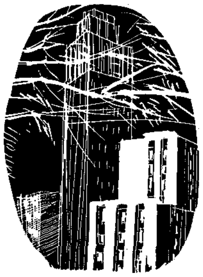
total. Years later, the pilot was to recall vividly the times he came in for a landing when he could barely see the ground.

Under Johnson's prodding, moreover, Woodward was selecting tighter and tighter landing sites. One was in Rosenberg, a small city of fifty-eight hundred residents about thirty miles west of Houston. There Woodward had been unable to find near the center of town "even a lawn" large enough for the 47D to set down on. The only sizable flat area was the roof of a B. F. Goodrich service station, so Woodward ordered Mashman to land there. No one was really sure if the roof would bear the helicopter's weight, and at the last minute Woodward had the roof shored up with beams hauled from a local lumberyard in wagons pulled by mule teams. The beams were in place—just—when the helicopter started to descend, but Mashman was more than a little worried about what would happen when its full weight settled on the roof. His passenger, however, was not; during Mashman's slow, anxious descent, Johnson lifted his head from his notes for a single glance at a satisfactorily sizable crowd gathering to watch the daredevil landing. When they were down, his only reaction to the risk that had been taken was pleasure. The smile he turned on Woodward was, for once, wholly uncritical. "That's my can-do boy," he said.



Storms—even the violent late-afternoon Texas thunderstorms—were to Johnson nothing but an annoyance, an obstacle between him and his goal. Ahead of the helicopter, suddenly, one of those mighty columns of swirling blackness would loom up thirty or forty thousand feet high. Mashman might venture to mention it to his passenger. "Well, just keep on going," Lyndon Johnson would say. "We've got to get there." Willing though the pilot was to fly through a storm's turbulence, sometimes he would feel that the danger was simply too great because of the lack of visibility: he would be unable to see the ground, or even more than a few feet ahead, and of course the little craft was not equipped to fly on instruments. If he told Johnson he couldn't proceed, Johnson's initial response would be: "Well, are you sure, now?" If Mashman said he was, Johnson would defer to his judgment. Sometimes they would wait, hoping the storm would move away, hovering in midair close to its edge. At other times, the pilot would try to circle the storm and fly on to the next town, skipping one stop, with Johnson adjuring him to circle the storm as closely as possible so as not to lose a single unnecessary minute. And more and more often, as the weight of Johnson's personality bore on Mashman, the pilot found himself deciding to try to get through such storms—by flying under them, where he could see the ground. In order to see it in heavy rain, Mashman might have to descend as low as five feet, and would "just inch along," slower and slower, sometimes at only fifteen miles per hour, peering ahead through sheets of rain to look for any obstacles: a building or a telephone wire. "Many times, we actually flew under high-tension wires," Mashman recalls. And all the time, of course, hanging above them was that mass of black clouds. The pilot himself was often "a little shaky" during such maneuvers, but his passenger wasn't: "All he wanted to know was, Are we going to get there on time?"

It wasn't, Mashman came to realize, that his passenger was weighing various considerations against the political necessities of the moment, such as getting to a rally on time, or cramming in one more stop before dark. Rather, it was that in his passenger's mind there *were* no other considerations. Mashman came to understand this fully after an incident in Marshall, Lady Bird Johnson's high-school town, on July 14th. The incident was the result of a form of stalling—its technical name was "settling with power"—that occasionally occurred in those early days of helicopter flying. This stalling was caused by a combination of extremely hot weather, which reduced the engine's power, and a sudden shift in the wind when a helicopter was flying at a low altitude—so that the blades could find no purchase in the air and, as Mashman puts it, "the ship just begins to drop like a brick."

This phenomenon, which would be corrected in later generations of helicopters by a simple change in the shape of the rotor blades, was extremely rare;

Mashman himself had never experienced it, and the first time he encountered it he did not realize what was happening. All he knew was that as he was flying at a height of between twenty-five and thirty feet along Marshall's main street on his way to a landing site in a park, with Johnson sitting beside him, studying his briefing papers, without warning "the helicopter just dropped out from under me"; he had lost power completely. His reaction was to jerk the controls toward him, a maneuver whose only effect was to cause the helicopter to pitch forward and drop even faster. As he sat there "with a feeling of complete helplessness," the helicopter fell like a stone, hitting the ground between two parked cars so hard that it bounced up into the air over one of the cars. Suddenly Mashman found that he had power again. He regained control and continued flying to the park.

After they landed, just before Johnson stepped out to begin his speech, he said, "Joe, that wasn't where you wanted to land back there, was it?" His tone was one of mild curiosity.

"No, no," Mashman replied. "We had a little problem. I'll tell you about it later." While Johnson was speaking, Mashman was preparing an explanation of what had happened, but in fact no explanation was required. Climbing back into the helicopter after the speech, Johnson opened his next set of briefing papers and didn't ask about the sudden drop to the ground. He never asked. The helicopter in which Lyndon Johnson was riding had fallen like a stone for twenty-five feet, had hit the ground so hard that it bounced higher than a car roof, and then, regaining power, had swooped up into the air again.

And, Mashman realized, Johnson hadn't really noticed.

ON Primary Day, July 24th, it was not Lyndon Johnson who won, however. He lost—by more than seventy thousand votes. He polled only 405,617 votes, or thirty-four per cent of the total. Coke Stevenson had 477,077 votes, or forty per cent. George Peddy had 237,195 votes, or twenty per cent, and the eight minor candidates had 82,502 votes, or seven per cent. Stevenson's victory was even more impressive because of the last-minute surge in Peddy's vote—which was the result, most political observers

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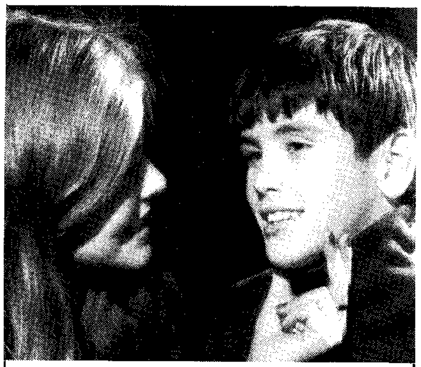

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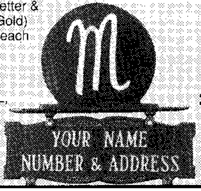

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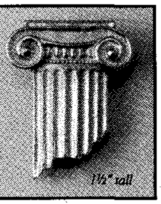

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felt, of a major mistake by the conservatives' daily Bible, the Dallas *News;* on the day before the election, the *News*, confident that its favorite, Stevenson, would win even with a split vote, had loftily assured its readers that they could vote for either Stevenson or Peddy without hurting the conservative cause. Had it not been for his fellow-conservative's unexpectedly high total, Stevenson might have taken a majority of the vote and would then have won without the necessity of a second primary.

When the second—the runoff—primary was held, on August 28th, Peddy would be gone from the race, of course. Political writers and observers agreed with virtual unanimity that Peddy's voters would now turn to the remaining conservative candidate: voters in fourteen ultra-conservative East Texas counties that Peddy had carried were hardly likely to switch to the candidate identified as a liberal.

This assessment was echoed not only by newspapers—liberal and conservative alike—throughout the state but in Johnson's own camp, stunned by the extent of his defeat. Stevenson's campaign manager, Morris Roberts, predicted that Stevenson would win "ninety per cent" of Peddy's vote—"This is only natural. . . . The principles laid down by both Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Peddy are so closely identical it would be difficult to find a dividing line"—and in the sombre discussions at the Hancock House and in the Brown Building the consensus was that Roberts' estimate might not be too far off. The Johnson team had been confident that their Chief would run close to Ol' Coke in the first primary—close enough so that Johnson would have a realistic chance of victory in the second. But the actual margin, Jake Pickle recalls, was "so imposing"—how could it possibly be overcome? "Making up seventy thousand votes in five weeks, particularly when we were sure that Coke would get most of Peddy's vote, too—it seemed impossible, absolutely impossible," Joe Kilgore says. Talk to a dozen Johnson aides about their feelings after the first primary, and one adjective recurs in almost every conversation: "hopeless."

And, in the privacy of the big back yard at Johnson's Austin home, this assessment was echoed by the candidate himself. Because local candidates would not be running, the pool of votes to draw from would be much smaller than in the first primary. "People do not come out to vote for a United States senator," Johnson explained to Busby. "They come out to vote for the sheriff or the county commissioner." Most discouraging was that Johnson's percentage of the vote had been so low: thirty-four per cent. The June Belden Poll had predicted Johnson's share of likely voters at thirty-seven per cent. Despite the helicopter, despite the money, despite the frantic efforts of the past month, despite that month's intensified deluge of radio broadcasts and newspaper ads, he had made no appreciable gain in the last month of the campaign. One explanation might be that in conservative Texas a percentage in the mid-thirties represented the upper limits of Johnson's potential vote. Asked for a comment on the first primary, Stevenson said laconically, "I think Johnson has pulled his weight."

There was another possible explanation as well.

For more than a month before the first primary, unprecedented amounts of money had been devoted to persuading voters that Coke Stevenson had made a "secret deal" to help repeal the Taft-Hartley law. Stevenson had hardly bothered to reply. The charge, he told intimates, wasn't true, but he didn't have to bother telling the voters that—they knew it without his telling them. The people of Texas, he said, wouldn't believe that charge no matter how often it was made. They wouldn't believe it, because they knew him. They knew his record. They knew what he stood for. They knew what he would do in the future, because they knew what he had done in the past. He had never betrayed them before—and he would never betray them now. And they knew that.

Coke Stevenson's belief flew, of course, in the face of all conventional political wisdom. But, it now appeared, he had been right.

—ROBERT A. CARO

(This is the second part of a four-part article.)

●

"The greenhouse effect has me worried," Flynn said. "If it's true, as computer models predict, we'll have to add weather as a fifth horseman of the Apocalypse—along with Farina, Pestilence, Destruction and Death."—*Hunter (N.Y.) Mountain Eagle.*

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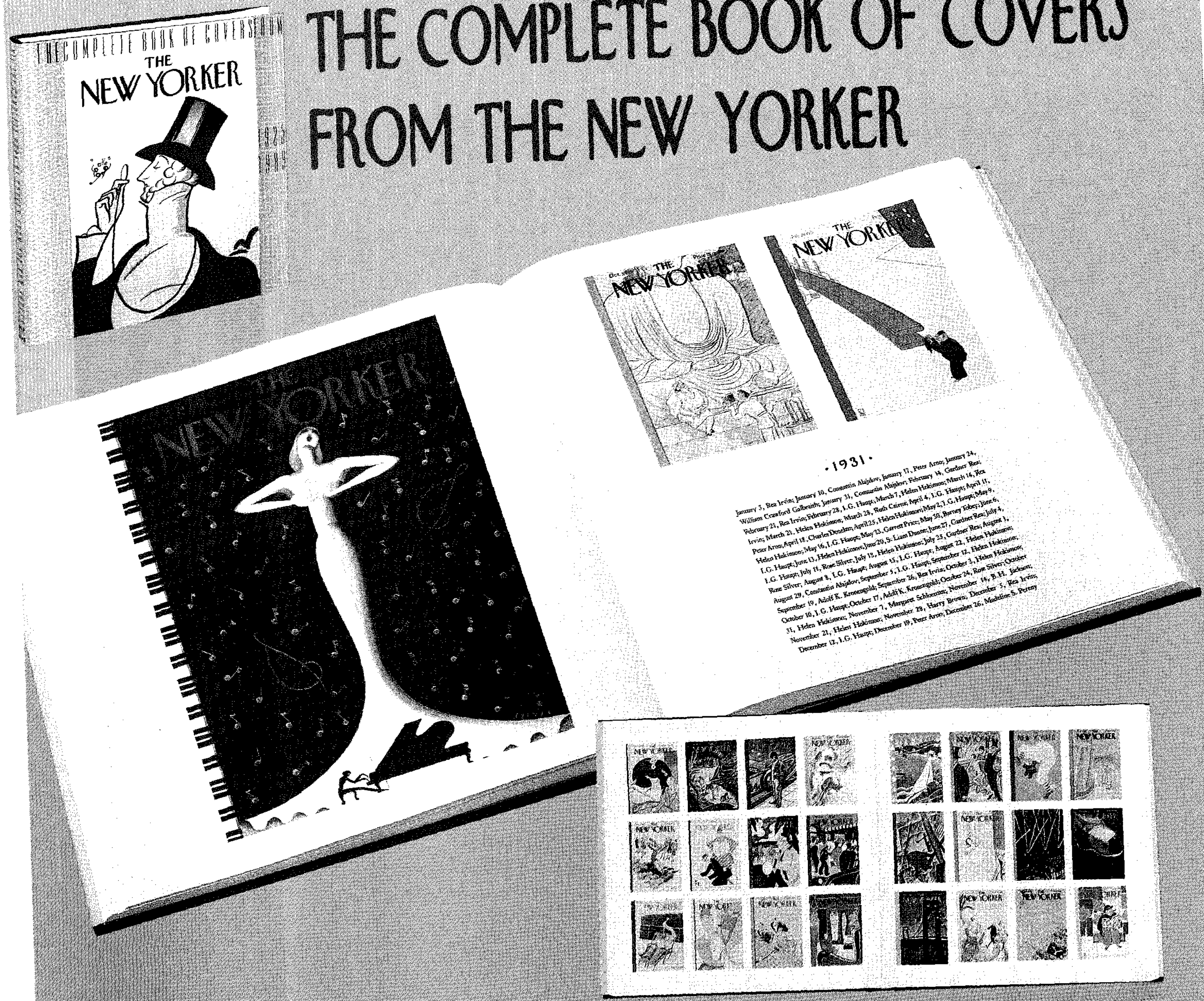

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January 3, Rea Irvin; January 10, Constantin Alajálov; January 17, Peter Arno; January 24, William Crawford Galbraith; January 31, Constantin Alajálov; February 14, Gardner Rea; February 21, Rea Irvin; February 28, I.G. Haupt; March 7, Helen Hokinson; March 14, Rea Irvin; March 21, Helen Hokinson; March 28, Ruth Cairns; April 4, I.G. Haupt; April 11, Peter Arno; April 18, Charles Dosdem; April 25, Helen Hokinson; May 2, I.G. Haupt; May 9, Helen Hokinson; May 16, I.G. Haupt; May 23, Garrett Price; May 30, Barney Tobey; June 6, I.G. Haupt; June 13, Helen Hokinson; June 20, S. Liam Dunne; June 27, Gardner Rea; July 4, I.G. Haupt; July 11, Rose Silver; July 18, Helen Hokinson; July 25, Gardner Rea; August 1, Rose Silver; August 8, I.G. Haupt; August 15, I.G. Haupt; August 22, Helen Hokinson; August 29, Constantin Alajálov; September 5, I.G. Haupt; September 12, Helen Hokinson; September 19, Adolf K. Kronengold; September 26, Rea Irvin; October 3, Helen Hokinson; October 10, I.G. Haupt; October 17, Adolf K. Kronengold; October 24, Rose Silver; October 31, Helen Hokinson; November 7, Margaret Schloeman; November 14, B.H. Jackson; November 21, Helen Hokinson; November 28, Harry Brown; December 5, Rea Irvin; December 12, I.G. Haupt; December 19, Peter Arno; December 26, Madeline S. Pereny

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

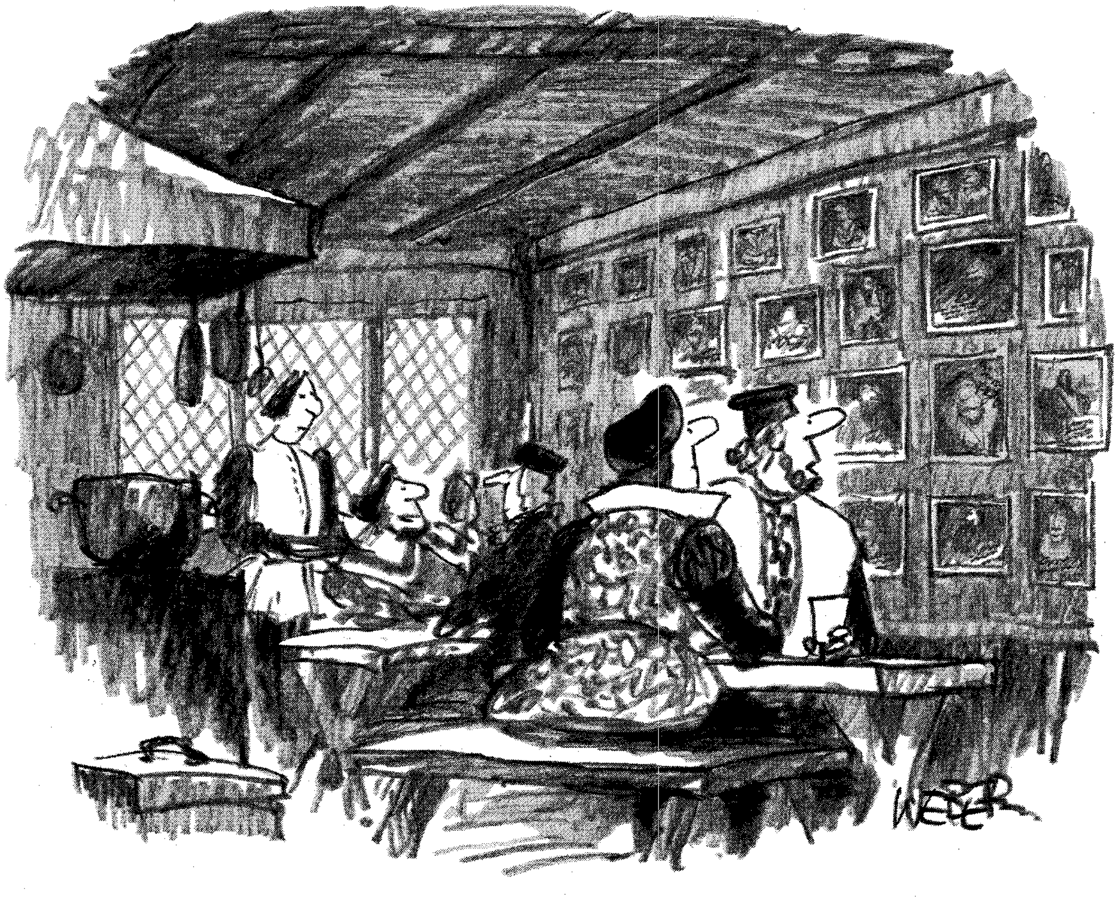
Potency

Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise), the hero of “Born on the Fourth of July,” believes everything he hears at the Independence Day ceremonies in Massapequa, Long Island. Pure of heart and patriotic, he trusts in Mom, the Catholic Church, and the flag-waving values John Wayne stands for. Ron thinks war is glamorous; it's how he'll prove himself a man. And so he joins the Marine Corps, goes to Vietnam, and is shocked to discover brutality, dirt, and horror.

It's inconceivable that Ron Kovic was as innocent as the movie and the 1976 autobiography on which it's based make him out to be. Was this kid kept in a bubble? At some level, everybody knows about the ugliness of war. Didn't he ever read anything on the Civil War—not even “The Red Badge of Courage”? When he was growing up, kids were into black humor, sarcasm, and put-ons. If he was as vulnerable to media influences as the movie and the book indicate, wouldn't he have heard of “Catch-22” and “One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest”? Wouldn't he have looked at *Mad*? Ron seems to have blotted out everything that didn't conform to his priggish views. When his younger brother is singing “The Times They Are A-Changin',” it doesn't mean anything to him.

“Born on the Fourth of July,” directed by Oliver Stone, who wrote the script with Kovic, is committed to the idea of Ron's total naïveté. He's presented as a credulous boy whose country lied to him. Wherever you look in this movie, people are representative figures rather than people, and the falseness starts during the opening credits, with the dusty, emotionally charged Fourth of July celebration in 1956—Ronnie's tenth birthday. Massapequa is less than an hour from New York City on the Long Island Rail Road, but this set (constructed in Texas) looks like Oliver Stone's vision of Midwestern America in the fifties—clapboard picturesque. He uses slow motion to mythologize the drum majorettes. Even the kids' baseball game is a slo-mo elegy. A lyrical glow fuses sports and kids playing soldier and civic boosterism and imperialism. And John Williams' music is like a tidal wave. It comes beating down on you while you're trying to duck Robert Richardson's frenzied camera angles. So much rapture, so soon. I was suffering from pastoral overload before the credits were finished.

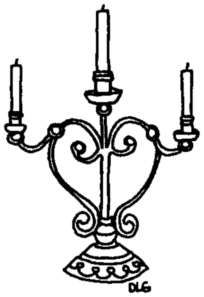
Of course Ronnie's country lied to him. Part of growing up is developing a bullshit detector, and kids usually do a pretty fair job of wising each other up. Ron Kovic's Candide-like innocence matches that hazy archetypal parade: they're both fantasies. But they make it easier for him (and the movie) to blame everybody for not stopping him when he wanted to be a hero. To Ron, the Marine recruiter (Tom Berenger) who comes to the Massapequa high school is like a god. Ron's virginal high-mindedness makes him the perfect patsy for a before-and-after movie. What's in between is Vietnam and the rise of the antiwar movement.



“ ‘To Mario—Good food, good fun. Thanks. Leonardo da Vinci.’ ”

On Ron Kovic's second tour of duty, in 1968, when he was a twenty-one-year-old sergeant, his spine was severed, and he was left paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Kovic's book is simple and explicit; he states his case in plain, angry words. Stone's movie yells at you for two hours and twenty-five minutes. Stone tells you and he shows you at the same time; everything is swollen with meaning. The movie is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets.

The central question that's raised is "Why did you tell me lies about what war would be like?" It's not "Why did you tell me lies about what the Vietnam War was about?"—although it shifts into that at times. Stone's most celebrated film, "Platoon," culminated in the young hero's shooting the man who represented evil, but "Born on the Fourth of July" appears to be a pacifist movie, an indictment of all war, along the lines of Dalton Trumbo's 1939 protest novel "Johnny Got His Gun." You can't be sure, because there's never a sequence where Ron figures out the war is wrong; we simply see him go from personal bitterness to a new faith. The morality of taking up arms in Vietnam (or anywhere else) isn't really what the movie is about anyway. The audience is carried along by Tom Cruise's Ronnie yelling that his penis will never be hard again. The core of the movie is Ron's emotional need to make people acknowledge what he has lost. There's a shrill, demanding child inside the activist—a child whose claims we can't deny. And Stone's visual rant slips by because this kid's outrage at losing his potency is more graphic and real to us than anything else. It affects us in a cruder, deeper way than Ron's sloganeering and his political denunciations of the war.



What we hear when Ron causes a commotion at the 1972 Republican Convention and shouts at Nixon is a kid who knows he has lost something and who is going to make an unholy fuss about it. He's going to be heard. Yes, he's expressing the rage of other disabled veterans who feel betrayed—wasted in a war we shouldn't have got into. But what really reaches us is that Ron finds his lost potency when the Convention cameras are on him. He finds it in forcing the country to recognize what it did to him and others like him. He's saying, "You owe me this," or, "Activism is all you've left me, and you can't take it away." And he's saying, "I paid for what I did over there, and I go on paying for it. You haven't paid—your shame is greater." He doesn't really say that, but it's what filmgoers hear and respond to. The movie, having presented him as the innocent Catholic boy going to war for the glory of God, now reaps the reward: the audience—some of the audience—experiences a breast-beating catharsis.

Almost everything else in this antiwar Fourth of July parade that spans twenty years is chaotic sensationalism. When Ron, in an argument with his mother, drunkenly pulls out his catheter and says, "It's what I've got instead of a penis," and she shrieks, "Don't say 'penis' in this house!" she becomes a comic-strip uptight mom. And when he gets back at her by yelling "Penis! Penis!" at the top of his lungs, so the whole neighborhood can hear him, it's a phony, easy scene. We're supposed to see that his mother denies the realities of war and every other kind of reality—that this repressive mom who told him the Communists had to be stopped was part of the system that deluded him. We're invited to jeer at her villainy.

A scraping-bottom scene that takes place on a roadside in the Mexican desert has a druggy, "El Topo" flavor. The burned-out, drunken Kovic brawls with another burned-out, drunken paraplegic (Willem Dafoe), and they spit in each other's faces, knock each other out of their wheelchairs, and go on wrestling. The two men, fighting over which one takes the prize for committing the worse atrocities in Vietnam, are like bugs screaming in the sand; they're right out of the theatre of the absurd—they've even got dry, rattlesnake sounds for accompaniment—and you have to laugh. But it's too showy, too style-conscious; it makes you aware of how overblown the whole movie is.

In Vietnam, Ron's platoon, thinking they're attacking Vietcong, massacre a group of village women and children. Then, during the confusion of a skirmish, Ron kills a nineteen-year-old soldier from Georgia, but can't fully accept it—it happened so fast. He tells his major about it, and the major doesn't want to hear it; he doesn't know how to handle Ron's confession, so Ron is stuck with the sickening guilt. After Ron is paralyzed and in a wheelchair, he makes a trip to Georgia to confess to the soldier's parents and young widow. That may relieve Ron's pain, but what about the pain he causes

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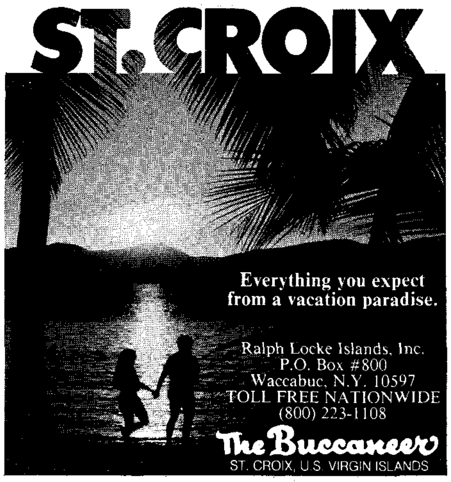
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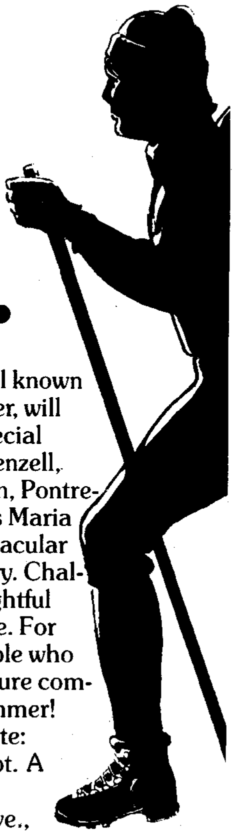

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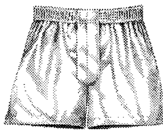

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the others? (The father had been proud of the honor guard that came with the body.) The scene might be affecting if it were staged to show that Ron's need is so overpowering he can't consider the family's grief. Instead, it suggests that Stone thinks even blind self-expression is good. (In the book, there's no visit to Georgia. Maybe the trip took place, and Kovic left it out. But I remember the scene from an earlier movie, where after the war the protagonist went to the dead soldier's family and asked forgiveness; there, though, the dead soldier was part of the enemy forces, and the protagonist was offering the family solace.)

Oliver Stone has an instinct for the symbolism that stirs the public. He clung to the Ron Kovic story that he first worked on as a screenwriter more than ten years ago. But he must never have been able to think the material through. "Born on the Fourth of July" seems to ride on its own surface, as if moviemaking were a form of surfing. Kovic doesn't turn against the Vietnam War until long after he gets home, expecting to be welcomed as a hero, and is put in the rat-infested Bronx Veterans Hospital. (The exposure of conditions there is the most straightforward, honest part of the movie.) What would have happened if people had been considerate and kind to Ron, and talked up his bravery? Would he have gone on being a warmongering patriot? I didn't expect the movie to answer this kind of question, but I expected it to show enough about Ron's character for us to make some guesses for ourselves. We come out knowing nothing about him except that his self-righteousness—his will to complain and make a ruckus—is rather glorious. I don't think I've ever seen another epic about a bad loser; I wish Stone had recognized what he was on to, and shaped the conception. (In essence, "Born" is satire played straight. The impotent Ron Kovic holds the nation hostage.)

How is Tom Cruise? I forgot he was there. Cruise is on magazine covers. Of course he is—he's a cute kid and his face sells magazines. And magazine editors may justify their cover stories by claiming he's turning into a terrific actor. They may believe it, and moviegoers may assent. Moviegoers like to believe that those they have made stars are great actors. People used to say that Gary Cooper was a fine actor—probably because when they looked in his face they were ready to give him their power of attorney. Cruise has the right All-American-boy look for his role here, but you wait for something to emerge, and realize the look goes all the way through. He has a little-boy voice and no depth of emotion. (In Vietnam, when Ron barks orders to his squad there's no authority in his tone; he still has no authority when he goes in to speak, by invitation, at the Democratic Convention in 1976.) Cruise does have a manic streak, and Stone uses it for hysteria. (He might be a tennis pro falling to his knees and throwing his fists up in the air.) Cruise gets through Stone's noisy Stations of the Cross without disgracing himself, but he's negligible. Nothing he does is unexpected. He's likable in his boyish, quieter moments, but when those are over he disappears inside Ron Kovic's receding hairline, Fu Manchu mustache, and long, matted hair.

Oliver Stone has a taste for blood and fire, and for the anguish and disillusionment that follow. Everything is in capital letters. He flatters the audience with the myth that we believed in the war and then we woke up; like Ron Kovic, we're turned into generic Eagle Scouts. The counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified popular memories. "Born on the Fourth of July" is like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*—this one covers 1956 to 1976. Stone plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony.

—PAULINE KAEL

●

The *Columbia University Record* is published weekly by the Office of Public Information except four times a month in September and March, three times a month in February and April, twice monthly in November, December and May, and once monthly in January and June. No issue in July and August.—*Columbia University Record.*

In October, though, all hell breaks loose.

●

July 11, 1804: Vice President Raymond Burr mortally wounds Alexander Hamilton in a pistol duel. Hamilton dies the next day.—*American Heritage Print Shop Graphics for Libraries catalogue.*

And "Perry Mason" is cancelled.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PRAGUE AUTUMN

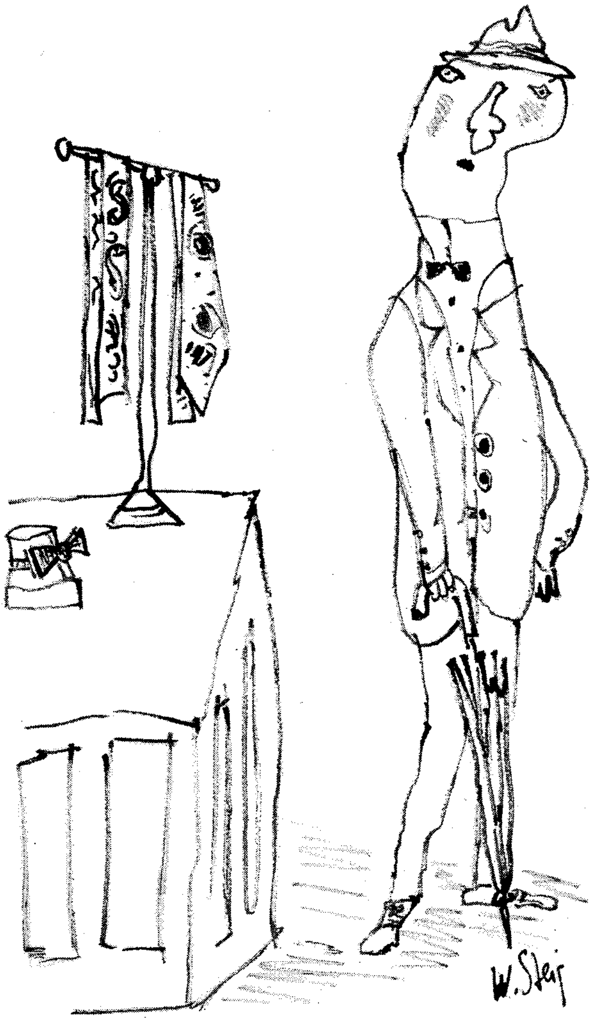
THE revolution began in the late afternoon on Friday, November 17th. It was bitter cold. Národní třída, a main thoroughfare in downtown Prague, was barely visible in the thick smog. A few blocks away, at Charles University, a Communist-organized mass meeting in memory of eight youths killed during a student uprising against the Nazis in 1939 was just ending. Some five hundred students were slowly making their way down Národní toward Wenceslas Square, waving national flags and calling for the release of political prisoners and for the right of free speech and assembly. Suddenly, without any apparent provocation—as an official inquiry commission later determined—a squad of riot policemen fell on the marching students with tear gas, wooden clubs, and attack dogs held on short leashes. According to eyewitnesses, more than a hundred students were wounded, fourteen seriously. The "massacre," as the assault was immediately dubbed by students and human-rights activists—though in fact no one was killed—triggered a chain of events which is still in progress. In less than a month, it broke the Communist stranglehold over Czechoslovakia, and led to the establishment of a new Czechoslovak government—the first since 1948 with a majority of non-Communist ministers—which has already committed itself to holding free elections within seven months.

The way these events unfolded surprised everyone, including the revolutionaries themselves. Nobody expected the November 17th march to be the beginning of the end of Communist rule in Czechoslovakia, which, next to that of Rumania, was the most brutal and narrow-minded in Eastern Europe. Three days after the "massacre" on Národní, the playwright Václav Havel, a veteran human-rights activist and one of the leaders of a newly formed opposition group called Civic Forum, told a friend of mine that he was afraid the police would come for him at any moment. Nobody would have dared to predict then that within a few weeks a panicky—but still Communist-dominated—rubber-stamp parliament would elect this courageous, fiercely independent-minded man to the highest office in the land.

The dramatic scenes were following one another with an astonishing rapidity. A few had the simplicity, the poetry, and the moral of a fairy tale, such as this scene in Wenceslas Square: a week after the "massacre," in the brightly illuminated piazza where in 1968 Soviet tanks had crushed Alexander Dubček's democratic reforms, the same Dubček (still officially a "non-person") was fêted by the masses in the largest anti-government demonstration in Czechoslovakia's history. I was squeezed into the heaving crowd below the balcony where Dubček stood in the limelight, and for a moment it seemed as though half a million people suddenly took a deep breath. He was older, white-haired, and slightly bent, but, with the same awkward smile and quiet pathos of twenty-one years ago, he was telling the crowd how happy he was that his dream of "socialism with a human face" was still alive in the young generation.

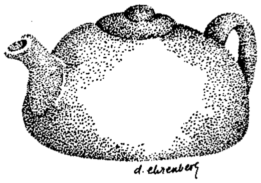
Even as Dubček spoke, the men who had deposed him in 1969 were meeting in conclave at the Party school at Vokovice, a gloomy, ugly Stalinist building near the Prague airport, as though they were preparing to escape the country. Ashen-faced, grim, and worn with fatigue, they could later be seen on TV confessing "mistakes"; the entire Party leadership resigned that same evening. Meanwhile, the crowd in the square was shouting "Long live Dubček!" and "Dubček for President!" It didn't matter that his dream of socialism with a human face no longer moved most of the people who were cheering him. The crowd wanted liberty and human rights, not socialism, with any kind of face. Dubček was applauded as a symbol of the past, not as a guide to the future. His "reform socialism" had stipulated a one-party state. "There are no reform socialists left in Czechoslovakia," said a man standing next to me in the crowd. "There are only survivors."

In the days that followed November 17th, hundreds of thousands of Czechoslovaks suddenly found new courage after decades of brutally enforced lethargy and submission. Young people came day and night to light thousands of candles and place little flags at the spot on Národní where the "massacre" had taken place; striking students, in an "occupation" of all Czechoslovak universities, held teach-ins on democracy; and crowds gath-



Man Considering a Purchase

ered daily in Wenceslas and at the nearby Staroměstké náměstí, the Old Town Square, where Franz Kafka had lived during his last years, while he was writing "The Castle." On November 18th, thousands of students, defying the police, assembled in Staroměstké, and a student leader named Martin Mejstřík, one of Havel's disciples, proposed a national strike, to last until those guilty of the "massacre" were punished. ("The massacre was our Sarajevo," Mejstřík said later. "A last drop into a cup already full.") The next day, thousands of angry people started gathering in Wenceslas Square at all hours to debate and listen to opposition speakers. Day after day they came, waving flags and banners and defying the police with cries of "We're fed up!" and "*Svoboda!*" ("Freedom!") and "Down with Communist tyranny!"



IN Czechoslovakia for much of this century, an exceptional zeal for political, social, and cultural excellence has gone hand in hand with failure and defeat. Between the wars, Czechoslovakia was a leading industrial power and a democracy, the only country in Central Europe that did not go Fascist. Twice in this century—in 1938 (Munich) and in 1945 (Yalta)—Czechoslovaks felt very strongly that they had been betrayed by the West, and they have remained traumatized. Three times in this century—in 1939, in 1948, and in 1968—they lost their freedom without being able or willing to do a thing about it. For this they were sometimes disparaged as cowards. "Czechs make good coachmen; nothing else," sneered the dying Lord Marchmain in Evelyn Waugh's "Brideshead Revisited." George Kennan, somewhat more generous, wrote that they were "a remarkable little people, whose virtues and whose failings are alike the products of adversity." For decades, most Czechs and Slovaks were transfixed by their fate; many had come to see it almost as ordained by God—or, at least, by history and geography. They might try, on occasion, to subvert that fate by wit and humor, like the good soldier Schweik, but never to escape it. After 1968, there were a few cases of intellectual defiance, by members of Charter 77, a small group formed to compel the government to respect the Helsinki human-rights convention it had just formally joined. Charter 77 was led by an old philosopher (Jan Patočka) and a young playwright, then little known (Havel), and lacked an effective organizational framework. It was subjected to constant police harassment. More recently, there were a few public demonstrations by Prague students, but the protests always remained isolated and were always brutally crushed by the regime. (Last summer, after a demonstration by students crying "Long live Havel!" was dispersed with dogs and tear gas, the joke going around the university was that rents were going down on Wenceslas Square, because gas was free now.)

After the "massacre" on Národní, for the first time since 1969 the protests spread outside the universities into the streets. Each day, more people in Prague cried "We're fed up!" and "Enough!" and "Free elections!" In a pub on the outskirts of the city, a friend of mine saw a sign saying "Beer Drinkers Wake Up from Your Stalinist Dream." All the museums went on strike except those run by the Party or the secret police—such as the Lenin Museum, where in twenty-six halls of almost unremitting bad taste Lenin is celebrated as the redeemer of mankind. (On the day I looked in, I was the only visitor.) The theatres were also on strike, but they remained open to the public, and in the evenings the actors and visiting intellectuals engaged the audience in discussions on the need for democratic reforms. The symphony orchestras were striking along with the theatres and museums. To the posters in downtown Prague advertising the Czech Symphony Orchestra's concert schedule for November, flyers were affixed in mid-month saying "Strike. Concerts to Be Resumed Upon the Restoration of Freedom." Though Civic Forum was supposed to be coördinating all these efforts, most of them were spontaneous. Havel ran Civic Forum with other veterans of Charter 77—most of whom had been in and out of prison during the last twelve years—among them Jiří Dienstbíer, who from 1968 to 1969 had been a Czechoslovak foreign correspondent in the United States, and Václav Malý, a Catholic priest denied a parish by the Communist authorities. Their headquarters was the Laterna Magika Theatre, in downtown Prague. Here they gave daily press conferences, which were attended by journalists from all over the world—and, from the third or fourth day, by Czechoslovak reporters as well. Here manifestos were written, flyers were sent out, and thousands of people lined up at all hours to register as volunteers. (Civic Forum has since moved to sumptuous quarters in a building vacated for it by the Czechoslovak-Soviet Friendship Society.)

Each day, more posters and leaflets appeared on walls and in shopwindows. The walls of the main subway stations were completely covered with them. Some were mimeographed, others handwritten. There were many cartoons. One, showing a man lying on the ground, had the caption "I know I'll always eat shit but I'd rather do it in a free country." A comic strip entitled "The Birth of Socialism" showed an officer at the helm of a small boat giving the cue to a sailor at the oars: "One-two, one-two." In the second frame, the sailor throws the officer overboard and takes his place. In the third, the sailor calls out the same "One-two, one-two," but there is no one at the oars. The most common posters read

Konec
Vlády
Jedné
Strany.

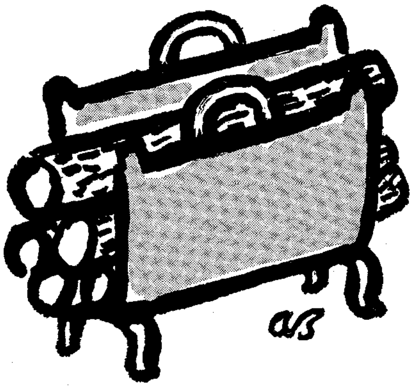
That means "End Rule by One Party." Others read "Marx Is Dead," "40 Years of Lies," "Pluralism Not Brutality," "Put an End to the Darkness," "Punish Them." By the fourth day, the people had taken over the capital and half a dozen provincial towns.

On the fifth day, TV reporters rebelled, and forced government TV stations in Prague and Bratislava to cover the protest rallies live—most notably those in Wenceslas Square. The square is Prague's urban center—a huge space, some sixty yards wide and almost half a mile long. Each day brought more people into the square. The first few hundred would come early in the morning and gather around the equestrian statue of St. Wenceslas, Czechoslovakia's patron saint, where candles lit the night before were still burning. They would hand out leaflets and make speeches over improvised amplifiers.

During lunch hour, the number usually rose to three or four thousand. People would cluster around different speakers, at the corners of the square. Early one afternoon, I watched an old man in a worn-out black coat and carrying a tattered shopping bag huff and puff as he climbed a stand near the statue to address a militant young crowd. He was Jiří Hájek, who had been the Foreign Minister in Dubček's short-lived government. In 1968, he had criticized the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and had been a "nonperson" ever since. The microphone was not functioning well. He waited patiently for a young woman to fix it. Then, in a shaking but nevertheless convincing voice, he spoke. I noticed several men and women in the crowd with tears in their eyes, and Hájek, too, was crying, as he told the protesters that he was now too old and too tired for politics. "But I am with you," he said. "I support your every move."

The protests were not confined to the main square. Almost every day during my stay in Prague, I saw columns of university students marching through the narrow, cobbled streets of the Old Town, waving flags and calling for the dissolution of the secret police and the establishment of "a government of laws." Everywhere they went, people applauded. Prague could never have been more beautiful than it was during those cold autumn days, when visual pleasure was coupled with the thrilling promise of freedom. It is still one of the most beautiful and best-preserved cities of Europe. The air, as it is almost everywhere in Eastern Europe, is polluted by the smoke of brown-coal furnaces. But when the sun comes out through the smog, and is reflected from the yellows, browns, and grays of great sculptured bridges and magnificent baroque palaces and squares, the city gleams like a stage set in the shadowy light.

AT four sharp every afternoon, the main protest meeting took place in Wenceslas Square. News of it spread by word of mouth and over Radio Free Europe, which is said to be the most popular station in Czechoslovakia. Every day, the choruses of "*Svoboda! Svoboda!*" echoed through the dusk. On the first Sunday after the "massacre," at least fifty thousand came; the next day, more than two hundred thousand cheered speakers demanding free elections and an end to Communist tyranny. Entire families came, including those of many factory workers and peasants from the provinces, until, on Wednesday, there was no standing room left in the square. The crowd flowed over into the side streets, waving banners and flags and crying "We've had enough!" and "Punish them!" Some carried pictures of Czechoslovakia's founder, the great democrat and humanist Tomáš Masaryk. There were large contingents of workers from factories, each under its own banner. On Thursday, three hundred and fifty thousand showed up, crying "Jakeš to the shovel!" and "Let him work for a change!" (Miloš Jakeš, the Communist Party chief, was responsible for the purge of half a million Party members after 1968. He would resign a day later; within a week, he would be stripped of his Party membership and threatened with prosecution for "serious offenses and errors of judgment.") On Friday, half a million people crowded into the square and its side streets. By Saturday, despite snow and driving winds, there were so many more people that the meeting place had to be shifted to Letná Plain, where the Communist May Day parades had been held in the past. The number of those attending was estimated at eight hundred thousand, which meant that every third person in Prague and its environs must have been there. Pressed in the vast crowd that afternoon, I reflected that I was seeing a historically new meaning given to what Communists in the past had fondly called the "broad masses." "Down with tyranny!" the masses shouted, and "Give us free elections!" Here was a genuine mass revolt from below, for the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia was the only one in Eastern Europe other than Rumania without a real reform wing. This was people power, and the people knew it. Czechoslovakia's Prime Minister, Ladislav Adamec, knew it, too. He had just shed his customary three-piece suit and donned a black turtleneck shirt and a leather jacket to plead on TV for "national understanding." He, too, was in the grandstand, beside Havel (whom only a few weeks earlier, in Vienna, he had called a "zero"), asking—no, begging—for "dialogue."



I HAD spent a fortnight in Czechoslovakia during the Prague Spring of 1968, and I remembered the euphoria and optimism of those days. This time, there were few overt displays of joy. The only real public merriment I saw now was during a Church-organized parade on St. Nicholas Day, December 6th. Whenever Havel was asked how he felt, he replied with a Czech proverb: "Don't praise the day before the evening." A line scrawled on a wall in Wenceslas Square—"We have won! Czechs are free at last"—was in English, and was widely thought to have been left there by a foreign TV team. No one I knew had ever seen its equivalent in Czech anywhere in the city. It was also the only example of graffiti I observed. Thousands of flyers were meticulously taped to the walls, but there were no graffiti anywhere. The mass protests were marked by an eerie calm. Sometimes one had the feeling of attending a prayer meeting. Even when over half a million people crowded into confined spaces, I never saw anyone push. Day after day, people thronged into Wenceslas Square, but the young trees planted there recently were never damaged. Day and night, people stood around arguing in small groups in the square; I never heard anybody raise his voice. In the thickest of crowds, lanes were always left open for ambulances to pass through. Given what many Czechoslovaks have had to endure for most of this century, it was hard to see how there could be so much calm, so much orderliness, so much good-natured politeness toward the oppressors.

When the revolution broke out, inadvertently, on November 17th, the angry crowds could easily have killed any number of police and militiamen. Instead, students were seen kneeling in the street, with lighted candles in their hands, singing "Join us! Join us!" as they faced the armed policemen. The protesters were constantly reminding themselves and others to avoid vio-

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lence, to be responsible, to maintain order. Maintain it they did. No acts of violence were reported in Prague after November 17th, and there were only a few sporadic skirmishes in the provinces. In Prague, one had the impression of being in the midst of one of the most civilized, gentle—or melancholic—peoples on earth. After each mass rally, the crowd intoned the national anthem, which, with its slow, wistful tune, sounds rather like a lullaby:

> Where is my home, where is my home?
> Streams are rushing through the meadows.
> Orchards decked in spring's array
> Scenes of paradise portray.

It was common to see hundreds of people in the freezing cold waiting patiently in a line two blocks long to receive copies of a leaflet or put their signatures to a human-rights manifesto. A nineteenth-century politeness prevailed through this revolution. (Havel, in one of his press conferences, called it "the velvet revolution.") When a spokesman for Civic Forum repeated for the *n*th time, "We wish to avoid a constitutional crisis," one of the reporters present asked, "But why? After all, you want the government to collapse." The spokesman calmly replied that the government mustn't collapse—it must be reformed. Just as in the last century, when Czech nationalists preferred to negotiate for their rights with the Austro-Hungarian imperial bureaucracy, so the Prague rebels of 1989 were seeking a "negotiated revolution." The furthest the opposition went, outside the mass rallies, was to declare a two-hour general strike. "If by this strike we succeed in violating the sick economy of this country, it would be the best investment we could make toward its cure," I heard one speaker grandiloquently tell the crowd. But the strike was gentle, too: it was scheduled for the lunch break. The uprising in Czechoslovakia coincided with the uprising in East Germany, where furious crowds were storming government offices and the headquarters of the secret police. Everything in Central and Eastern Europe was confused: Germans were acting like Poles, and Czechoslovaks like Germans—who, Lenin once said, would never storm a railway station without first buying a ticket.

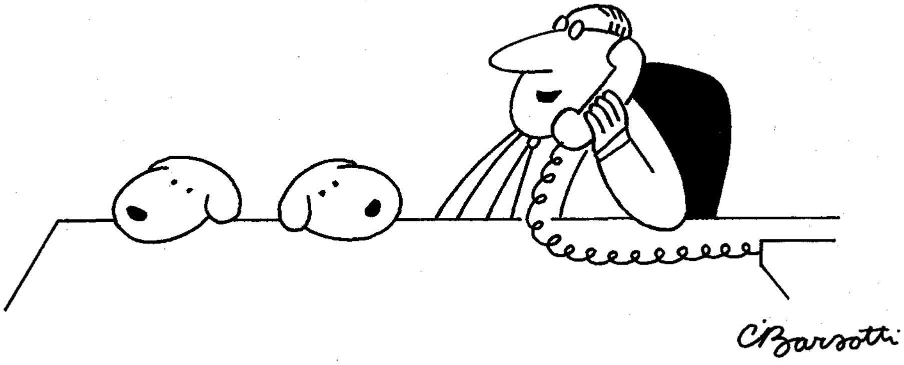
And yet at the end of little more than three weeks the protesters in Prague had secured—or had been solemnly promised—the fulfillment of nearly all their demands. The parliament passed constitutional amendments abolishing Marxism as the official state ideology and eliminating the Communist Party's "leading role," thus opening the way, at least in theory, to a multiparty state. It promised similar changes in the law to assure freedom of association and assembly. It granted amnesty to political prisoners. And it officially declared the Soviet invasion of 1968 "wrong" and "unjustified." (That declaration was of immense importance to the rebels. As Mirek, a character in Milan Kundera's "The Book of Laughter and Forgetting," says, "the struggle of man against power is the struggle of memory against forgetting.") President Gustáv Husák, who had conspired with the Soviets during the invasion of 1968, resigned, and the parliament elected the anti-Communist Václav Havel to take his place. (To some, Husák was the most cynical, brutal opportunist in all of Eastern Europe. To others, he might have stepped out of Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," for this former Dubček aide had himself been purged and tortured and, after a famous show trial in the fifties, spent six years in prison for being a self-confessed "bourgeois nationalist.") An interim coalition Cabinet was formed to prepare for free elections.

This last item was the most difficult to secure. The new Cabinet was the first since 1948 not dominated by Communists. By coincidence, it was sworn in on International Human Rights Day, December 10th. The country celebrated the event with a vast chorus of factory sirens, church bells, and car horns all over Czechoslovakia. It was a moment of enormous emotional release. I was on the telephone to an acquaintance in Brno when the chorus started in that city. My acquaintance, a young doctor, stopped short in the middle of a sentence. I heard him speaking intensely to someone in the room, and when he came back on the line his voice was thick with emotion. "For the first time in many years," he said, "I have the feeling . . . the feeling . . ."

He stopped short again. Then he said, "You remember Kundera's line 'Optimism is the opium of the people'? I don't want to celebrate prematurely."

Among those appointed to ministerial posts were leading anti-Communist dissidents. One, the Slovak lawyer Jan Čarnogurský, who was a practicing Catholic, had been in jail just three weeks earlier. The new Foreign Minister was Jiří Dienstbíer. The day before his appointment, his telephone—belonging, as it did, to a leading dissident—was still disconnected. As one of the founders of Charter 77, he had spent three years in jail beginning in 1979. At various times, before and afterward, he had been able to make a living only as a stoker. "Jiří is very worried about his tenants," one of his friends, an actor in the National Theatre, told me while Dienstbíer was serving as a press spokesman for Civic Forum. "He has been away from his job for weeks, and is worried there might be a problem with the central heating."

Among the new Communist ministers was an economist named Valtr Komárek. A few days before his appointment, he held a press conference, which I attended, and he said that Czechoslovakia had been run since 1969 by a bunch of "mafiosi." The government was nothing but a "social-Fascist mafia," he said, and went on, "This surviving monster"—it was still formally in power when he spoke—"must be dismantled. There mustn't be any attempt to compromise with it." His last book on the ills of the Czechoslovak economy, Komárek said, had been banned by the government. In it he had advocated a swift return to a mixed-market economy. Asked what he thought of Communism, Komárek answered, "My education and experience have convinced me that Communism is nonsense . . . a fallacious utopia." Then, almost as an afterthought, he observed that he well realized how little moral authority he had, as a veteran Communist Party member. Still, he said, there was a desperate need for a new start. "Let us begin again, in the spirit of Beneš and Masaryk," said Valtr Komárek.



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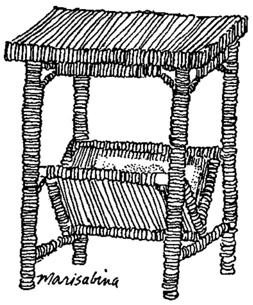
THE situation in Prague lent itself to reflections on the ephemerality of power. Power was everywhere and nowhere. One minute, it was there; the next, it was falling into dust. Here was a Tiananmen Square in the heart of Europe, yet, except for the November 17th assault on the students (and within days not one Communist leader was ready to assume political responsibility for that), the regime had not made a single attempt to put down by force what the official media were still describing as hooliganism. Fear was widespread among the revolutionaries that such restraint would not last. Most Communist Party leaders were intransigent hard-liners, and some of them were in favor of calling out the People's Militia, the Party's private army. A week after the "massacre" on Národní, Defense Minister Milán Václavík caused a panic by declaring that the Army stood "ready to defend the achievements of socialism." There were constant rumors of troop concentrations around Prague. But nothing happened. A few hours after Václavík sounded his warning, he suffered a collapse and was rushed to a hospital amid rumors that he had tried to commit suicide. Almost two weeks after the start of the demonstrations, Civic Forum published an impassioned appeal to all members of the armed forces not to let themselves be "misused." Remember, "you come from the people," said the appeal. "Honor their will and protect their interests."

In retrospect, the fears seem unfounded. The rebels had the regime on the run from almost the first day. As a headline in *The Economist* said, "they just had to say boo" for the walls to come tumbling down. One after another, the main scaffoldings of power fell or tottered. The dreaded S.T.B., the Czechoslovak secret police, was said to be in complete disarray. There was no trace of it during the street protests, and in mid-December it was put under the strict control of Minister Čarnogurský. From the third day on, none of the ordinary police, except a few traffic cops, were to be seen, either. All units of the People's Militia appeared to have been withdrawn. (The militia was officially disarmed in mid-December.) The Communist press reflected the changes: on Saturday it was still ranting against street riffraff and anti-social provocateurs; on Tuesday the same people were being referred to in the same newspapers as protesters against unjustified police violence. The first Communist fellow-travellers to defect were the apparatchiks of the satellite Socialist Party, which for years had been a lifeless relic and loyal servant of the regime: on the fifth day, they offered Civic Forum speakers a balcony on Wenceslas Square to address the masses below. Soon even the nervous Jewish community joined in the protests. Before long, elements of the city and state bureaucracy, too, became accomplices of the revolution. Initially, the speeches in Wenceslas Square were delivered through handheld megaphones. Then someone hooked Civic Forum's microphones into the permanent city loudspeaker system. The speeches were now audible within a radius of one mile from the city center. Suddenly, Civic Forum had at its disposal mimeograph machines, telephones, photocopiers, computers, and a fleet of brand-new cars. Only a month earlier, you could not get a photocopy made in Prague without showing your I.D.

One morning, when it seemed that the rebels had already achieved much of what they set out to do, I went to see Jan Sirobky, a high-ranking official on the staff of the Communist Central Committee. I asked him what role the Soviet Union had played in the events that were shaking up Czechoslovakia. He looked embarrassed and slightly harassed, and said, as though he were reciting a familiar text, that things were not done that way anymore. Then he assured me that the Party was "irreversibly ridding itself of past deformations." It was definitely abandoning its "leading role based on power and ideological monopoly." He added, with a thin smile, "We are no longer in need of a dictatorship of the proletariat. The Stalinists distorted this concept. It is often misunderstood. Marx and Lenin intended it to be a transitory institution, not a permanent instrument of repression." The Communist Party of Czechoslovakia might even change its name, he said. It intended to draw henceforth on "the democratic tradition of Europe and the Czechoslovak nation."

THE self-confidence of the crowds grew every day. With each achievement, the opposition raised new, more audacious demands, and the Party invariably complied. To calm the public outcry, the Party boss of Prague, Miroslav Štěpán, who had been held responsible for the "massacre," was made to resign in disgrace less than twelve hours after his reëlection to the new politburo. Forty-eight hours after Prime Minister Adamec resigned—because, as he put it, he could not work under constant pressure from the opposition—his successor, Marian Čalfa, granted all the opposition's demands, and then some. The fear line shifted almost visibly. The same people who one day were frightened of a possible bloodbath, as in Beijing, were saying a few days later, "They won't dare shoot at us here. After all, this is the heart of Europe." Up to a certain point, the people were afraid; then it was the regime that panicked. On the day the Party agreed to join a government in which it no longer constituted the majority, a shocked veteran apparatchik was overheard saying, "A coup is taking place! The Party is paralyzed!"



The old leaders fell over backward with statements of remorse for their "oversights" and "grave mistakes," inventing almost overnight a new identity for themselves and for their party. It was now a liberal body in favor of pluralistic democracy, they said, able and ready to compete with others in free elections. One morning, I heard a man say on the Radio Prague English-language broadcast, piped into my hotel room, that political pluralism had always been one of the tenets of Communism, from the days of Karl Marx—that Leninism had always favored freedom of speech and free elections. The results of this backpedalling were, at best, mixed. For years, the leaders had barricaded themselves inside their mental bunkers. They were now incapable of reading the public mood. Thus, they deluded themselves into believing that they would gain popularity by "rehabilitating" the half-million Party members purged after 1968, and inviting them back into the Party. "A senseless ritual," mumbled an old journalist, a Dubček man purged in 1970, who survived the next ten years by washing cars. "They would like *me* to legitimatize them," he told me. "But legitimacy they can only get from *society*." The Party's concessions—abolishing the cherished principle of the dictatorship of the proletariat, agreeing to a new government, disarming the People's Militia—were invariably too little, too late. According to one estimate, thirty per cent of all Party members resigned during the first two weeks of December. A public-opinion poll was said to have shown that only fifteen per cent of the voters preferred the Communist Party. (In the last free elections before the 1948 Communist coup, the Communists had won thirty-eight per cent of the vote.) The Party was like a church without believers but with an inquisition, and the will or the ability to deploy that inquisition seemed to have faltered.

I asked a political scientist in Brno, a very perceptive man who had spent years in jail, about the Party's collapse, and he suggested that at a certain point, probably even before the beginning of the unrest, the Communist leaders "had lost their nerve." Because they were veteran Communists, their psychological dependency on Moscow had been too great, he thought, and President Mikhail Gorbachev's *glasnost* and *perestroika* had thrown them off balance. "Imagine an ultra-conservative cardinal being told that the Pope had been converted to Judaism," he said. The result was a kind of paralysis. President Husák himself offered proof of this psychological dependency when at one point in his resignation speech on TV he remarked, "As Comrade Gorbachev has *rightly said*," and then launched into a pathetic display of self-criticism.

Others claimed that the worst blow to the old regime was that the workers were joining the protest in ever-increasing numbers, even though Czechoslovak workers are by and large better off than any others in Eastern Europe. Another blow was that most workers throughout Czechoslovakia observed the two-hour strike called by Civic Forum on November 27th. The success of the strike broke another taboo. Prime Minister Adamec had pleaded in vain for a "symbolic" strike of a few minutes only, and had been booed by the crowd at Letná. The opposition did not want a symbol; what it wanted was, in Havel's word, a "referendum," and it got one.

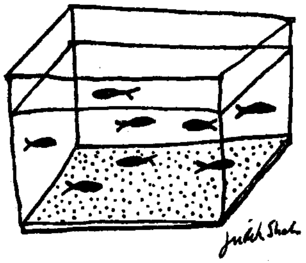
A few days after the strike, I drove to Kladno, an important steel and mining center west of Prague. The grimy streets, covered with soot, as if struck by some Biblical curse, combined with the reddish-brown smoke belching from the chimneys to produce an effect of early-Victorian industrial abuse. Here, too, the walls were covered with Civic Forum posters. Kladno is the birthplace of Antonín Zápotocký, who was Czechoslovakia's second Communist President and the author of a basic Czechoslovak-Communist textbook called "Red Glow Over Kladno." A famous strike here in 1905 helped build the mythic underpinnings of Czechoslovakia's Communist ideology. In the free elections between the wars, the Communists won up to forty-five per cent of Kladno's votes.

In Kladno, I visited Jiří Wohanka, a young actor at the local theatre. The theatre was on strike. We met in a small room behind the box office, under a framed quotation from Lenin: "Without a revolutionary theory there can be no workers' movement." Tacked around it were sheets of paper listing Civic Forum's main telephone numbers in Prague. Wohanka told me that a branch of Civic Forum had been established in the theatre three days after the "massacre." The next morning, its members could not get back into the theatre; overnight, members of the People's Militia had changed the locks. That evening, Civic Forum held a rally outside the building. Eight thousand people attended it, Wohanka said. On the following day, they were allowed back into their theatre. Regular protest meetings had been held there ever since.

Wohanka told me that at first the protesters had encountered a certain reluctance among workers to join the revolt of the "intellectuals." "A number of law students came out from Prague," he said. "We started visiting factories." At one meeting called to discuss the issue, a pro-Civic Forum miner stood up. He won over the audience by reminding it that a few years earlier each miner had been issued a new pair of work boots once every six months, then once a year only, and that during the past two years there had been no new boots at all.

On the grounds of the huge Poldi Steelworks in Kladno, I met the deputy head of the local Communist trade union, Vojtěch Wolf. He said that "nearly all" of twenty thousand four hundred workers at Poldi had observed the strike. He himself had addressed the strikers from a grandstand. Wolf, a big, burly man in his mid-forties, told me that he had been a Party member since 1966 but supported Civic Forum. As we spoke, loudspeakers throughout the plant informed workers that the Communist Party factory cell was being disbanded. For years, I was told, no one could become a foreman at Poldi, or go on vacation in one of the fine worker resorts in the mountains, or get his kids into college on a scholarship without a little piece of paper from the secretary of the cell. "The workers' support shifted the balance in Civic Forum's favor," Wolf said.

SEVERAL people I spoke to explained what was happening by citing Václav Havel's parable of the greengrocer, which was becoming a basic text of the revolution. I heard it recited one evening by an actor in a Prague theatre. In Havel's parable, a greengrocer is told to put a sign in his shopwindow saying "WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE." Few customers give it any thought. The greengrocer doesn't care much for it, but if he doesn't display the slogan he may not be able to spend a vacation on the Black Sea or get his son into one of the universities. By displaying the sign, the greengrocer merely proves his readiness to conform. The system is held together by ideologically articulated lies. It collapses the moment enough greengrocers have the courage to take the slogans down. "A single seemingly powerless person who dares to cry out the truth, and to stand behind it with all his person and all his life," Havel has written, "has surprisingly greater power, though formally disenfranchised, than do thousands of anonymous voters."



In one or two weeks last fall, hundreds of thousands of Czech and Slovak greengrocers were discovering that power. They were moved, no doubt, by events elsewhere, too—by the upheavals in Poland, Hungary, and East Germany. The assault on Národní appeared all the more outrageous because it took place a week after the Berlin Wall was breached. But the main impetus seemed to have come from high-school and university students and from the world of Czechoslovak culture—the world of education, literature, theatre, and music. Václav Havel said at one of his crowded press conferences, "For twenty-one years, we have lived outside time. The students gave history back to us. We owe them deep thanks for their desperate courage."

Havel was—from all we know, much against his will—fast becoming the brain, if not the leader, of what was soon nicknamed the "playwright's revolution." He looked extremely uncomfortable in this role; and he agreed to be President of Czechoslovakia only for a limited period, until a free parliament was elected. One of his first acts after assuming office reflected the flair and direction of his thinking: a mass amnesty for thousands of prisoners in Czechoslovak jails whom the ex-convict President considered victims of the barbaric Communist penal system. Havel is a slight, fifty-three-year-old man with vivid eyes and a shock of wavy red hair. He dresses simply, like an undergraduate. On the day he was sworn in, December 29th, the students, who had kept up their strike until then, hung up flyers in Wenceslas Square saying "WE LOVE A PRESIDENT IN JEANS AND PULLOVERS." As the son of upper-middle-class liberal parents, he was forced after the Communist coup to attend night school and was denied a university education. In the early sixties, he found employment in the experimental Divadlo Na zábradlí (Theatre on the Balustrade), where he worked as stagehand, electrician, secretary, assistant director, and, ultimately, house playwright. After 1968, he was forced for a while to make a living rolling barrels in a brewery. He is not really a political man but, rather, a writer propelled into politics by the unbearable difficulty of being in Czechoslovakia. He refused to leave Czechoslovakia when he was offered the chance by the authorities in 1979, choosing to remain in jail. Nothing could have been more moving for many Czechoslovaks than the scene in Prague Castle when Havel was sworn in, or more surreal than when Communist Prime Minister Čalfa said on that festive occasion that Havel deserved everybody's respect for facing up heroically to injustice and repression. It was as though Kafka's Joseph K. had been retried and acquitted.

I saw and heard Havel almost daily at his press conferences at the Laterna Magika. Two or three times, I was able to exchange a few words with him afterward, in the confusion that surrounded him. I came away with the impression of a man of charm, wit, and self-irony. I once asked him if and when he was going to write another play. He said that he hoped to arrive at an amicable understanding with the future Minister of the Interior which would let him spend four days a week writing and three in jail, resting from the new freedom. Four years of imprisonment had given him ample time for solitary reflection; he seems to have used it to probe the deeper meanings of his experience. (He was most recently in jail from February to May of last year, for attending a demonstration in Wenceslas Square during which people laid flowers on the spot where a student named Jan Palach had immolated himself as a protest against the

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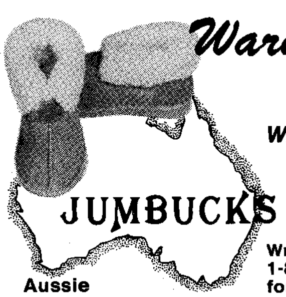

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Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia.) Havel's plays and essays were still formally banned in Czechoslovakia on the day he was sworn in as President, though they had circulated widely for years in samizdat. The plays are full of grotesque humor—they owe something to Beckett and something to Orwell. Most of them have never been produced in Czechoslovakia, though there have been more than two hundred and fifty productions abroad, including two in Warsaw last February, which were attended by Poland's Communist Prime Minister, Mieczyslaw Rakowski. Havel's three autobiographical one-acters—"Vernissage," "Protest," and "Audience"—explore the conventions of authoritarian regimes and the corruption of language and feeling through submissiveness and conformity. Heinrich Böll was one of many who have been struck by his shy courtliness, and by a "love of order which has nothing to do with the politics-of-order whose victim he is." After reading Havel's letters to his wife from prison, Böll wrote in *Die Zeit*, "Beware! Here speaks a rebel, one of that dangerous breed, the soft and polite."

The lonely writer, who had posed so many awkward questions during the dark years, suddenly found himself cast as a man of action, required to provide quick answers. As a leader of Civic Forum, he is said to have displayed iron nerves, tact, a good nose for his adversaries' weak spots, and a fine sense of timing. I used to watch him stagger up and down the stairs of the Laterna Magika, overwhelmed with fatigue, for he was rarely able to get more than three or four hours of sleep. He preserved a robust sense of humor throughout. On the day the government began to discuss concessions with Civic Forum, and Prague was full of reporters and self-important anchormen with huge retinues, all clamoring for interviews, he asked an overflow press conference to please stop requesting exclusives. "I have received hundreds of such requests," he said. "If I grant only a small fraction, I will have no time at all for the revolution. After the revolution I promise I will hold a press conference if need be a day or two days long to satisfy all demands." Asked if he was a socialist, Havel answered that he did not know what that word meant. "I only know what it doesn't mean." (His English translator at the press conferences, an American-educated woman named Rita Klímová, remarked afterward that she had heard a greengrocer in Prague say that socialism was the longest way from capitalism to capitalism. Klímová has since been proposed as the future Czechoslovak Ambassador to the United States.)

Havel often spoke of "Europe," a Europe conceived not as territory but as culture. Nostalgia for Europe is a characteristic of all the East European countries that believed themselves raped by "Asia" after 1945. But in no other East European country was there such a distinct clash between culture and power as in Czechoslovakia last autumn. In Poland, the opposition was rooted in a powerful Church and a popular trade union. In East Germany, the Lutheran Church was agitating for change and human rights, and there was a reform wing within the Communist Party, though it was not as strong as Hungary's. In Czechoslovakia, there was neither. The only meaningful opposition came from a handful of prominent writers, philosophers, and jazz musicians—jazz was a form of protest in Czechoslovakia and was considered heresy—and from the young students to whom only culture gave a sense of a better life in a better world. In Czechoslovakia, where the struggle between reformation and counter-reformation had prevented the emergence of a national church, the world of culture had often been a breeding ground for liberal revolt—from the time of Magister Jan Hus down to the days of Professor Tomáš Masaryk in this century. A great book could be written on how, in our time, the Havels, Seiferts, Kunderas, Kohouts, Hrabals, and Vaculíks were able to survive the age of darkness in a Czechoslovakia where Kafka was banned for years because his nightmares recalled everyday life. When all other points of moral reference were failing, culture alone—the novelists, playwrights, actors, philosophers, poets, filmmakers, artists, musicians—retained a measure of moral credibility, dignity, and ability to inspire the young. To think that it all started right under Kafka's windows on Staroměstké náměstí! The Prague Autumn of 1989 was a victory of culture over power.

—Amos Elon

BOOKS

The Friend of a Friend

IT may well be that scholarship of the very first order is as rare as great art or poetry. Some of the gifts and qualities it exacts are obvious: exceeding concentration, a capacious but minutely precise memory, finesse and a sort of pious skepticism in the handling of evidence and sources, clarity of presentation. Other requisites are scarcer and more difficult to define. The truly great scholar has a truffle hound's nose for the hidden but key document, for the concatenation of apparently disparate circumstances. He glimpses the purloined letter where others stare at wallpaper. Like a dowser, he senses the significant deeps underneath the long-trodden surface. He detects the flaw in the crystal, the false note in the archive, the covert pressure of that which has been falsified or gagged. He adheres obstinately to what Blake called "the holiness of the minute particular" but unfolds from it the application, the generalizing inference, that can alter the whole landscape of our historical, literary, and social perceptions.

But even these talents and their infrequent combination do not determine what is crucial to preëminent scholarship. No less than the master translator or actor or performer of music, the truly great scholar becomes as one with his material, however abstruse, however recondite. He melts the strength of his own personality and technical virtuosity into the historical epoch, the literary or philosophic text, the sociological fabric that he is analyzing and presenting to us. In turn, that fabric, that set of primary sources, will take on something of its interpreter's voice and style. It will become his without ceasing to be itself. There is now an ancient China that is Joseph Needham's, a Hellenistic civilization that speaks in the accents of the late Arnaldo Momigliano, a mapping of grammars which will for a long time to come carry the imprint of Roman Jakobson. Yet in each case the alchemy reinstates the strength of the material.

Gershom Scholem's scholarship was of this rare, life-giving kind. Not only have his studies of the Cabala altered, albeit controversially, the image of Judaism—the understanding that even an agnostic Jew now has of his psychological and historical provenance—but his explorations, translations, and presentations of Cabalistic writings exercise a formidable influence on literary theory at large, on the ways in which non-Jewish and wholly agnostic critics and scholars read poetry. Scholem's essays, many composed in a pellucid, classical German prose (bad writing is a symptom of poor scholarship), encompass concerns far beyond the Cabalistic. There has been no shrewder, more sombrely acute commentator on the drama of German Judaism, on the ambiguities in the condition of modern Israel, on the role of Biblical studies and translations in an increasingly secularized age. Scholem's often strangely ironic, subversive addictions were manifold: like William James (and there are other analogies), he took the play of intellect and the pluralities of human feeling for his province. Every manifestation of religious consciousness, of mythical imagining, of creative illusion fascinated him. But so did mathematics, the anatomy of legal discourse, and anthropology. Much of Scholem's voluminous production is esoteric not only in subject matter—the arcana of medieval and Chassidic mysticism, of Gnostic cosmology, of Renaissance hermeticism and magic—but also in its means of statement. Masterpieces of erudition, of problem-solving remain, unavoidably, enclosed in learned journals and in Hebrew. But Scholem's major works, such as "Origins of the Kabbalah" and the spellbinding study of Sabbatai Sevi, the mystical pseudo-Messiah (both published by Princeton), are aimed at the literate public, as are those masterpieces in (relative) miniature: Scholem's personal recollections, his monograph on mystical visions of creation, and his memoir of Walter Benjamin. And in some cases translations into English contain updated material and editorial help lacking in the Hebrew or German first versions. A great servant of insight has been handsomely served.

CAPTAIN
No-No

SCHOLEM and Benjamin first met in 1915, when Benjamin was twenty-three and Scholem seventeen. Their friendship has become the stuff both of legend and of scholarly investigation. It manifests strong points of affinity. Benjamin and Scholem were German Jews uncannily alert to the marginal yet also creative ambience of their personal and social condition. They were men of the mind—of learning, of citation and commentary in an almost rabbinic vein. Each was, in his own quarter, an addict of ancient books, a systematic bibliophile and collector. They were virtuoso practitioners of German prose in very distinct registers but with a shared purity of expression, whose very mastery told of something not wholly native, not unconsciously inherited. There was in both Scholem and Benjamin a streak of anarchy, a radical distrust of established structures and conventions. (Both succeeded in slipping into Switzerland during the First World War, Scholem having feigned severe neurotic symptoms when summoned by his draft board.) Most important, both Benjamin and Scholem chose to approach central philosophic, historical, and psychological problems from an exotic edge. Scholem revolutionized the study of Judaism by his philological-editorial investigations of extreme esoterica—of sometimes crazed heresies, of pathologies of speculative reverie. Analysis of children's books and toys; of nineteenth-century photographs; of the "lost" dramaturgy and emblem books of the German baroque; of the emporiums and department stores that sprang up in the Paris of the Second Empire led Benjamin to suggestions, to "illuminations" (his own designation, borrowed from Rimbaud), that are today at the heart of structuralism, of cultural sociology, and of semiotics.

But the differences between the two men were trenchant. Paradoxically, Scholem's immersion in religious mysticism originated in a deeply ironical, skeptical world view. I had the testing privilege of knowing Scholem in his later years, of seeing him in Jerusalem, Zurich, and New York. I cannot even begin to venture an informed guess as to whether this inspired expositor of the Cabalistic meditation on the self-divisions of the Divine Oneness, on the emanations of light from the Godhead, on the "breaking of the vessels" at the moment of creation believed or did not believe in God. The quizzicalities in Scholem's smile and the hints of a deep-lying Voltairean merriment were legion. Benjamin, on the other hand, was that rare creature a modern mystic: an initiate of occult realms of foresight, of hermetic symbolism, of white magic. Benjamin, who gave to the sociological-economic context of our consciousness a new precision, who was swiftly responsive to the media revolution in photography, film, and radio, who made a more or less private, heretical Marxism a vital component of his outlook, was the real Cabalist. (He also experimented with drugs—a foray into unreason from which Scholem recoiled.)

An interest in Zionism was a powerful bond between the two men, though the ways they were to put it into practice were to prove from the outset irreconcilable. With astringent clairvoyance, Scholem sensed the potential for catastrophe in the German-Jewish amalgam. It became blindingly plain to him that a serious commitment to Jewish identity must entail knowledge of the Hebrew language and life in Israel. There is in Scholem's reconquest of the Cabalistic past for Jewish cognition and for the general history of religious thought a vehement "Zionism," a return to a Holy Land. Benjamin flirted ardently with the notion of emigration to what was then Palestine. Time and again, he eagerly informed Scholem of his intended study of Hebrew. In 1929, and again in the mid-nineteen-thirties, under the aegis of an impatient Scholem, Benjamin declared himself to be on the verge of departure from a doomed Europe. Nothing came of these urgent, troubled impulses. Scholem went to Jerusalem in 1923. He died, honored, his great work done, in 1982. Benjamin, worn to utter despair, hunted, his writings dispersed or fragmentary, committed suicide in a sordid hole on the French-Spanish frontier in 1940. (Rumor had it that the straggling refugees who had made it across the border would be returned to the French police and thus to Nazi mercies.)

But it could not have been otherwise. Walter Benjamin was among the last and most inspired of Central Europeans, where centrality implies both a geographical notion—that of the spaces defined for emancipated Judaism by Frankfurt-Vienna-Prague-Paris—and the concept of the European historical genius as it is articulated in French and in German. Like Adorno, like Ernst Bloch and other founders of and witnesses to the so-called Frankfurt School of critical theory and of cultural philosophy, Benjamin could not sever his own polyglot identity, his role in the intelligentsia, his very physique—that of the coffeehouse sage par excellence—from the fatality of Europe. And he left for too late the chance of escape to America—a chance that his peers and friends (Adorno, Bloch, Horkheimer, Brecht) seized upon with varying degrees of insightful opportunism.

A key thread in "The Correspondence of Walter Benjamin and Gershom Scholem: 1932-40," translated by Gary Smith and André Lefevere (Schocken; $27.95), is the fascinating difference between Scholem's Messiah and Benjamin's. For Scholem, the messianic—whose immensely rich, diverse forms he had diagnosed in monographs, in his magisterial "Major Trends in Jewish Mysticism," and, above all, in his epic of Sabbatai Sevi—was inseparable from a material, historically grounded homecoming to Israel. It was with arch delight that Scholem insinuated into the Cabalistic repertoire a parable he himself had invented: that of a coming of the Messiah which would leave all things *very slightly* altered and would therefore be unnoticed—except in Israel, the establishment of which state would itself be the best available evidence of the messianic. Benjamin's vision, which centered on Paul Klee's depiction of the "Angelus Novus"—the angel of history, whom a stormwind always backs away from us—was altogether other. The messianic did not signify Zionism. It implied the recovery of the voices of the humbled and the defeated, plowed under by history and historians. It would restore the lost Adamic tongue that secretly underlay all human languages, and whose generative presence made both possible and impossible the act of translation. For Benjamin, the coming of the Messiah would reveal itself via a transparency to truth, to social justice, to loving rationality extending beyond Judaism and the rebirth of Israel (miraculous as he sensed that to be).

THE translation of this correspondence has the virtue of clarity. (There are a hundred and twenty-eight letters in all; some letters prior to 1932 seem to have perished, and there is a touch of wizardry to Scholem's discovery of his own side of the exchange in East Germany in October, 1966.) It does not (it cannot) convincingly echo the differences in the tonality of the two writers—differences that reveal persistent dissonances in their tempers. Beneath even the most affectionate—at moments, teasing—manner of Scholem runs a thread of authority, of exasperation in the face of illusion and of what he takes to be breaches of logic. Benjamin's tonality is one of flickering subtlety, of a seemingly evasive yet finely inward attempt to give expression to intangibles, to necessary ambiguities, to a vibrato of perceptions and intentions which he himself characterized by the word "aura."

In the early spring of 1934, for example, Scholem's harried clear-sightedness as to the European situation and Benjamin's incapacity to don the indispensable life belt brought the relationship near to breaking. Benjamin on the third of March:

> My existence is about as precarious as it could be and depends each day anew on the good Lord himself—to say the same thing in a more prudent way. And by that I do not mean just the help I get from time to time, but also my own initiative, which is more or less aimed at a miracle.

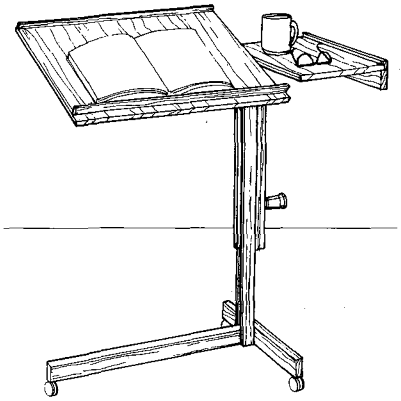
Benjamin's waiting for the miraculous had a tenor at once therapeutic—it kept him alive—and disabling, in that it further diminished the utility, the moral and metaphysical status, of mere rational action. Scholem's view of possible divine aid was pragmatic. He strove to find a professional berth for Benjamin in Israel; he labored to get Benjamin's works published or noticed. But his vexation is unmistakable. "How your situation will really develop is becoming increasingly uncertain to me," he wrote, and "Many facts of our correspondence must have escaped your memory, as you no longer remember what seemed to draw you to an explanation of your situation. . . . We are debating with feigned positions, and I do not view this with pleasure."

Moreover, it wasn't only Benjamin's vacillations with regard to refuge in Palestine which provoked Scholem but, from 1924 onward, his exceedingly complicated involvement with Marxism. Scholem knew of Benjamin's personal, erotic relationship with a woman of Communist persuasion. He knew of his friend's trip to Moscow in 1926. Scholem's older brother had played a prominent, tragic role in the German Communist Party. Scholem bitterly resented the growing influence of Brecht's work and person over Benjamin (who spent crucial weeks with Brecht in the latter's Danish exile). Scholem's politics, if any, were those of disenchantment, of fastidious irony, even sarcasm, at the inveterate spectacle of human folly and barbarism.

But Scholem misread Benjamin's heretical, profoundly inventive resort to Marxist theories of history and to the rhetorical instruments of dialectical materialism. Certain friendships from within Communism helped Benjamin to lighten the dark of his almost unnatural solitude. At numerous points in the political awfulness of the nineteen-thirties, Communism, even Stalinism, seemed to offer the only effective resistance to the triumphant tide of Fascism and Nazism. Scholem had no access to Benjamin's posthumously published Moscow diary. In it he would have found clear evidence of Benjamin's skepticism, of his aversion to the actual climate of Soviet society. Yet that aversion did not negate the suggestive strength of Marx's analyses of nineteenth-century capitalism or the instigations to an economic-materialist understanding of the creation and dissemination of intellectual and artistic works which we find in Marxist aesthetics. Benjamin's pioneering studies of the mass reproducibility of art works through photography and color facsimile, his probing insights into the interface between high culture and the market, his preliminary analyses for an intended magnum opus—an anatomy of "Paris, the Capital of the Nineteenth Century"—were underwritten by a personal struggle with Marxist principles. Hence the affinities with the strategically astute, personalized Marxism of Brecht's plays and critical tracts.

Above all, Scholem bridled at what he intuited, uneasily, to be Benjamin's imaging of Marxism as a natural variant of Judaic messianic eschatology—of the central Judaic investment in millenarian hope. Grimly informed, Scholem saw the political oppression, the human misery to which Marxism-Leninism and its fellow-travellers were heading. He did not choose to perceive the tragic dimensions of that degeneration from messianic ideals, from the utopian but incessant call for social justice as it is already eloquent in the Prophets. Benjamin's partly mystical annunciation of a "recuperation of his-

Lay Down Your Arms



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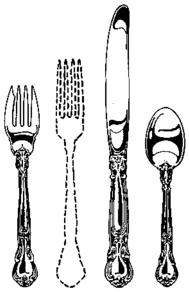

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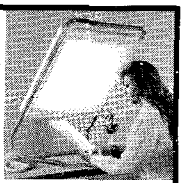
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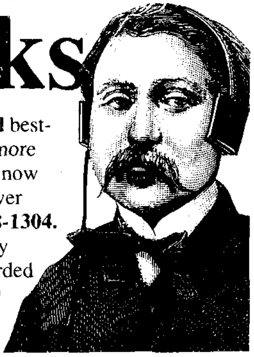
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tory"—of the imposition on history of moral criteria—had arisen precisely from a Moscow-Jerusalem dream. Without this doomed hybrid, he could not have produced much of his finest work—in particular, his terse, terminal masterpiece, "Theses on the Philosophy of History." Much later, reflecting on Benjamin's genius and on the series of miracles which had made possible the survival of the "lost" texts, Scholem would concede (I heard him do so) that his friend's intricate dance with and around Marxism had had its uses. At the time, it struck him as a vulgar waste and betrayal of rare gifts.

WHAT kept the dialogue going through thick and thin, what gives it enduring stature, is the successive discussions of Kafka. Subconsciously, perhaps, Benjamin and Scholem reverted to Kafka each time their mutual relations were under stress. The result is a series of readings—of critical delineations—of a penetrative originality. By comparison, the self-serving jugglеries of current deconstruction or post-structuralism are embarrassing. Over and over, Scholem and Benjamin bring to bear on Kafka's elusive inexhaustibility an imaginative reach very nearly equal to its object. One would like to quote page after page. I limit myself to two examples. Here is Scholem to Benjamin on September 20, 1934 (in reference to "The Castle"):

> And yet Kafka's women bear the signs of other things to which you pay too little attention. The castle or officialdom with which they have such a horribly undefinable but precise relationship is clearly not just your primal world, if it is that at all. If it were the primal world, then what need would there have been to make the women's relationship to it into a riddle? Everything would have been clear, whereas in reality everything is not clear and their relationship to officialdom is very exciting, especially since officialdom itself even warns against them (for instance, through the mouth of the chaplain). Rather, the castle or officialdom is something the "primal world" must first be related to.
>
> You ask what I understand by the "nothingness of revelation"? I understand by it a state in which revelation appears to be without meaning, in which it still asserts itself, in which it has *validity* but *no significance.* A state in which the wealth of meaning is lost and what is in the process of appearing (for revelation is such a process) still does not disappear, even though it is reduced to the zero point of its own content.

The discrimination between "validity" and "significance" is of the utmost pertinence to all of Kafka's works.

Or take Benjamin's great letter—an essay of extreme density—dated June 12, 1938. Even extended quotation would do little justice to its depth:

> Kafka eavesdropped on tradition, and he who listens hard does not see.
>
> The main reason why this eavesdropping demands such effort is that only the most indistinct sounds reach the listener. There is no doctrine that one could learn and no knowledge that one could preserve. The things one wishes to catch as they rush by are not meant for anyone's ears. This implies a state of affairs that negatively characterizes Kafka's works with great precision. . . . Kafka's work represents tradition falling ill. . . .
>
> This much Kafka was absolutely sure of: First, that someone must be a fool if he is to help; second, that only a fool's help is real help. The only uncertain thing is: Can such help still do a human being any good? . . . Thus, as Kafka puts it, there is an infinite amount of hope, but not for us. This statement really contains Kafka's hope; it is the source of his radiant serenity.

Note—and this is characteristic of Benjamin's allegories of reading—how the analysis itself becomes a parable in Kafka's manner.

An immense sadness shadows even the more informal and momentarily optimistic of these letters. They were sent as Europe went into nightmare. In Palestine, moreover, Scholem not only experienced directly the violence of early clashes between Arabs and Jewish settlers but had unflinching intuitions of the intractable enmities that lay ahead. And yet this is, in its own way, a book of rejoicing. It celebrates the elixir of intellectual passion—the capacity of the human mind and nervous system to plunge into abstract, speculative interests even in, or most particularly in, the face of personal adversity and sorrow. It bears unstinting witness to the strength within outward weakness which has often been the password to survival of humanism and of the hunted. Here, at last, and not on the laconic plaque in a grim cemetery wall, Walter Benjamin has his *in memoriam.* And it is one wholly inseparable from the wonder, perhaps deeper than love, that is friendship.

—George Steiner

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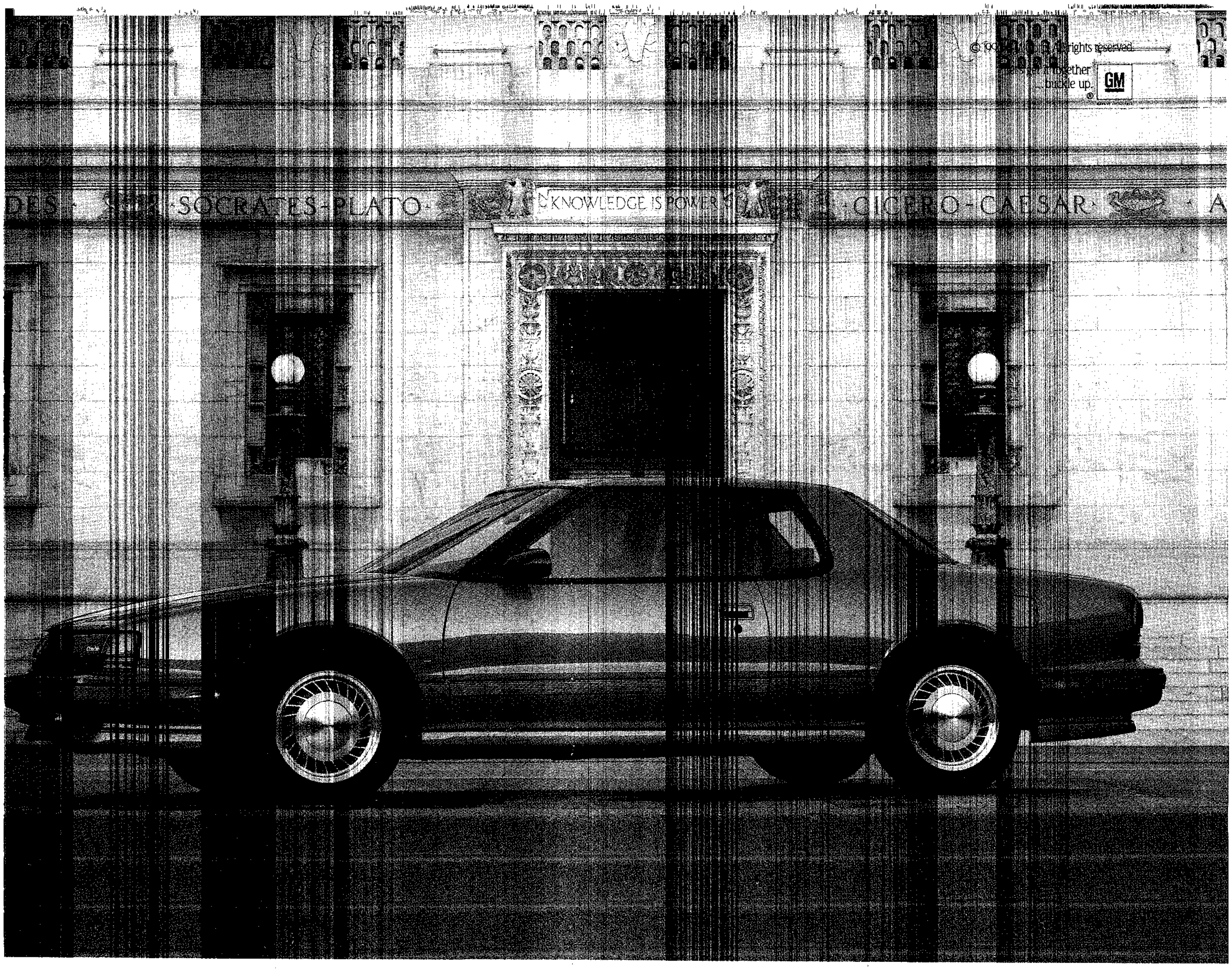

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DEWAR'S PROFILE:

MARK SALZMAN

HOME: Los Angeles, California.

AGE: 29.

PROFESSION: Author, actor, martial artist. "I know everyone in L.A. says that, but really, I am."

HOBBY: Going to the zoo. "It's the one place I won't be asked about China–except by, maybe, the pandas."

LAST BOOK READ: *Discos and Democracy: China in the Throes of Reform,* Orville Schell.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Writing the script and starring in the movie "Iron and Silk," based on his book about his experiences as an English teacher in China.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "What else do you do with a degree from Yale in Chinese Language and Literature?"

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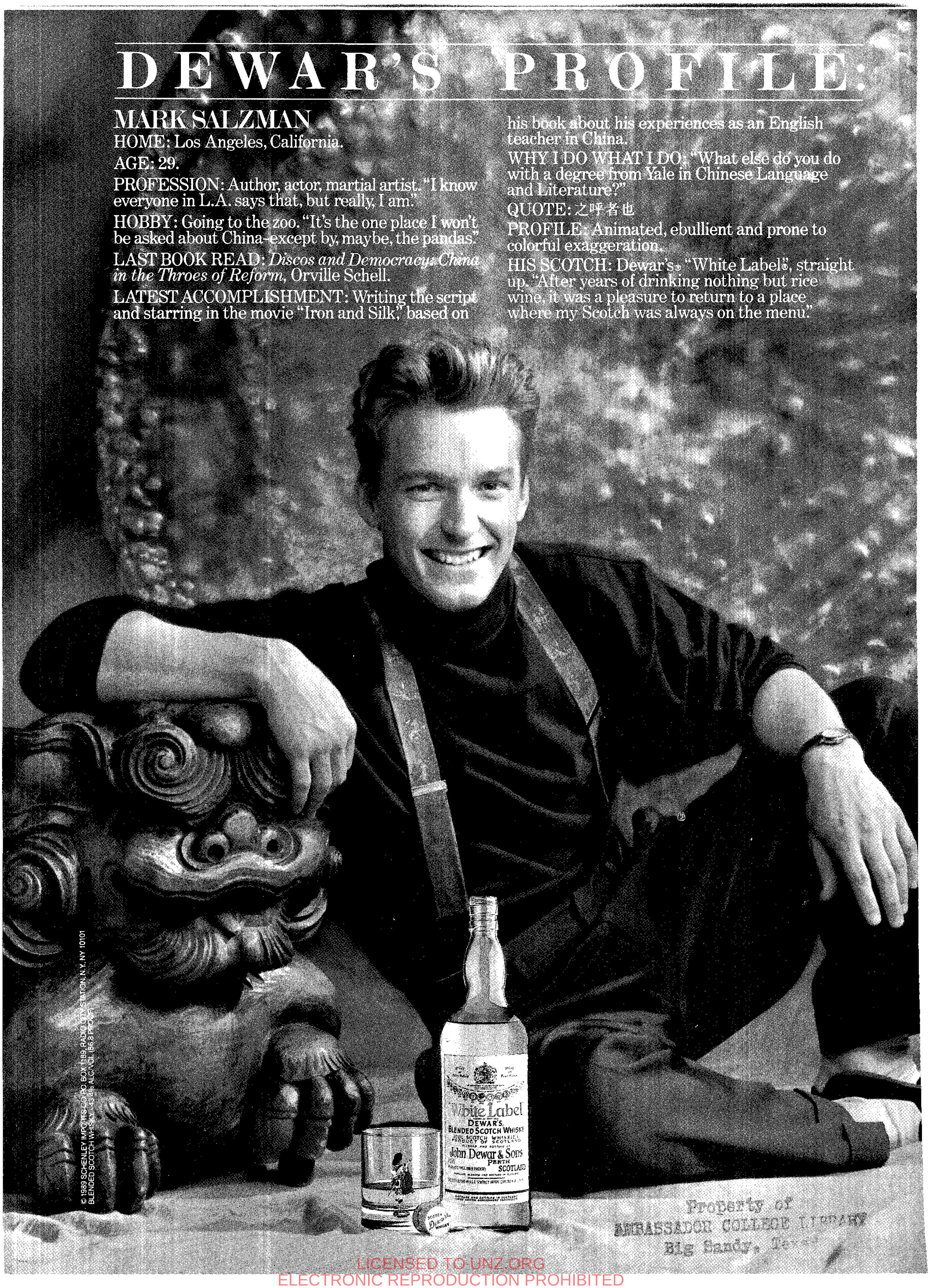

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